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OF ECONOMICS

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INDEX

TO

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

VOLUME 49

December 1907-February 1908

Addams, Jane, 259.
Agassiz, Louis, 91.
America, What the Immigrant Thinks of, (See "Immigrant").
American Painting, The Story of (See Painting).
American Scientists, Some Great (See "Scientists").
As Other See Us (See United States).
BALCH, EMILY GREENE. The True Story of a Bohmian Pioneer, 397.
Bohemian Pioneer, The True Story of a, 397.
BROOKS, JOHN GRAHAM. As Others See Us: A Century of Foreign Criticism on the United States, 17, 184, 321.
Changes of Tone in Foreign Criticism, 26.
C. L. S. C. Readers, Greeting to, from President Judson of the University of Chicago, 180; from President King of Oberlin College, 246; from President James of the University of Illinois, 414.
C. L. S. C. Round Table: Christmastide, 135; An Opportunity, 136; Portraits of Tennyson, 136; An Emerson Calendar, 141; Plays on American Subjects, 141; The Study of Longfellow, 142; Programs, 143; News from Readers and Circles, 147; Chautauqua Topics for Sunday Sermons, 277; Our February Studies, 277; The Class of 1908, 278; A Circle's Greeting to 1911, 279; New Athenian Watchfires, 280; A Member of 1908 in China, 283; Programs, 284; Review Questions on "Newer Ideals of Peace," 288; News from Readers and Circles, 281; Some Questions, 428; 1908's Class Poem, 429; A Puzzling Memoranda Question, 429; Another Letter from China, 430; An Error, 430; Activities of '96, 435; Programs, 436; News from Readers and Circles, 438.
Christmas with American Poets, 119.
DAVIS, PHILIP. What the Immigrant Thinks of America, 109.
Democracy and Manners, 221.
Edison, Thomas Alva, 389.
EDWARDS, ALICE COGSWELL. Christmas with American Poets, 119.
Finns as American Citizens, The, 247.
French Visitors, Other (To America), 208.
Herreshoff, Captain Nat, 128.
Higher Criticism (De Tocqueville), 184.
Highways and Byways: Second Peace Conference, 3; Russia's Third Douma, 5; Second National Trust Conference, 7; Letters of James Russell Lowell, 8; Minor Poets, 10; Samurai Class, 11; Observe the Immigrant, 13; Note and Comment, 15; The Financial Crisis, 157; Candidates and Issues, 159; Corporate Policy and Legislation, 161; The Navy in the Pacific, 163; The Advance of Prohibition, 165; Note and Comment, 166; President Roosevelt and the Third Term, 301; The Cur-

rency and Readjustment, 302; Oklahoma the New State, 305; The Demand for Waterway Development, 306; Immigration and Emigration, 308; Socialism and English Politics, 311; The Philippine Assembly, 313; Has the German Constitution Been Changed? 312; Is Russia Still an Autocracy? 316; Note and Comment, 318.

ILES, GEORGE. Thomas Alva Edison, 389.

Immigrant, What the, Thinks of America, 109.

JORDAN, DAVID STARR. Louis Agassiz, 91.

Landscape and Marine Painting, 358.

Langley, Samuel Pierpont, 237.

Library Shelf. "Narrative" of Jonathan Edwards, 124; Anecdotes of William Morris Hunt, 268; "The Purloined Letter," by Edgar Allen Poe, 415.

Lowell, Josephine Shaw, 265.

Lowell's Elegy on Agassiz, 129.

MAGIE, WILLIAM F. Samuel Pierpont Langley, 237.

MCCLURE, W. FRANK. The Finns as American Citizens, 247.

Men of Vision: The Need of Them in America, 170.

Michelson, Albert, Prof., 411.

Mother Country as Critic, The, 17.

Painting, The Story of American: IV. Formative Influences, 56; V. Landscape and Marine Painting, 358.

Pinchot, Gifford, 412.

Scientists, Some Great American: IV. Louis Agassiz, 91; V. Samuel Pierpont Langley, 237; Thomas Alva Edison, 389.

SPENCER, EDWINA. The Story of American Painting, 56.

Talk About Books, 152.

United States, A Century of Foreign Criticism on: VII. The Mother Country as a Critic, 17; VIII. Changes of Tone in Foreign Criticism, 26; IX. Higher Criticism, 184; X. Other French Visitors, 208; XI. Democracy and Manners, 221; XII. Our Monopoly of Wit, 321; XIII. Our Greatest Critic, 341.

Vesper Hour, 255, 404.

VINCENT, JOHN H. Greeting to Members of C. L. S. C., 2; Vesper Hour, 255, 404.

Westinghouse, George, 126.

WILLIAMS, CHARLES D. Men of Vision: The Need of Them in America, 170.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Cartoons (In "As Others See Us"): Twelve cartoons reproduced from *Punch* (1845-1866), pages 31-55; Bringing in the Yule Log, 309; The Standing Crusader, 310.

C. L. S. C. Round Table, Scenery in South Kiang-Si, 282; Views of China and Bermuda, 431-433; Dutch Reformed Church of Witzieshock, Orange River Colony, 434.

Chautauqua, Recognition Day Group at, 140; Hall of Philosophy, 281.

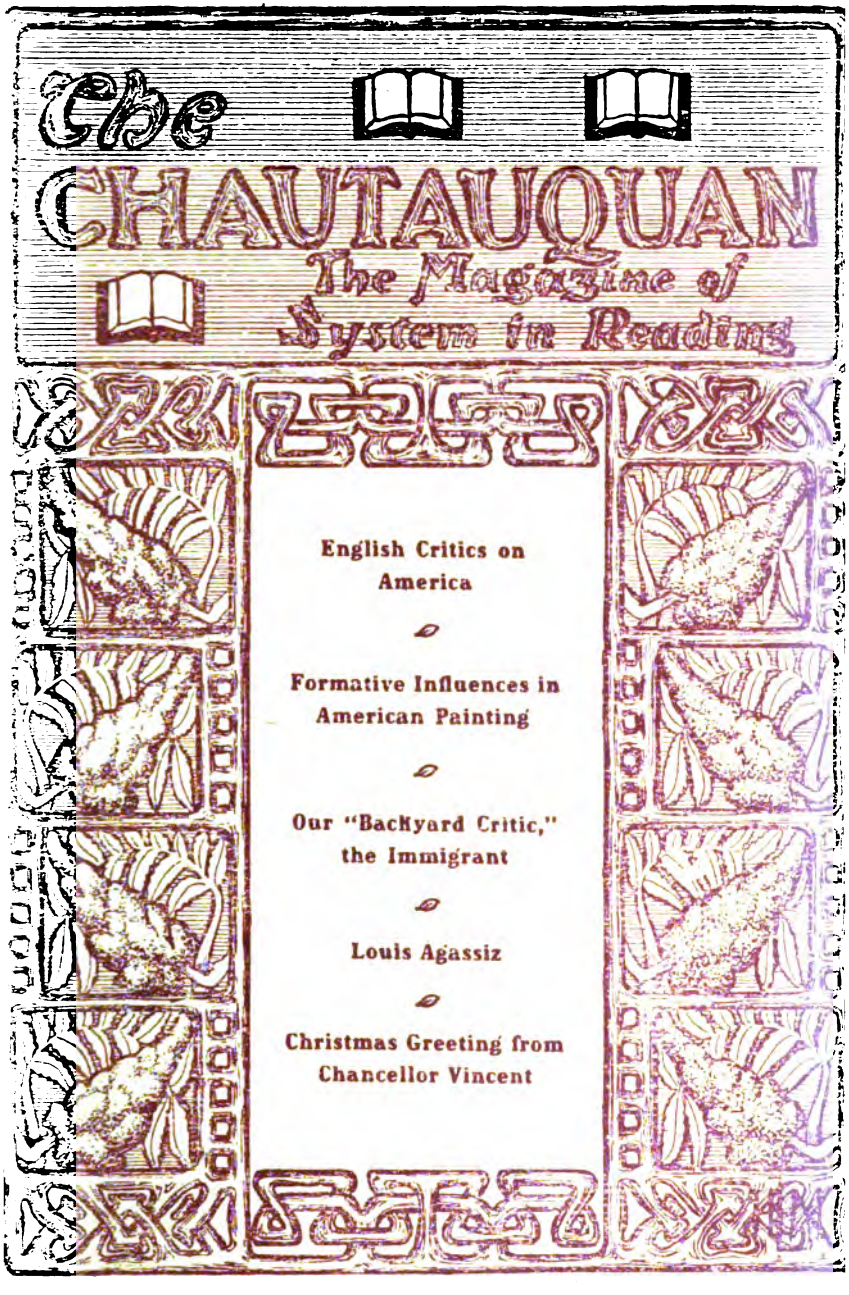
Finns as American Citizens: Typical Home and Neighborhood Gathering of Finns, 253; Finnish Athletic Society, 253; Finnish Temperance Hall, 254; Finnish Church, 254; Finnish College at Hancock, Michigan, 254.

Painting, The Story of American: "Forging the Shaft," John F. Weir, 63; "Girl and Cow," Theodore Robinson, 65; Portrait of William Morris Hunt, by himself, 66; Portrait of J. F. Millet, 67; Portrait of Wm. Morris Hunt, Leutze, 68; Photo-

graph Portrait of Wm. Morris Hunt, 69; "Study of Clouds," W. M. Hunt, 70; "The Flight of Night," W. M. Hunt, 71; "Corn Husking," Eastman Johnson, 72; "Washington Crossing the Delaware," Emanuel Leutze, 73; "Boy and Sword," Edward Manet, 74; "All's Well," Winslow Homer, 75; "Raffling for the Goose," Wm. Sidney Mount, 76; "Wedding Feast in Brittainy," Henry Mosher, 77; "Head of a Man," W. M. Hunt, 78; "The Quadroon," George Fuller, 79; Landscape, W. M. Hunt, 80; Cannon Rock (Winslow Homer), 365; Gulf Stream (Homer), 366; Coast of New Jersey (William J. Richards, 367; Young Holdstein Bull (Carleton Wiggins), 368; Broad Silent Valley (Alexander H. Wyant), 369; Spring Woods (Henry Ranger), 370; Spring (H. Bolton Jones), 371; Delaware Valley (Inness), 372; Peace and Plenty (Inness), 373; Sheepfold (Horatio Walker), 374; Moonlight (Dwight W. Tryon), 375; View on Seine (H. D. Martin), 376; Gloucester Harbor (Hunt), 377; Venentian Scene (B. H. Neiholls), 378; Indian Encampment (R. A. Blakelock), 380.

PORTRAITS.

Adam, Paul, 194.
Addams, Jane, 263.
Agassiz, Louis, 91.
Archer, William, 195.
Bourget, Paul, 196.
Bryce, James, 189.
Edison, Thomas Alva, 300.
Herreshoff, Captain Nat, 132.
James, Henry, 190.
Kelvin, the late, 309.
Langley, Samuel Pierpont, 156.
Lowell, Josephine Shaw, 264.
Michelson, Prof. Albert A., 410.
Münsterberg, Hugo, 193.
O'Rell, Max (M. Blouet), 192.
Pinchot, Gifford, 407.
Sweden, the late King of, 309.
Sweden, the New King of, 309.
Tennyson, Alfred; three portraits, pp. 137-139.
Wells, H. G., 191.
Westinghouse, George, 127.



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CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1907

COVER DESIGN

Christmas Greeting from Chancellor Vincent.....**Frontispiece**

Highways and Byways..... 3

The Second Hague Conference. Russia's Third Douma. The Second National Trust Conference. The Letters of James Russell Lowell. The Minor Poets. The Samurai Class. Observe the Immigrant. Note and Comment.

As Others See Us.....**John Graham Brooks** 17

VII. The Mother Country as Critic. VIII. Changes in Foreign Criticism.

American Painting.....**Edwina Spencer** 56

IV. Formative Influences.

Some Great American Scientists.....**David Starr Jordan** 91

IV. Louis Agassiz.

Greeting from President Judson..... 108

What the Immigrant Thinks of America.....**Philip Davis** 109

Christmas with American Poets.....**Alice C. Edwards** 119

Library Shelf..... 124

George Westinghouse..... 126

Lowell's Elegy on Agassiz..... 129

C. L. S. C. Round Table.....**Conducted by Kate F. Kimball** 135

Talk About Books..... 152

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WAS the second peace conference at The Hague, which sat from June 15 until October 13, a success or failure? Has it made any notable contribution to civilization, to the law of nations, to the cause of peace?

Opinions differ widely as to the actual results of the conference, but the moderate and reasonable view is that while the conference has disappointed "the man on the street," who had been led to expect great things from it, it cannot be justly considered a failure by those who know the difficulties it had to grapple with and the conditions under which it labored.

The conference did nothing to limit army and naval expenditures or to reduce armaments. It did not establish the much-talked of court of "judicial" arbitration. It did not declare private property at sea immune from capture as such property—when not contraband—is on land. It did not provide for automatic periodical meetings of the conference. These omissions have caused many to overlook the positive results and achievements of the body.

Among such results are: The establishment of an international prize court to decide questions arising out of capture of vessels at sea during war; the indorsement, in principle, of "obligatory arbitration"—that is, of the principles that certain classes of disputes not affecting honor, sovereignty or vital interests might and should be arbitrated in accordance with a general treaty binding all nations of the civilized world; the indorsement of the modified

South American contention that controversies of a pecuniary character arising between nations and individuals of other nations should not give rise to hostile demonstrations or attempts to use force in the interest of the individuals, unless arbitration has been declined by the debtor nations or awards have been ignored by them after voluntary arbitration; the affirmation of the desirability of an international court of arbitration composed of influential judges and empowered to decide cases in harmony with the evidence and settled rules, regardless of purely "diplomatic" considerations.

Hopeless disagreement on the mode of selecting the members of this court prevented a convention for its immediate creation, but the powers are to study the question and, if possible, give effect to the resolution favoring such a tribunal.

Thirteen conventions were signed by the delegations, but nearly all relate to the mitigation and humanization of war, not to the prevention thereof. The conference voted to apply the Geneva convention and the Red Cross rules to sea warfare, to declare the postal service and fishing boats inviolable, to regulate the laying of submarine mines, etc. The treatment of captured crews and the transformation of merchantmen into warships, the rights and duties of neutrals, the protection of undefended and unfortified towns, are also covered by conventions—and all of these are conceived in a spirit of humanity, in the desire to make warfare less cruel.

It is certain, however, that the discussions at the conference have facilitated the settlement of the more difficult questions, and will bear fruit at future conferences. For the first time all the civilized peoples of the world sat, as it were, in grand council, on terms of equality, and deliberated on the problems of peace, arbitration, the building up of a body of enforceable international law, and the avoidance of misunderstanding and friction. The recogni-

tion of South American progress by the European nations is itself a significant fact, and one largely attributable to American influence.

Thus the conference, which was perhaps called prematurely and which suffered from inadequate preparation, was not wholly unsuccessful, even from the narrowest point of view. It is noteworthy that the American press takes a more generous view of the conference than that of Europe, and this in spite of the fact that the most important of the American proposals failed to secure unanimous approval. Our delegates, however, were satisfied with the impression they had produced and the moral support which they commanded from the leading powers.

Russia's Third Douma

The third parliamentary elections in Russia, which occurred in October, resulted in giving the government a "moderate" douma. The first douma was radical in personnel as well as in spirit and tactics. The second was even more anti-governmental in its personnel, the extreme left groups being particularly strong; but the tactics of its majority were reasonable and judicious. The Constitutional Democrats had moral control of the douma and prevented inflammatory oratory or aggressive action against the government. Yet the second douma, like the first, was dissolved for alleged inefficiency and excessive radicalism. The dissolution was technically legal, but it was unjustifiable and arbitrary, and it demonstrated the selfishness, the fanaticism, and the blindness of the bureaucracy and the court.

It would have proved futile, and even worse, however, if the government had not promptly decreed, contrary to the plain letter of the "fundamental laws" or constitution, a radical revision of the suffrage article. That revision was undertaken and carried out with the deliberate purpose of disfranchising peasants and workmen, or of reducing their representation, and giving a decided preponderance to the

large landowners and nobles. The new suffrage law was what Americans call a gerrymander, for it followed no principle or method, and merely strengthened the moderate and conservative parties at every point, correspondingly weakening the advanced liberals, the radicals and the leftists.

The foreseen result of the election under this act is a conservative douma, a douma with a majority composed of rightists, reactionaries, mild liberals, and Octobrists, so-called. The last-named are fairly progressive, but they lack the courage and the firmness to oppose the bureaucracy and to demand genuine measures of political and economic reform. The Constitutional Democrats are in a small minority, and while their ability, their strength with the educated classes and their experience will give them influence far greater than their mere numerical strength warrants, they will have no power to direct legislation and determine policy.

What the douma's majority will do, and how far it will coöperate with the ministry and receive support from it in turn, the events will show. Doubtless Premier Stolypin is a believer in gradual reform, but some of his associates are anti-constitutionalists, and the bureaucracy as a whole would like to see autocracy completely restored and the douma either abolished or reduced to advisory functions merely. Unfortunately, even among the Octobrists and the moderates there are elements that sympathize with the reactionary movement and that have affiliated with members of the "black-hundred" organization which calls itself the Union of True Russians and which is avowedly anti-parliamentary.

The country at large expects little from this "safe" and pliant douma, and has been indifferent throughout the elections and preliminaries. It is possible, however, that the third douma, by its very existence and conservatism, will prove useful to the cause of reform in Russia. The great need there is the establishment of constitutionalism as a principle, as a recognized, permanent factor in political life; any douma is better than none from this point of view.

The Second National Trust Conference

In 1899 a national conference was held in Chicago under the auspices of the National Civic Federation to discuss the question of trusts and combinations. It proved very profitable and educational. It made the public familiar with the idea of publicity in corporate affairs as a preventive of fraud and extortion, and with the further idea of increased federal control and regulation of "interstate commerce" in the practical sense of this much-used phrase.

Since 1899 many things have happened in the political and corporate life of the country. The vigorous enforcement of the Sherman trust act, the adoption of new railroad legislation by the states and by Congress, the advocacy by the administration of federal incorporation and effective supervision over all big corporations, conflicts of jurisdiction between federal and state courts in railroad cases—these and similar phenomena appeared to call for another trust conference to discuss the changed situation, to take stock, and consider the lessons of experience with a view to future action.

The Civic Federation issued a call for a second conference, and it met in Chicago in the last week of October. It remained in session for four days and discussed every phase of the trust and corporation question. Labor, capital, the law, politics, finance and other interests were represented, and, while many differences of opinion were disclosed by the addresses and debates, the conference did not adjourn without action embodying the consensus of opinion among the delegates. Resolutions of a comprehensive character were unanimously reported to and adopted by the conference, recommending:

Legislation permitting railroad agreements for the establishment of reasonable rates so long as all such agreements are placed under the control and supervision of the commerce commission.

Legislation enlarging the scope of the bureau of cor-

porations in the Department of Commerce and Labor, and providing for full publicity in the affairs of all corporations of a monopolistic or semi-monopolistic nature, the publicity to embrace capitalization, stock issues, management, returns, etc.

The creation of a non-political and representative commission by Congress to study the whole problem of trusts and corporations—their uses and abuses—and to consider the advisability of amendments to the Sherman act as well as of additional legislation permitting certain agreements and combination for legitimate purposes, such as labor unions, farmers' alliances, and business-men's agreements, even though such combinations may involve some "restraint of trade," some diminution of competition, and also legislation requiring federal licenses of large corporations and regulating stock and franchise ownership by corporations as a means of controlling other corporations.

The feeling of the conference was that the industrial conditions have so changed since 1899 that thorough revision of our corporation and trust laws has become necessary, and that only an expert and nonpartisan commission could determine the alterations needed to enforce honesty and responsibility without carrying regulation too far.

On such questions as tariff reform, as an anti-trust weapon, injunctions, the conflict of jurisdiction, the conference took no action. The sentiment for increased federal regulation was very strong, but the question of state versus federal regulation was also referred to the proposed commission.

The conference undoubtedly reflected public opinion and its resolution may be given effect at an early day.

The Letters of James Russell Lowell

Few book-hungry children in these days, browsing through the family library, are confronted with those depressing volumes entitled "Memoirs" which were the *bete*

noir of childhood a generation ago. For Sunday reading these were apt to be a sort of first aid to the injured administered by desperate parents when the charms of the sensational Sunday school book had been exhausted. Perhaps it is some melancholy memory of this sort which has imbued certain modern readers with a dread of "Letters." One instinctively recalls the wearisomely pious reflections of estimable men and women of long ago who may have been good to live with but as "Memoirs" seemed to lack vitality. Even "Biographies" have suffered from the stigma thus cast upon them by a too introspective age.

Happily this state of things is rapidly passing away and one needs but a few experiences with the delightful human documents which are now preserved for us in many a plump volume under the title of "Letters" to open up a new and intimate circle of friends. The varied experiences of such a career as that of Lowell give to his letters a cosmopolitan atmosphere which to the untraveled reader is almost like a journey to Europe under the tutelage of a rarely gifted guide. One gets very close to the heart of a poet also, almost unconsciously sympathizing with him as he woos the sometimes reluctant Muse, rejoicing in his successes and honors and laughing over his jokes and friendly gibes as if he were a personal friend. What a suggestion of the distractions of a diplomatic career is conveyed by his letter to Thomas Bailey Aldrich written from London in reply to Aldrich's request for a paper for *The Atlantic*:

"If I could, how gladly I would! But I am piecemealed here with so many things to do that I cannot get a minute to brood over anything as it must be brooded over if it is to have wings. It is as if a sitting hen should have to mind the doorbell. I speak as of the days of Æsop, which I mention lest some critic should charge me with not knowing what a mixed metaphor was—or rather incongruous conception."

Here is a glimpse of Burne-Jones as Lowell saw him:

"I spent two days in the country lately (at the George Lewises) with Burne Jones and found him delightful. As Mrs. Lewis says, 'If he were not a great artist there would be enough left of him to make a great man of.' His series of Perseus (did you see any of

them?) is to my thinking the greatest achievement in art of our time or of any time. It has mannerisms which I don't like, but it is noble in conception and execution. Above all, it has the crowning gift of making an old story as new as if nobody had ever told it before. I feel as if I had heard the waves rustle under the bows of the *Argo*."

His allusion to the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence shows his estimate of the two men:

"I have been sitting like Horace's *rusticus* waiting for the stream of daily occupations to run dry, to be convinced only of the *labitur et labetur*. So I will prorogue no longer, but write a line to send you my love and to thank you for the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, which I have read with pathetic interest. You can well imagine how many fading frescoes it brightened in the chambers of my memory. It pleased, but not surprised me in what an ampler ether and diviner air the mind and thought of Emerson dwelt, than those that were habitual to his correspondent."

But such selections could be multiplied indefinitely. One who is fortunate enough to read the letters entire will feel that he has come into contact with a high minded and winning personality and can appreciate in some measure the point of view of the friends who knew him well.

The Minor Poets

Readers of the Chautauqua Course who, during the year, will make a study of Katharine Lee Bates' entertaining volume, "American Literature," will find no more enjoyable literary recreation than to explore some poetic bypath. The greater American poets, those whose work is best known by reason of its influence, its high literary standard, and most of all by its *amount*, are sufficiently familiar to all persons of moderate education. Lowell, Bryant, Longfellow, and Poe are on the main traveled roads of culture. It is to other less familiar muses, Lanier, Emily Dickinson, Emma Lazarus, Father Tabb, Edgar Rowland Sill, Richard Hovey, Bliss Carman, and William Vaughan Moody, to mention but a few, that the literary adventurer should address himself.

Repeated pilgrimages of homage to these shrines of

poetry are indeed in some instances rapidly transforming a mountain path to a well annotated thoroughfare. Lanier, we surmise, will soon occupy a place on the walls of many an American schoolroom. But others of these poets are destined never to occupy a "great place" in our literature, if by the phrase we mean to become the object of general admiration. They appeal not to the multitude but to a smaller and more select circle of appreciative worshippers, who find in them a peculiar and unique appeal.

The formation of a taste for some minor poet whose point of view and mode of expression are peculiarly satisfying is one of the great steps to a true literary culture. The simple poems of Emily Dickinson may have a surer poetic appeal for many than the poems of Longfellow; Sill, with his broad sympathy and sensitiveness to natural beauty may prove equally as inspiring as Bryant. And of modern singers, William Vaughan Moody, one of the greatest of the younger generation, may seem to many as great a poet as Lowell. For each of us there is probably some one poet whose mind is like ours though greater; who expresses what we should like to express but cannot. Such a one serves often as a guide to beauty, an interpreter of the infinite mystery of life.

The Samurai Class

In the latest romance of an ideal republic, "A Modern Utopia," Mr. H. G. Wells has attempted the solution of a problem at which most social theorists have boggled: How, in a democratic state can the government be controlled, not by the average man, but by the man who is intellectually and morally above the average? Romancers, such as William Morris in his "News from Nowhere," assume that human nature is essentially good and that when freed from the evil restrictions of our governmental systems the noblest impulses of mankind will find effective expression. This is the theory upon which modern Socialists

base their hopes for a better managed world. Its direct opposite is the theory still held by economists of the old school that every man is essentially selfish, devoting himself primarily to his own material advancement. Between these extreme positions there seems some ground for compromise. Such a ground is taken by Mr. Wells in his interesting and scientific attempt to solve the world-old problem of good government.

Mr. Wells, who is a thorough scientist and scholar, a sociologist of great attainments, does not assume for his world state any marvellous transformation of human nature. It is true that in his Utopia many vicious elements of our civilization have been eliminated by a wise penal system and a scientific code of marriage regulations; but there still remain the widely varying types of human nature, good, bad, and indifferent, or—a better classification—selfish and altruistic. To Mr. Wells the political problem of Utopia is how to make use of the forces of altruism which in our ill-governed world of today find inadequate expression.

The recognition by a scientist and sociologist of the possibilities of this characteristic of human nature constitutes a distinct step in social theory. The average citizen has always felt that the devotion which prompts such sacrifice as characterized the life work of Howard, Wilberforce, Florence Nightingale, Arnold Toynbee, and in our day and country Jane Addams, Jacob Riis, and Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, is illustrative of the best aspirations in human nature, aspirations common in some degree to the greater part of mankind. But the recognition of this altruistic force as one to be counted upon in a high type of political organization is a novel and refreshing departure from the rather unideal conceptions which characterize much social speculation.

In the organization of the forces of idealism in the "Modern Utopia," Mr. Wells develops the most interesting political conception in his book—that of the *Samurai* class.

The Samurai are the men and women, who, with certain educational and intellectual qualifications (attainable by an earnest persons of a good intelligence), devote themselves to the work of government in all its important aspects. The rewards for the work beyond a comfortable living are the work itself, the joy of self sacrifice for the sake of others, and the honor which (in an enlightened society) is of necessity accorded those who, for small material return, do important and difficult work for the race. The class is not hereditary, nor rigidly self perpetuating: all who pass the examinations and adhere to the rules of the order may be members of it. But the rules of life enjoin a certain number of healthful restrictions, abstinence from some minor enjoyments, harmless in themselves but the sacrifice of which involves the exercise of self control and makes for moral health. There are rules of diet—not oppressive—rules involving intercourse with one's fellows, a prescribed amount of travel, a constant amount of intellectual effort, etc. Throughout the regulations the purpose is manifest: to encourage highminded men and women to service for the State, but to encourage them only by appeals to the best qualities within them, minimizing all purely material rewards and sensual pleasures.

Whether or not one agrees with Mr. Wells' theories of society and government, this conception of a *Samurai* class must appeal as novel and interesting, based on a high faith in the possibilities of what is best in human nature.

Observe the Immigrant

In an illuminating passage of her great book, "Newer Ideals of Peace," Miss Jane Addams pictures a striking contrast made possible by the foreign immigrants to America, who, under alien conditions, observe the ancient traditions of their forefathers:

"Perhaps the most striking reproach to the materialism of Chicago is the sight on a solemn Jewish holiday of a Chicago River bridge lined with men and women oblivious of the noisy traffic and sordid surroundings, casting their sins upon the waters that they may be carried away."

The theme is fit material for the American Dickens whose advent we await: old world customs of immemorial origin surviving under new skies and in an inharmonious setting.

American cities are rich in such material. The foreign quarters of New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans contain many contrasts fully as striking. In the Ghetto of a great American city the Friday market day with its open fish markets, its loud voiced fruit vendors, affords a continually stimulating picture, strangely out of harmony with American conditions. A Yiddish theater, or an Italian puppet show, a Greek church, or Jewish synagogue offers the same bizarre contrast, and the American citizen who is interested in the fusing process which is making the new cosmopolitan American from the European immigrant, would do well at times to seek out the easily accessible places where the process is now to be studied.

Nor is it necessary to live in a great city to get glimpses of the life of our immigrant classes. Throughout the country colonies of Italians, Swedes, Germans, and Jews are engaged in farming, fruit culture, and the like. The traditions and customs which they bring with them from Europe are well worth study and preservation. A sympathetic encouragement will do much to aid these newly arrived citizens to perpetuate valuable arts and picturesque traditions, elements which will be of worth in the America of the future. And if the interest of the observer take no practical form of encouragement it is none the less of value to himself. The Swedish wedding courier, as he rides from house to house visiting the servant girls, his hat bedecked with gaily colored ribbons, embodies in his gaudy person a wealth of folk tradition which should excite the interest and invite the study of every American.

Note and Comment

In *Charities* for October 19 there is a brief but excellent account of "The New Ellis Island" which Commissioner of Immigration Watchorn is creating. Under Mr. Watchorn's direction every effort is being made to provide comfortable and hygienic quarters for our new immigrants detained for inspection. Improvements have been made in dormitories, dining rooms, hospitals, baggage rooms, etc., and as a result the immigrant will henceforth be lodged in decency and comfort.

Emigrant Steamship Lines—Consul-General S. Listoe reports that two new steam ship lines have lately begun to carry passengers, chiefly steerage, between Rotterdam and New York. Both the lines sail under the Russian flag and have their headquarters at Libau, Russia, from which port their respective steamers start fortnightly for the United States, touching at Rotterdam, which port they generally reach on alternate Saturdays, for coal and passengers. So far, however, their emigrant trade at this port has not been very large, none of the steamers at any sailing having taken on more than 175 passengers, and the number carried from Rotterdam having generally run between forty and 150. The emigrants taken on here, as well as their baggage, are inspected by a consular officer.—*Charities.*

Aiding Baltimore Immigrants—Eight hundred and twelve Jewish immigrants landed at the port of Baltimore during the month of August. The Baron de Hirsch Committee assisted forty-one persons who settled in Baltimore, granted transportation to one and assisted forty others to more distant points.—*Charities.*

The Society for Italian Immigrants, of 17 Pearl street, New York, has issued its news sheet for the six months ending with June. The number of Italians registered at the society's office, to be escorted to their destinations was 16,367; 15,084 left the office with the society's guides, 3,348 left the office with relatives. The news sheet describes typical cases that were helped.

"In the case of Alessi Calogerro the society successfully contended to have him admitted in spite of his tender thirteen years. Alessi was a precocious barber, and during his detention at Ellis Island occupied himself in shaving all the detained men, of whatever nationality, earning thereby much money. The society appealed his case, and pleaded that this kind of a boy would never become a public charge. The appeal was sustained, and the boy is now reported to be employed by one of the best barbers in New York."—*Charities.*

MARCIA ANNUNCIATA AND HER ITALIAN CHILDREN.

What the royal builder of Babylon's famous hanging garden did for his queen, Antonio Destefano who "works with pick and shovel-a" has tried to do for his little sad-faced wife, who says she "no like America" and pines for sunny Palermo. "At Italia I big—so!" she says, indicating by a gesture the generous outlines of the figure she once possessed; "and I looked—so," wreathing her face in smiles, "but in America—" and disconsolately down-curved lips indicated the depths of her homesickness. But in the garden which Mr. Destefano has fenced in on the roof, she became bright and animated.

The home of Antonio Destefano and his wife Maria Annunciata is on the third floor of a shabby house in one of Baltimore's "mean streets." The first floor is occupied by a shirt and overall factory; another Italian family lives on the second floor and the women are sitting waist deep in a pile of pants which are to be "finished" by night. Then passing through Mr. Destefano's rooms, scantily furnished with cheap, aggressively American furniture, and up a steep ladder leading to the roof, one finds one's self in a "little Italy" eight feet wide by twelve feet long. This roof garden has produced a few ears of corn, there are two or three bean pods left for seed on the withered vine, and a sickly looking tomato plant is making a hopeless struggle for existence, but these are only concessions to the practical demands of every-day life in Baltimore. Really it is a garden of sentiment, where gourds, sweet smelling mint and peppermint and bright colored peppers remind Mrs. Destefano of the beloved "Italia" and furnish the Italian element in the daily bill of fare.

The plants grow in shallow boxes arranged along the picket fence which surrounds the enclosure and, when asked whence came the soil they contained, Mrs. Destefano pointed to the street, paved with cobble stones, leaving it to be inferred that the waste and refuse of the street cleaner's cart supplied the earth in which her treasures throve.

This roof garden is but a further development of the window gardens almost invariably present in the Italian quarter, but it suggests the possibility of turning the tenement roof to good account, in a way which will help to bring the tenement dweller out in the open. Poor Paolo Retaliata is coughing his life away at the door of his house in the adjoining block, breathing air laden with all the manifold impurities of the narrow, ill-kept street. If he had had a roof garden for his hobby and had worked in it in the intervals of plying the shoemaker's trade, it is possible that he might not have been a hopeless consumptive today. For though such roof gardens cannot be expected to supplement to any great extent the food supply of the family, they might serve to induce the voluntary "shut ins" of the tenements to spend a portion of their time in the comparatively pure air which may be found at the roof level of the houses in which they live.—*From Charities.*

A Century of Foreign Criticism on The United States--A Study of Progress.*

VII. The Mother Country as a Critic.

By John Graham Brooks.

IF it is true that no quarrel may take on more virulence than that within one's own family, the fact may account for the extreme rancor of feeling against England that continues a generation after the War of 1812. I do not see in the evidence, a sign that England "hated the United States," as was so often said. Until after the Civil War we were not thought important enough to inspire that feeling. She had merely an unintelligent contempt for us. This led her to ignore or to trample on every sensitive nerve in the national body. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, who justifies our Revolution in three volumes with an extreme of gallantry that excites some astonishment, uses a truer word to characterize the English feeling—"antipathy." He says that the uniform picture of our character was "daubed in colors which resembled the original as little as they matched each other." The men of Massachusetts were "sly and

*Mr. Brooks' series of articles will run throughout the reading year (September-May). The September articles were: I. "The Problem Opened;" II. "Concerning Our Critics. October: III. "Who is the American?" IV. Our Talent for Bragging." November: V. "Some Other Peculiarities;" VI. "American Sensitiveness."

turbulent, puritans and scoundrels, pugnacious ruffians and arrant cowards." That was the constant theme of the newspapers and the favorite topic of those officers of the army of occupation whose letters had gone the round of London clubs and English country houses. "The archives of the Secretary of State were full of trite calumnies and foolish prophecies."* It was the worse because, he says, the governing classes had the least understanding of us. They represented the Americans as a "tumultuous rabble meddling with affairs of state which they were unable to understand."†

The touch of Matthew Arnold is perhaps just as true when he says:

> "The British rule which they threw off was not one of oppressors and tyrants which declaimers suppose, and the merit of the Americans was not that of oppressed men rising against tyrants, but rather of sensible young people getting rid of stupid and overweening guardians who misunderstood and mismanaged them."‡

It was this "stupid and overweening" mismanagement and misunderstanding of national feeling in the United States that was England's real fault. On our side there was plenty of rancor and plain hatred. The evidence has to be supplemented by the "national sensitiveness," with which the last chapter dealt, before it is quite possible to appreciate the malignity which early English criticism stirred in this country. It would be ill-advised to call up these chattering ghosts, if both nations had not now grown sensible enough and strong enough to join in the laugh against those musty and heavy-witted animosities. If England exhibited an incredible lack of tact as to everything which concerned popular feeling in this country, we too were often over-fussy and childish about our prerogatives. Under the subject of American supersensitiveness, we have seen how the newspaper habit among our people brought a steady downpour of galling criticism from British sources. Nothing corresponding to this was happening in England, for ordinary folk.

*"The American Revolution," Part I, p. 176.
†*Ibid*, p. 178.
‡"Civilization in the United States," p. 116.

A small part of the cultivated classes in England read the books written by their travelers.* In the great reviews, men of letters like Sidney Smith and Gifford were using this collected material to put us on the rack. The lengths to which these leaders of English opinion went will be believed by no one who does not look at the record. The *Edinburgh, Quarterly, Blackwood,* and the *British Review* were all in it, as if there were a conspiracy to make the United States an object of common obloquy. It was believed in this country that the Poet Laureate, Southey, wrote one of the most contemptuous of these articles. The great Wordsworth penned lines like the following:

"All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned, by degenerate men,
For state-dishonor black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den."

Again he puts into his gentle cadence such opinions about our society as this:

"Big passions strutting on a petty stage
Which a detached spectator may regard
Not unamused. But ridicule demands
Quick change of objects; and to laugh alone
In the very center of the crowd
To keep the secret of a poignant scorn," etc.

This venerable seer did not get his "poignant scorn" from local observation but wholly from what English books and travelers had told him.

We had our own sins in this tradition of ill will. We cannot omit minor irritants like the scandalous behavior of some of our States in the non-payment of their debts. It was this which gave venom to the slurs of Sidney Smith and the Poet Wordsworth.† It was this which rankled in the

*Chevalier says, "Almost all English travelers in this country have seen a great deal that was bad and scarcely anything that is good." P. 106.

†See Sonnets VIII and IX, Vol. IV, Poetical Works, Boston, 1864.

minds of hundreds of English investors and was so savagely reflected in at least ten years of this criticism. Nothing more nettled Americans than the English habit of scourging the entire country for the sins of exceptional States. To include Massachusetts with her honorable record, in the same category with the shame of Mississippi, seemed to inhabitants of the State which paid its debt, an outrage on the country as a whole. Neither can the natural wrath of the English over our long pirating of their books go unmentioned. The historian Sparks had a correspondence with de Tocqueville about the delays and difficulties in getting his book published in this country. He finds it unpleasant to explain why the author could expect no money from the publisher. An English author refuses to set foot in this country because of this "organized national thieving." Kipling reveals this feeling in the following:

"Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the Yankee school-marm, the cider, and the salt codfish of the Eastern States, are responsible for what he calls a nasal accent. I know better. They stole books from across the water without paying for 'em, and the snort of delight was fixed in their nostrils forever by a just Providence. That is why they talk a foreign tongue today."*

These incidental raspings do not, however, account for the main trouble.

As early as 1814 the *Quarterly Review* began this "crusade of vituperation." We were depicted as a people devoid of every common decency. We had neither religion, manners, nor morals. The replies of Timothy Dwight and J. K. Paulding published in New York, 1815, stimulated counter attacks in later English Reviews.

We did not like being told that our ships could not fight; that the "Frolic surrendered without firing a shot;" that we were "the most vain, egotistical, insolent, rodomontade sort of people that are anywhere to be found;" that "the supreme felicity of a true-born American is inaction of body and inactivity of mind." We were "techy," "wayward," and

*"American Notes," p. 20; Boston, 1899.

"abandoned to bad nurses" and like spoiled children "educated to low habits." The *Quarterly Review* printed pleasantries like these. Franklin was idolized among us for gifts that are thus characterized in that Review:

"Franklin, in grinding his electrical machine and flying his kite, did certainly elicit some useful discoveries in a branch of science that had not much engaged the attention of the philosophers of Europe. But the foundation of Franklin's knowledge was laid not in America, but in London. Besides, half of what he wrote was stolen from others, and the greater part of the rest was not worth preserving."*

We were "too proud to learn and too ignorant to teach, and having established by act of Congress that they are already the most enlightened people in the world, they bid fair to retain their barbarism from mere regard to consistency." This insolent ribaldry is not from the pens of hungry journalists. It is the expressed conviction of literary and socially distinguished men. It continued pretty steadily for a generation. Here are a few tid-bits from the *Foreign Quarterly* as late as 1844. We have: "Swagger and impudence," "As yet the American is horn-handed and pig-headed, hard, persevering, unscrupulous, carnivorous; with a genius for lying." We are a "brigand confederation"—"Outrage and disorder and naked licentiousness" were rife, and everywhere was "that depravity that rots like a canker at the core of American society."

Thomas Brothers concludes thus, "I believe there to be in the United States more taxation, poverty, and general oppression than ever known in any other country."†

Three years later Dickens wrote, "That republic but yesterday let loose upon her noble course, and today so maimed and lame, so full of sores and ulcers, that her best friends turn from the loathsome creature in disgust."

There were nearly ten years of this inflamed scurrility before an attempt was made in *Blackwood's Magazine* to

**Quarterly Review*, No. 20.

†"The United States of North America as They Are," p. 228; Thomas Brothers, London, 1840.

counteract the harm done by this English tone. A writer then warned the English that they would "turn into bitterness the last drops of good will toward England that exist in the United States."

A little earlier this magazine said,

"The tendencies of our Constitution toward democracy have been checked solely by the view of the tattered and insolent guise in which republicanism had appeared in America."

One of the most careful of our critics who studied us for three years felt this danger. He cries out:

"Why, in God's name, should we not give every assurance of respect and affection? Are they not our children, blood of our blood and bone of our bone? Are they not progressive, and fond of power, like ourselves? Are they not our best customers? Have they not the same old English, manly virtues? What is more befitting for us Englishmen, than to watch with intense study and deepest sympathy the momentous strivings of this noble people? It is the same fight we ourselves are fighting—the true and absolute supremacy of Right. Surely nothing can more beseem two great and kindred nations, than to aid and comfort one another in that career of self-ennoblement, which is the end of all national as well as individual existence."*

There is pathos too in the words of Washington Irving:

"Is this golden bond of kindred sympathies, so rare between nations, to be broken forever? Perhaps it is for the best: it may dispel an illusion which might have kept us in mental vassalage; which might have interfered occasionally with our true interests, and prevented the growth of proper national pride. But it is hard to give up the kindred tie; and there are feelings dearer than interest, closer to the heart than pride, that will still make us cast back a look of regret, as we wander farther and farther from the paternal roof, and lament the waywardness of the parent that would repel the affections of the child."

It is clear to us at this distance, that these English reviewers got a genuine pleasure out of the books which most roundly abused us (Fearon, Brothers, Welby, Ashe, Harris, Faux, and Bradbury). We had won our independence and

*James Stirling, "Letters from the Slave States."

made it extremely uncomfortable for England in 1812. Her prestige and national vanity had suffered from these events. She suffered the more because of the trumpet tones in which we bragged over these victories. They were organized into permanent memorials about which the high tides of oratory, song, and editorials flowed and ebbed as if by force of nature. An Englishman, unhappy enough to arrive here a few days before July 4, 1819, writes:

"I know we came off rather lamely in the Revolutionary War, but I never realized before, that we began by being cowards and bullies and ended by being annihilated in every fight. I had always supposed we English whipped them at Bunker Hill, but these Yankees have turned it into a victory that ranks with Thermopolæ and Waterloo. Even our English warships were swept from the sea, and men that I never heard of are greater than Nelson at Trafalgar."

As one follows these Englishmen about, it is impossible to withhold sympathy for them. There was not the slightest hesitation in rubbing in all the old victories and in all ways belittling English behavior in both wars.

Nor was our form of government less irritating, especially when we insisted that the poor foreigner should forthwith admire it. De Tocqueville intimates that his approval would have had freer expression, if he had not been so insistently *expected* to approve. Our democracy was itself an affront to all Tory sentiment. Whether it were to succeed or fail, it was an embodied challenge to the Mother Country. It was not merely the dropping of a King and a hereditary House of Lords, but the separation of Church and State, the doing away with primogeniture and property qualification for the vote, the wide extension of the suffrage, which one and all seemed to strike at what were fundamental and venerated English traditions. There is a strong passage in Trevelyan which runs thus:

"But in order to comprehend a policy which lay so far outside the known and ordinary limits of human infatuation, it must never be forgotten that there was a deeper and a more impassable gulf than the Atlantic between the Colonists and their rulers. If Cabinet Ministers at home had known the Americans better, they

would only have loved them less. The higher up in the peerage an Englishman stood, and the nearer to influence and power, the more unlikely it was that he would be in sympathy with his brethren across the seas, or that he would be capable of respecting their susceptibilities, and of apprehending their virtues, which were less to his taste even than their imperfections."*

The English statesman John Morley has this striking confirmation of these words in discussing Maine's "Popular Government:"

"The success of popular government across the Atlantic has been the strongest incentive to the extension of popular government here. We need go no further back than the Reform Bill of 1867 to remind ourselves that the victory of the North over the South had more to do with the concession of the franchise to householders in boroughs than all the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone and all the diplomacies of Mr. Disraeli.†

We have learned, as in the case of murdered Italians in Louisiana and affronted Japanese in California, that our States are related to the Federal Government in ways that have been an honest perplexity to all foreigners. It was one of Mr. Bryce's great services to make this relation so clear as to render further ignorance of it less excusable.

During the period we are considering there was practically no conception of this relation of state to central government among the critics whose censure was most resented. We can therefore at last not only understand, but make some measure of allowance for the caviler. We can even forgive that shining wit, Sidney Smith, for saying that all our literature was imported; that Franklin's fame might possibly last for fifty years and that "prairies, steamboats, grist mills" were our proper heritage.

This long wordy tiff, with much spite and heart-burning in it, continued until the middle of the century. The shrill note of it begins then to soften, partly, I think, because so many sensible men on both sides became tired and ashamed of it. Its humiliation was that cultivated men

*Part I, pp. 44 and 45.
†"Studies in Literature," pp. 125-6.

should lend themselves to such a cause. Among the average mass of men, anything like international amenity and real understanding is but just beginning on the earth. Think of two nations as advanced as England and France living century after century hard by each other, and until the most recent years having merely contempt for each other, the average Englishman thinking that a Frenchman was a kind of monkey with clothes on, and that chiefly because he had a different manner and speech from the English. Though from the same trunk and with a common speech, there was almost as much misapprehension between England and this country. It was not caused by primitive race antagonism or too close national rivalry, as between England and France. The misunderstanding was, nevertheless, quite as natural and probably as inevitable.

In Chapter VIII we shall see it passing away for reasons that are humorous in their simplicity, chiefly because so many people in both countries have seen each other closely enough and often enough to gain a common respect one for the other. A distinguished Englishman who has just been lecturing in this country put a world of good sense into these words, "I would not have believed that six weeks' good fellowship here in the States could have burned all out of me the amount of ignorance and prejudice that I brought to this country." That has happened to many thousands in both countries since the Civil War. This intelligent sympathy was never increasing so rapidly as at present, and it will continue with growing hopefulness in the future. At least with peoples not too widely separated by cultural stages, this elementary understanding has infinite promise. The possibilities and business necessities of modern travel are rapidly doing this fundamental work of making people so far known to each other, as to train them into neighborly habits and into a toleration of superficial differences.

The chief change in this history of criticism is that we have now reached a stage in which men of enlarged expe-

rience are writing books for the express purpose of creating an intelligent good-will among nations. Into this purposed brotherhood come men like Bryce, Trevelyan, Archer, Muirhead, Münsterberg, Abbé Klein, Von Polenz, De Rousier, with an interpreting message, every line of which is an added tie of friendly feeling and tolerance among peoples isolated by geographic lines but sundered even more by prejudice and ignorance. In the common darkness of this national and race misunderstanding, the Devil's main work is now carried on in our present world. In this misunderstanding are the sustaining roots of the immense stupidity which still assumes that the permanent good of this or that nation is bought at the price of some other people's discomfiture or undoing. From the same source spring the low cruelties of modern warfare. Our continued bungling with defective children, delinquent youth and large classes of criminals will end only when we learn to *understand*. Some brave steps have been taken toward this saving tolerance. Upon its extension at home and abroad depends all that is meant by the word civilization.

VIII. Changes of Tone in Foreign Criticism.

THE changes noted in this chapter are largely English, although French writers like Bourget, Madam Blanc and Paul Adam; Germans like Münsterberg, von Polenz, and Grillenberger indicate a corresponding change of temper. The condescension is gone, or is rapidly disappearing. The visitor is studying a people that may disturb and irritate him, but our rough beginnings have taken on proportions that command a new kind of attention. It is not so much what we have definitely achieved, as it is the unmistakable promise of achievement, that arouses new homage. For a half century there has been no question of our material exploits. These have had compliments and marveling enough.

It is the whole cultural side of life in the United States that has been put in question. Could we create literature, develop science, paint pictures; could we reach first rate educational standards or even learn to appreciate the best music? Values like these, with softened manners and a pleasant voice, were what seemed to older observers rather hopelessly beyond our attainment.

There are many still to deny our entire possession of these gifts, but that we have proved our desire for them and a very encouraging purpose to win them, is heartily conceded by competent Continental judges.

The changes of judgment among the English do not come through any of these refinements. England began really to respect us because of the national strength displayed in the Civil War. The enduring valor, the sacrifice for an idea both North and South; the tenacity of the entire people and the ready acceptance of the result, were one and all arguments that are finalities to practical men of Anglo-Saxon origin. Barring a few holiday skits, the critical atmosphere changes after this date as by some cleansing storm. Mr. Bryce says that philosophers from Plato to Sir Robert Lowe have attributed "weakness in emergencies" to democracies, and further that Europeans had concluded (partly from internal dissensions and our habit of too much blustering) that we "lacked firmness and vigor." The Civil War, he says, undeceived Europe. "The North put forth its power with a suddenness and resolution which surprised the world.* "The Southern people displayed no less vigor, even when the tide had evidently begun to turn against them." This Saxon trait of bowing to the hard fact of success appeared again when the Spanish ships went to pieces before American guns.

The eye of the foreigner noted other events like that of Northern and Southern armies quietly going to their ordnary tasks after Appomattox. Especially England watched the popular frenzy that raged about the attempt

*"American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 437.

to impeach Andrew Johnson. One of the ablest of English publicists, Walter Bagehot, wrote, "Few nations, perhaps scarcely any nation, could have borne such a trial so easily and so perfectly." The effect was no less telling when it appeared that a stupendous national debt was to be honestly met and rapidly paid off. From Gladstone this resolute facing of debts won for us the following tribute:

"In twelve years she [America] has reduced her debt by one hundred and fifty-eight million pounds, or at the rate of thirteen million pounds for each year. In each twelve months she has done what we did in eight years; her self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought of the future have been, to say the least, eightfold ours. These are facts which redounded greatly to her honor; and the historian will record with surprise that an enfranchised nation tolerated burdens which in this country a selected class, possessed of the representation, did not dare to face, and that the most unmitigated Democracy known to the annals of the world resolutely reduced at its own cost prospective liabilities of the State which the aristocratic, and plutocratic, and monarchical Government of the United Kingdom had been contented ignobly to hand over to posterity."

Forty years after the war John Morley wrote:

"Of this immense conflict Mr. Gladstone, like most of the leading statesmen of the time, and like the majority of his own countrymen, failed to take the true measure. The error that lay at the root of our English misconceptions of the American struggle is now clear. We applied ordinary political maxims to what was not merely a political contest, but a social revolution."*

The change here indicated appears at once among the writers who come after the war. They seem for the first time really to *see* the United States. It is as if most writers before this event had been watching, not the United States, but some idea of our country which they brought with them. From now on, there is a new deference; even a good show of modesty in passing judgment on complicated social phenomena. There is not only more regard for American feeling, but a more conscientious attempt to interpret the objects under observation. The old platitudes are questioned;

*"Life of Gladstone," Vol. II, p. 70.

the conventional repetition of supposed peculiarities no longer satisfies. This has to be shown through trivial illustrations and by repeating some of our alleged characteristics. Yet it is these very trivialities that occupy half the space in these travel books. Whatever space is still given to them, there is an altered attitude as to their interpretation. "Why," says one, "should a whole nation set itself so joyously to the rythmic use of the rocking chair, unless this motion answers some physiological need? I thought at first it was devised for some special form of nervous diseases, but I soon came to find how much solid comfort I could have in it."

A temper like that applied to every phase of a nation's life would give us a new critical standard. It reminds us of Huxley's definition of science, as "organized common sense." Its luminous advantage is that objects and experiences are so studied that one sees them in relation to the social and historic whole of which they are a part. There was in our Civil War an intensity of dramatic effect upon foreign observers that did much to create this new temper. There are many references to it in those who come after 1866. They seem to be saying, "Well, well, we had no idea that there was so much in you; that you had such reserves of strength or that you cared so much for ideals. We shall have to make of you a new study." I heard a German writer say that the United States appeared to him absolutely destitute of all ideals until he followed the story of the war. "Then," he added, "I saw that no people had more stuff for heroism than the American." Our country had only been seen by bits. As a *whole* it had never been the object of study. I do not mean by this, that one must live here twenty years or see every State, but that some conception of the infinite variation of life and problems here is fundamentally requisite. It is requisite for this reason, that without some sense of these differences in social structure and development, no helpful comparison of things that

properly go together is possible. I heard one of the most widely known of living Englishmen say, "There is no scenery in the United States." Our coast line, with one or two slight exceptions (as on the coast of Maine), he thought tame and uninteresting. The character and grouping of our Rocky Mountains, he said, were not "scenery" in any proper sense—and so on.

Now this criticism, true or false, depends upon comparison. The critic had in mind the varied magnificence of Switzerland with its splendor of color in snow, verdure and water effects, or he was bringing together in his imagination other parts of the world side by side with his mental picture of this country. If we could once agree upon a definition of "scenery," these comparisons would assist us just so far as our observations covered the ground. But scenery is an affair of esthetic taste, about which the only certainty is that these tastes will differ. It is not alone a matter of coast lines or mountain groupings. Upon a score of our smaller rivers, with their soft curves and stretching meadows; in a hundred dainty nooks among the New England and Southern hills; in the sweep and perspective of the great plains beyond the Mississippi, what is it that gives the thrill if it is not scenery? This is a composite and inclusive term. Going South from Pueblo, Colorado, the train seems to sink as into a vast shallow cup with the Spanish Peaks on the far outer rim. I saw it once in an evening light so gorgeous in its intensity that it gave one a kind of pain to look upon it, because there was no way to express the pressure of emotion it excited. If that was not scenery, what name are we to give it?

Washington Irving had an eye for natural beauty. He said, "Never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery." Some varieties at their highest we may lack, but other varieties surely are ours.

As we know our country better in quite other than its

American Bookmen Scalping an English Author.
(Cartoon in *Punch* in 1847 Satirizing American Piracy of English Books.)

natural aspects, we shall apply this same test to all these critical decisions. We shall ask in morals, in education, in things social and material, that the comparison recognize this almost measureless diversity in the totality of American life. To see something of this completer relation requires long and concentrated study or an imagination like that of H. G. Wells.

This is a digression, but it should light up a little this point: that the recent visitors (those with even the least competence as critics) seem at last honestly to feel and to confess some sense of the magnitude and diversity of their task.

Let us appeal again to the trivialities. Our "national habit of drinking ice water" was invariably spoken of earlier as an inexcusable freak. Even Stevens in his "Land of the Dollar" continues the tradition:

"THE CALIFORNIAN OUTFIT."

(Poem in *Punch* in 1849 accompanying cartoon on opposite page. Both verse and drawing illustrate the onetime English conception of the American,—his uncouthness, his lawlessness, and his provincial speech.)

Now Natur's comin' out I guess,
And puttin' on her vernal dress;
The blooms on shrub and tree as blows
Looks like their go-to-meetin' clothes.
And lawful heart! when I behold
The sun tinge them young leaves with gold,
My thoughts to Californy turns,
The land where every critter earns
Off his own hook, the least to say,
A hundred dollars in a day.
But he as to the Diggins goes
In course must have a suit of clothes;
Well, at our store we sell the best,
Hat, jacket, trousers, boots, and vest:
But this aint all you'll want—oh no!
If you to Californy go.
You'll want

A RIFLE

Just to keep
Your diggins clear. We sell 'em cheap.
At good five hundred yards they kill
In hands as "draws the bead" with skill.

A PAIR OF GOOD REVOLVERS

Too
Is indispensable to you
To give your fellow laborers plums,
To rob your pillow when they comes;
We do 'em at the lowest figure,
Just only try one on a nigger.

A BOWIE KNIFE

You'll also need
Ours are the best—they are, indeed.

A DIRK

Besides you'll useful find,
To pink a feller in the wind.
The best and cheapest we affords,
And likewise recommends our

SWORDS,

Which, if you comes for to our shop,
I estimate you'll find first chop.
This is the Outfit for the Diggins
You gets at Hezekiah Higgins'.

The Californian Outfit.

(Cartoon in *Punch* in 1849 during California Gold Fever. See Poem on Opposite Page Illustrating English Conception of the American of the Time.)

"It is more indispensable than a napkin, and the waiter who will keep you waiting ten minutes for bread, will rush wildly for the bottle if your ice-water sinks half an inch below the brim of the glass. Ring a bell at any hour of the day or night—a panting attendant dashes in with ice-water. Sip, sip, sip—men, women, and little children go pouring the noxious stuff into their insides. The effect of this ice-water habit on the national constitution can only be most disastrous."*

We have the new temper of which I speak in Mr. Muirhead's "Land of Contrasts," in which he begs to

"Warn the British visitor to suspend his judgment until he has been some time in the country. I certainly was not prejudiced in favor of this chilly draught when I started for the United States, but I soon came to find it natural and even necessary, and as much so from the dry hot air of the stove-heated room in winter as from the natural ambition of the mercury in summer. On the whole, it may be philosophic to conclude that a universal habit in any country has some solid if cryptic reason for its existence, and to surmise that the drinking of ice-water is not so deadly in the States as it might be elsewhere."

Yes, it is "philosophic to conclude" that a "universal habit" among a people may have something to say for itself; that it is not to be accounted for by any snap-shot impressions. There is scarcely one of the commonplace parrot phrases that is not now being carefully revised.

"American houses and cars are like a lot of ovens." "You may travel a month without seeing a human being who seems to be at leisure." "Their politicians are invariably below the average in intelligence and morals." "They are gloomily silent." "The American voice has a grating quality that sets every nerve on edge." There is some truth in every one of those statements, and in two of them there is a great deal of truth. That our houses and cars are very generally overheated, we know well. It would be truer to say that we used our heat too jerkily; that it runs to extremes of heat and cold, as on our trains. But here at last comes an Englishman who "sees a great deal of home life in several cities during four months." He says, "I looked

*Page 177.

Cartoon from *Punch* in 1846 (during Oregon Boundary Controversy).
"Ridiculous Exhibition; or, Yankee-Noodle Putting his Head into the British Lion's Mouth."

Cartoon from *Punch* in 1847

"The Land of Liberty, Recommended to the Consideration of Brother Jonathan."

in vain for those stifling houses of which I had read all my life. Upon the whole, I was no more troubled by heat than I have been in London." We think he was pretty lucky, but he should go in as a witness to the change of opinions.

The third observation, that no one of us seems to have any leisure must have far more qualifying. Some recent writers will give no countenance to the generalization whatever. No one will watch the workers, even in such a whirlpool of activity as Pittsburg, without some amazement at the extremely leisurely air of whole sections of skilled workers, as well as among many heads of departments upon whom great responsibility falls. De Tocqueville has much to say of the feverish ardor with which the Americans pursue their welfare; of "the strange unrest of so many happy men, uneasy in the midst of abundance." Until the period of discrimination came, this opinion is repeated by nine out of every ten of our inspectors. Mr. Muirhead does not let the formula pass. He is much more closely accurate in the following:

"If an Englishman has a mile to go to an appointment he will take his leisurely twenty minutes to do the distance, and then settle his business in two or three dozen sentences; an American is much more likely to devour the ground in five minutes, and then spend an hour or more in lively conversation not wholly pertinent to the matter in hand."*

That our politicians are invariably below the average morally and intellectually has a disheartening truth, so far as attention is fixed on certain city and state conditions. In our political life as a whole, there is no sense in which our representatives can be said to fall below the average. Both Bryce and Münsterberg give strong statement to this fact.

What is meant again by the frequent assertion that we are "the most silent people?" I have often heard this said by foreigners and it is many times written. I asked one

*"The Land of Contrasts," p. 90.
A New York paper comments thus: "Everything considered, though, the real dementia Americana is hurryupitis."

of the keenest of our observers what he meant by our silence. He answered, "I mean first, that in all public places, as you travel, sit at table in hotels and restaurants, in your larger stores, on the street and in crowds, you are strangely silent.* I ask a policeman for a street, and all I get is, 'Second turn to your left.' I ask the conductor on the trolley car to let me out at a certain point and, usually, he makes no reply whatever but—*does let me off.*† I ask the girl behind the counter for some article. Oftener than not she serves me without a word, as if I didn't exist." He hears that in our family life it is the exception to have much conversation at meals; that we do not get a pleasure out of common talk; that when the meal is over, the evening paper or whist becomes a substitute for conversation. Dickens says, "No one speaks at meals. They all seem to have tremendous secrets on their minds." One of the critics concludes that our joking habit spoils conversation. "The funny man is a national calamity." Another thinks that we are so busy that our nervous energy is exhausted and therefore we are too tired to talk. A third carries this a step further, saying that "Americans have not yet had time to develop the habits and forms of easy verbal intercourse." Still another says, "The Americans are too afraid of each other to talk much."

I have quoted these views to several of our countrymen who have had large experience. If they reflect with some care on the criticisms, they usually admit their truth as applied to a great deal of our life. On a coast steamer crowded with Americans, I saw a French family sitting together at their meals. Their conversation among themselves was incessant and day after day so full of gaiety that everybody

*Bryce is more cautious in his statement. "They are not a loquacious people." Vol. II, p. 688.

†One wonders if this critic could have read de Amicis on the land of William the Silent. In his chapter on the Hague, he describes at length this characteristic of silence or scanty response to your inquiries. He tells of the great pains they will take to do the things you ask, *but without words*—"sans proferer une parole."

showed a kind of fascination in watching the animated group. An American observing it asked, "Why is it that we haven't sense enough at least to cultivate a habit with so much charm and health in it as that? It would cure us of our dyspepsia and many other national vices."

But with whom are we compared? Do the English people, as a whole, talk more freely than we? Do the Norwegians or the Germans? We know that Latin people have a joy in conversation which northern nations but poorly imitate. We know, also, that to a larger part of the Americans, "silence" is as little a characteristic as skyblue is of the complexion. Professor Janet wishes to set history right on this point by saying, "The Americans talk much more freely than the English and the Dutch."

That "the Americans have the worst voices known among civilized people," is a generalization much nearer the fact than that we are silent. What can have caused such a voice is many times an object of curious inquiry.* Climate, nervous tension, ill health, especially among the women, are the most frequent explanations. Another thinks overstraining of the vocal organs during our long life on the border, when the women had to strain their voices in calling the men folks to meals, accounts for it. More astonishing, is the theory that traces our irritating utterance to the absence of monarchy and a superior class. If we had been civilized enough to keep these hallowed possessions, we should have unconsciously preserved and cultivated a subdued and deferential vocalization. Another, perhaps with the same thought, says we have bad voices because we have a bad government. Believing in democracy and the equalities, we put gruffness, loudness and bluster into the voice! As this is unnatural, it impairs the vocal organs. One other thing is full of inspiration: it is that which attri-

* . . . I once said to a lady, "Why do you drawl out your words in that way?"

"Well," replied she, "I'd drawl all the way from Maine to Georgia rather than *clip* my words as you English people do." Marryat. I. 222.

butes this special inferiority to the lack of tipping waiters and dependents. The softening influence of a monarchy we have lost, but the tipping system may be made a substitute. Does it not cultivate graciousness in the giver, and mild and gentle ways in the receiver? We are told that this form of generosity, which acts automatically upwards and downwards, produces an atmosphere of good manners which includes a milder and more pliant voice. At the time of this happy exposition (1840) there was no tipping in sight, nor any hopeful sign of tipping to come. There is no doubt that the remedy is at last ours, or that it has a wide and contagious popularity. We may therefore free ourselves from this special source of worry.

I am not certain that Professor Freeman observed the effects of the tipping cure in its early stages, but he is one of the first to come to our defence in the way of intelligent and truthful observation. Instead of reckless generalization like "Americans speak with an intolerable quality of voice," he discriminates. He uses the comparative method, not alone as applied to one nation with another nation, but, of greater importance, he gets corresponding classes or sections in each country into some relation, section with section, so that a real comparison can be made. The earlier vice was to compare a selected and better class in England with the miscellaneous, rough and tumble life as seen in the American coach, train, or boarding house. We come off less badly as to voice in what Professor Freeman says,

> "Some people have the twang very strongly; some have it not at all. Some, after speaking for a long time without it, will bring it in in a particular word or sentence; in others it is strongly marked when a few words are uttered suddenly, but dies off in the course of a longer conversation. And I distinctly marked that is was far more universal among women than among men."

Professor Mills (McGill University), speaking of indistinctness and muffling the voice, says, "It is found in English and German also. English speech is often hard

and guttural. German unduly guttural, if not hard; and American slovenly and horribly nasal.* That method throws a little light on the general obscurity. It does not leave the whole sin at our doors.

At first the American press reporter is "as incredibly ignorant as he is incompetent and ill mannered." The tone is now rather that of William Archer:†

"All the pleasant expectations I brought with me to America have been realized, all the forebodings disappointed. Even the interviewer is far less terrible than I had been led to imagine. He always treated me with courtesy, sometimes with comprehension."

This is the spirit of Herbert Spencer and Dean Hole. Dean Hole says:

"I was interviewed by more than two hundred journalists of both sexes, and so far from being bored by their tedious dullness or exasperated by their inquisitive curiosity—as certain false prophets had foretold—I was universally pleased by their courtesy and instructed by their information."‡

Münsterberg, who has had much discipline at the hands of reporters, thus writes in his "Americans:" "The American journalist is usually a gentleman and can be relied on to be discreet."

A final illustration will mark still better the change of tone. A sturdy volume could be filled with assertions to the effect that beyond all nations we are consumed by the greedy passion for money. Several books bear titles like "The Land of Dollars." Many chapters either give exclusive attention to this mad hunt for lucre, or dwell upon it at great length. It may be admitted that other peoples have an incidental regard to their pecuniary interests, but we Americans make it "a seven-day religion." Harriet Martineau, so far as my record shows, was the first to challenge this criticism.

"I have studied with some care the minds and manners of a variety of merchants, and other persons engaged in commerce,

*"Voice Production," Lippincott, 1906, p. 146.

†"America Today."

‡"A Little Tour in America."

and have certainly found a regard to money a more superficial and intermitting influence than various others."*

This is cautiously worded, as if she were not quite sure of her ground. Even de Tocqueville had laid this sin of money-loving upon us with a heavy hand. But this man of genius was comparing us to an upper section of European society whose income was, for the most part, earned by their tenants or other people. It has always been easy for such as these to show the most graceful indifference to money. Of the vast majority of hard working Frenchmen he is not thinking. On this point the pages of Balzac are like a mirror.'† We look into them and see reflected there such a hungry regard for money and *rentes* as cannot be found in a page of American history. Chevalier was speaking of a wider class still in his country when he said, "Nowhere do you see specimens of that sordid avarice of which examples are so common among us.‡ This accurate truth-telling about the love of money in England is as pitiless in Thackeray's novels as it is in Balzac. America has no literature which shows the sin in grosser or more prevalent form than in these two masters as they lay bare this passion among their own people.

We can now appeal on this topic to other writers. Professor Münsterberg estimates it as follows:

"The American does not prize his possessions much unless he has worked for them himself; of this there are innumerable proofs, in spite of the opposite appearances on the surface. One of the most interesting of these is the absence of the bridal dower. In Germany or France, the man looks on a wealthy marriage as one of the most reliable means of getting an income; there are whole professions which depend on a man's eking out his entirely inade-

"*Society in America," Vol. I, p. 142.

†These are words we owe to a French economist: "We buy a woman with our fortune, or we sell ourselves to her for her dower. The American chooses her, or rather offers himself to her, for her beauty, her intelligence, or her amiable qualities, and asks no other portion. Thus, whilst we make a traffic of what is most sacred, these shop-keepers exhibit a delicacy and loftiness of feeling, which have done honor to the most perfect models of chivalry."

‡Page 303.

quate salary from property which he inherits or gets by marriage; and the eager search for a handsome dowry—in fact, the general commercial character of marriage in reputable European society everywhere—always surprises Americans. Everywhere one sees the daughters of wealthy families stepping into the modest homes of their husbands, and these husbands would feel it to be a disgrace to depend on their prosperous fathers-in-law. An actual dowry received from the bride's parents during their lifetime is virtually unknown. Another instance of American contempt for unearned wealth, which especially contrasts with European customs, is the disapproval which the American always has for lotteries. If he were really bent on getting money, he would find the dowry and the lottery a ready means."*

"The American chases after money with all his might, exactly as on the tennis-court he tries to hit the ball, and it is the game he likes *and not the prize.* If he loses he does not feel as if he had lost a part of himself, but only as if he had lost the last set in a tournament."†

Earlier still Mr. Bryce wrote, "A millionaire has a better and easier social career open to him in England than in America. In America, if his private character be bad, if he be mean, or openly immoral, or personally vulgar, or dishonest, the best society will keep its doors closed against him. In England great wealth, skilfully employed, will more readily force these doors to open. For in England, great wealth can, by using the appropriate methods, practically buy rank from those who bestow it; or by obliging persons whose position enables them to command fashionable society, can induce them to stand sponsors for the upstart, and force him into society, a thing which no person in America has the power to do.‡

In general, what has increased this new tone in our favor is unquestionably the advent of the United States as a "World Power." Whether this new role is to fit us or unfit us, is open to doubt, but the kind of impression it has made abroad, is not open to doubt.

*"The Americans," p. 231.
†*Ibid,* p. 234.
‡"American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 604.

At the opening of the twentieth century, one of the most brilliant of English journalists begins his Preface with the words,* "The advent of the United States of America as the greatest of world powers is the greatest political, social, and commercial phenomenon of our times." He says, "That the United States of America have now arrived at such a pitch of power and prosperity as to have a right to claim the leading place among English speaking nations cannot be disputed." Then with much power he pleads for a vitalized union of English and American interests. He quotes Balfour's words, "The idea of a war with the United States of America carries with it something of the unnatural horror of civil war." He adds passages from Gladstone and Cecil Rhodes which ring with the same world note. He even reports Lord Derby when in Gladstone's cabinet as saying to Dr. Dillon, "The highest ideal I can look forward to in the future of my country is that the time may come when we may be admitted into the American Union as States in one great federation."† This outsteps Professor Dicey's suggestion of political representation of the United States in the English Parliament.‡

Years before any of these words were spoken Richard Cobden wrote, "Our only chance of national prosperity lies in the timely remodeling of our system so as to put it as nearly as possible upon an equality with the improved management of the Americans." The irresistible journalist, Mr. Stead, is not, however, to be outdone. He will have the Eng-

*W. T. Stead, "The Americanization of the World," London, 1902.

†Mr. Stead reproduces a famous English cartoon which dresses John Bull in Uncle Sam's attire and puts upon the body of the American eagle a lion's head.

‡This profound student of politics uses these words: "The plain truth is, that educated Englishmen are slowly learning that the American Republic accords the best example of a conservative Democracy; and now that England is becoming democratic, respectable Englishmen are beginning to consider whether the Constitution of the United States may not afford means by which, under new democratic forms, may be preserved the political conservatism dear and habitual to the governing classes of England."

Cartoon from *Punch* in 1861.

"Naughty Jonathan—'You shan't interfere Mother—and you ought to be on my side—and it's a great shame—and I don't care—and you SHALL interfere—and I won't have it.'"

Cartoon in *Punch* in 1862

"The Latest from America, or, the New York 'Eye Duster,' to be Taken Every Day."

Cartoon from *Punch* in 1863.

"Latest from Spirit Land: Ghost of King George III.—'Well, Mr. Washington, what do you think of your fine Republic now, eh? What d'ye think?—What d'ye think, eh?'

"Ghost of Mr. Washington: 'Humph.'"

Cartoon in *Punch* in 1864.

"American Literary Intelligence—'Born when the United States and Great Britain were still under the same government and flag, of course Shakespeare can be claimed as an American.'—*New York Herald.*"

lish people to whom he belongs unite with us in *the celebration of July Fourth*. If we gasp at this suggestion, he says, "The practice of hoisting flags on the Birthday of the American Republic has been gaining ground in Great Britain and here and there Britons have begun to set apart the sacred Fourth of July as a *fete* day of the race. Not wishing to be over-sanguine, he admits that the "ordinary British subject cannot be expected just yet to enter into this common rejoicing without some hesitation." But he adds, "As year after year passes he will come to celebrate the Fourth of July heartily and ungrudgingly." To remove the lingering prejudices, we on our side must unite on Shakespeare's birthday and on the day when Magna Charter was signed. And one step further in the general healing—we must all unite on the third of September. "It was Cromwell's great day, the day of Dunbar and Worcester, the day on which he opened his Parliaments, the day on which he passed into the presence of his Maker. Cromwell, the common hero of both sections of the race, summoned his first parliament on the Fourth of July, and his inaugural address was *the first Fourth of July oration that was ever delivered*. It was instinct with the conviction of the reality of the providential mission of the English speaking race. In his own words: "We have our desire to see healing and looking forward (rather) than to rake into sores and look backward." If the interchange of courtesies and fete-day shouting is to be made so easy as this, it is not for Americans to hesitate.

In 1813 so responsible a person as the English Embassador Foster said of us publicly, "Generally speaking, they are not a people we should be proud to acknowledge as our relation." In 1829 the author of "Tom Cringle's Log"* said in *Blackwood's Magazine*, "I don't like Americans. I never did and never shall like them. I have seldom met an American gentleman in the large and complete

*Michael Scott.

Part of Poem by Tom Taylor which appeared in *Punch* in 1865 upon the Assassination of Lincoln (See cartoon opposite).

"*You* lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier!
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

"His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

"*You,* whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it would point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

"Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*"

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Cartoon in *Punch* in 1865 after the Assassination of Lincoln.
"Britannia Sympathizes with Columbia." (See accompanying poem by Tom Taylor on opposite page.)

Cartoon from *Punch* in 1866.
(Apropos of the new Transatlantic Cable.) "Neptune (the Heavy Father). 'Bless Ye My Children.'"

sense of the term. I have no wish to eat with them, drink with them, deal with them, or consort with them in any way."

Many and interesting things appear to have happened between this and Mr. Stead's invitation to international fete-days grouped about July the Fourth.

This "journalist who thinks in continents" does not after all take much higher flight than the Oxford scholar, Freeman, who could say, "It is indeed a thrilling thought for a man of the elder England to see what a home the newest home of his people is. The heart swells, the pride of kinship rises, as he sees that it is his own folk which has done more than any other folk to replenish the earth and to subdue it. He is no Englishman at heart, he has no true feeling of the abiding tie of kindred, who deems that the glory and greatness of the child is other than part of the glory and greatness of the parent."

The Story of American Painting*

IV. Formative Influences

By Edwina Spencer
Author of "American Sculptors."

"O clear-eyed daughter of the gods, thy name?"—
Gravely she answered, "I am called Success."
"The house, the lineage, whence thy beauty came?"—
"Failure my sire; my mother, Weariness."

NEITHER in art nor in life, do creative power and joyful labor alone suffice to compel success. The discouragement of failure, the weariness of persistent effort, which belong to spiritual and mental growth,—they also bear their priceless part in the winning of great goals. And painting in America has followed the inevitable path of struggle, aspiration, difficulty, disheartenment, in making gradual progress to the height of its present achievement.

That the young republic, wrestling with manifold problems, had scant leisure for art interests or appreciation, we have seen from last month's review of the years between 1800 and 1850. Yet we have discovered that this period, too generally regarded as entirely quiescent and barren, reveals a steady increase in strength and opportunity,—the "silent harvest of the future" preparing, unheralded, its splendid fruitage. Its quiet growth culminated, in 1876,

*Miss Spencer's series will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN in the months from September to May. The articles heretofore printed are: "Foreword," and "Painting in the Colonies" (September); "The Period of the Revolution" (October); "The Years of Preliminary Growth" (November).

in the art exhibit of the Centennial Exposition, which amazed the public at large by its revelation of what had been accomplished by American painters and sculptors. The stimulus it gave marks the beginning of a new era; and to the next three decades belongs our remarkable contemporary activity in landscape, portraiture, mural painting, and other fields, to which are devoted the remaining articles of our series. This month, however, the earlier period still claims us, for the consideration of another phase of its development; we are interested in tracing those important influences which helped, during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, to form the distinctive trend of later painting,—the forces that are more than those of bone and sinew, and lift upward against adverse circumstances like the power which the little philosopher discovered when he announced, "It's my *think* that makes my foot go up, when the ground tries to pull it down!"

The most potent formative influence of the early century was Gilbert Stuart,* whose thirty-six years of uninterrupted work here, during this critical time, were of inestimable service to the art he loved. When he first returned from abroad, in 1792, he had a studio in New York for nearly two years; from there he went to Philadelphia to paint the first President; and after that long-cherished desire was fulfilled he removed to the new capital when the seat of government was transferred to Washington. Here he painted many notables, until 1805, finally settling in Boston, where he remained until his death in 1828—painting magnificently up to the very end.

Stuart's stays of varying length in these four important cities, where he reigned supreme as a portraitist, helped to diffuse his influence; while his genius and his powerful personality made him an oracle to the younger men. His character seems to have been peculiarly lovable, for though his was a sensitive and passionate nature, often imprudent

*For Stuart's earlier career, see "The Period of the Revolution" in the October CHAUTAUQUAN.

and perverse, his generosity, his liberal spirit, his lack of meanness or pettiness, combined with his unusual gifts, to make and hold a host of friends* And they all exemplified a certain small boy's perfectly satisfying definition of friendship, "A friend is a fellow who knows all about you,—but likes you." Stuart had many such! Witty, brilliant, and like Dr. Johnson, a "tremendous companion," he was also one of the greatest geniuses of his time, and without doubt one of the most extraordinary men our country has produced.†

Having the experience of years of exceptional success abroad, the painter of three kings, innumerable famous men and women, and later all the Presidents of the United States, Stuart held throughout the first quarter of the century a unique position of authority here. All the younger artists with whom he came in contact owed much to his influence, and the rest were helped and inspired by studying his works. Dunlap tells us that when he first saw the master's work, "it appeared to the writer as if he had never seen portraits before, so decidedly was form and mind conveyed to the canvas."

It is difficult to condense into a few sentences Stuart's effect on the art of his time; but the crux of the matter lay in his passion for truth, and his keen seizure of the *essentials* in portraying both body and soul. His brain was panther-like in swiftness and sureness, while to this intellectual power were added quick sympathies and the gift of intuition. He divined the inner life of his sitters, presenting to us not only their outward semblance but their actual personalities.

*Stuart's inveterate snuff-taking, his fund of stories and his clever repartee, his humor, his hot-temper, and his impulsive kindnesses, gave rise to myriads of anecdotes, more or less apochryphal. That he was a "three-bottle man" is not strange in that day of much wine-drinking, but it is a remarkable fact that it never in the least impaired the clearness of his vision or the skill of his hand.

†The Encyclopedia Britannica sums up his artistic status as follows: "Stuart was pre-eminent as a colorist and his place, judged by the highest canons in art, is unquestionably among the few recognized masters of portraiture."

His own remark, "I paint the works of God, and leave clothes to tailors!" shows his absorption in the portrayal of character rather than of the details of lace ruffles and brocade. It was an age of many huge, artificial compositions, like West's, when the prevailing idea was not to study nature for itself, but to imitate as closely as possible the way in which the "old masters" like Raphael and Titian painted. Though working as a student in West's atelier, surrounded by this grandiloquence of "high art," Stuart, with the insight and boldness of genius, turned away from it all, and developed his wonderful powers by a *direct study of nature.* He gave no thought to how other men had worked; he brushed aside the usual artifices employed to enhance the effect,—such as strongly contrasted light and shade, gorgeous costumes and accessories, impressive attitudes,—and thus "casting awaye the chaff of superfluitie," he put his whole soul into the task of revealing a higher and truer beauty. His portraits, simple, natural, and glowing with the loveliness of life itself, are vital transcripts of character; they give us the individual aspects of humanity,—the fire of young manhood, the flower-like purity of girlhood and womanhood, splendid maturity, dignified old age.

This was achieved by means of that remarkable technical skill which was famous in his own day and has remained unsurpassed,—which he learned from no master, and which was so individual that West used to say to youngsters who tried to imitate his protegé's coloring, "It will not do to steal Stuart's palette, you must steal his eyes!" The freshness of his clear, pure colors,* their richness and brilliancy, are his distinguishing characteristic; his flesh-painting was the finest of his time; and his dominant traits were those

*Stuart never could be induced to use the various mediums and materials advocated by various artists of his day for producing depth and richness of tone, nor would he experiment with varnishes. This good judgment on his part has resulted in the unimpaired brilliancy of his colors, while much of Sir Joshua Reynolds' work, for example, has grown blackened and ruined through the effect of time upon his pigments.

which we usually associate with a later epoch,—originality of thought, independence of vision, and insistence upon the immediate, faithful study of nature.

These studies were profound in their effect on his contemporaries, setting a lofty standard for those who came after. And aside from his work, his qualities as a man were helpful. He was particularly fine in his attitude toward other artists,—his generous and liberal judgments, his contempt for petty jealousies, his lack of envy or professional rivalry, set a rare example to smaller natures. Nor did he ever fail to contend for the dignity and high purpose of art.

Ten years before Stuart's death, another formative influence began to make itself felt when Washington Allston returned from Europe to settle in America; and for the last fifteen years of his life Allston reigned alone as our most important painter. He was twenty-four years younger than Stuart, having been born in South Carolina, in 1779. The manor house* where his family had long lived in old-world state was situated on that strip of land, several miles wide, between the ocean and the Waccamaw River, which was renowned for the splendid hospitality of its few fine old homes.

The boy was, however, sent to be educated at Newport, Rhode Island, (where he first met Malbone,†) and later went to Harvard, where besides his college work he plunged enthusiastically into the study of art. Graduating in 1800, he went to London, becoming a life-long follower and admirer of Benjamin West. He had his own little coterie of followers, even as early as this,—a group of students approaching his age, who, like Morse, were entirely devoted

*Allston's family was a distinguished one, boasting a long line of political and military names. His uncle was a colonel on the staff of General Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of the Revolution; and his cousin, who married Aaron Burr's beautiful and unfortunate daughter, Theodosia, was governor of South Carolina.

†Malbone, two years older than he, was already painting miniatures. They saw much of each other, in Boston, and went to England together in 1801. The friendship of these two fine young spirits, so pure in their lives and noble in their ideals, is one of the many happy details that enrich the story of American painting.

to him. In 1803, he went to Paris, Switzerland and Italy, lingering long in Rome, at that time full of English celebrities,—Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, the sculptors Gibson and Flaxman, as well as our own Washington Irving. The intellectual delights of life in the Eternal City enthralled him, and not until 1809, did he come home to marry Miss Channing of Boston, the fiancée of his college days.

They soon went to England, and there Allston entered upon the culminating period of his career as an artist. For seven years his success was great; a position of authority and distinction like that of West lay before him. But he turned away from it all, and in 1818 returned permanently to America.* He was enthusiastically welcomed by the elect, and known to the country at large as a name to take pride in; in 1830 he married again, and lived quietly at Cambridge until his death in 1843.

Almost from the time of his return, however, his brush seemed to lag; and the great painting of "Belshazzar's Feast," which was to be his mighty achievement, hung over him like a pall. It was never finished, and became finally the tragedy of his life; for he had vowed to paint nothing else of importance until that was done, yet could never satisfy himself, nor make any serious advance. His creative power seemed dulled, and his sensitive, ardent mind palsied by the lack of stimulus and the crudity of our society at that time; he produced little, and it was his personality, rather than his pictures that exerted the greater influence. His work, at its best, is noble and beautiful,—surely and skilfully drawn, rich and harmonious in color.† He cared

*His wife had died three years before; and he mentions somewhere the "home-sickness which, (in spite of the best and kindest friends and every encouragement as an artist,) brought me back to my own country."

†Allston's color was much lauded in his own day, and after the prevailing fashion of comparison with the old masters, he was called "the American Titian." Its original richness has in many cases faded, owing to certain methods he employed in glazing his pictures. His "Spanish Girl" in the Metropolitan Museum (see illustration in November CHAUTAUQUAN,) shows his simple and refined composition, graceful in line, and rich in the tone of the dark velvet coat, the jewel, the big plumed hat beside her, and the melting background.

most for solemn, often tragically emotional, subjects; like West, he loved to essay the sublime, but he had also the poetic and emotional temperament which West had not.

Still, despite his artistic fame, his work was really a mere attempt at the expression of a personality so unusual that neither art nor literature could afford it full utterance. Allston was an idealist of the purest type; it has been recorded by a friend that "for the high, the lovely, and the perfect, he strove all his days." He was loved with an intense loyalty, by the noblest spirits of his time. Coleridge, who held him dearer than all his friends except the Wordsworths, considered him "gifted with an artistic and poetic genius unsurpassed by any man of his age." Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and Irving, were his admirers, Thorwaldsen never forgot him,—such among his peers, whose judgment is not to be gainsaid, were dazzled by his mental and spiritual power.

We must realize fully the commonplace and barren environment our country had then to offer, if we are to conceive of what Allston's life and art meant to his contemporaries. He represented sublimity of soul, poetic imagination, beauty, refinement, and all the graces of old-world cultivation. Personally in touch with but few, he lived surrounded by glamour in the popular fancy; and from his quiet home near Boston, his influence radiated through a circle of devoted friends, who reverenced his noble ideals, and his high aspirations for American painting. Stuart exerted a more direct influence, and came in contact with a much wider circle; he was a living force in his day, and his portraits live after him to delight and teach succeeding painters. Allston's work, (more, after all, that of a dilettante), has lost most of its appeal; a magnificent dreamer, he was never able to make his dreams serve humanity in any definite direction, as certain other great idealists have done. Yet he played a high part in forming the artistic standards of the period. While Stuart supplied the *mental* force and stimulus then

Forging the Shaft, by John F. Weir. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
(See "American Painting," by Edwina Spencer, page 56.)

Girl and Cow, by Theodore Robinson. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Portrait of William Morris Hunt at the Age of 42 (in 1866), Painted by Himself. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

J. F. Millet (1814-1875), the French Painter to whom Hunt was both Friend and Benefactor.

Portrait of William Morris Hunt at Twenty-one (1845), by Leutze.
In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Last Photograph Portrait of William Morris Hunt. In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

"Study of Clouds," Charcoal Sketch by W. M. Hunt. In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The Original Study for W. M. Hunt's Mural Painting, "The Flight of Night."

Corn Husking, by Eastman Johnson. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Washington Crossing the Delaware, by Emanuel Leutze. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Boy with a Sword, by Edouard Manet (1832-1883), the French Painter who Founded the School of "Impressionists."

The Look-Out—"All's Well"—by Winslow Homer. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Raffling for the Goose, by William Sidney Mount. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

A Wedding Feast in Brittany, by Henry Mosler. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

"Head of a Man," Charcoal Sketch by W. M. Hunt. In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The Quadroon, by George Fuller. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts,

Landscape by William Morris Hunt. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

needed, Allston's power was *spiritual.* His every quality helped to counteract the encroachments of the sordid and the narrow. His message to the younger craftsmen was that of Mazzini to the young men of Italy, "Love and reverence the ideal.* It is the home of the soul."

Meantime, American art was expanding and broadening. No longer confined to the narrow field of portraiture alone, it was reaching out in new directions,—experimenting, striving, laboring and succeeding, in the face of disheartenment and trial. Another idealist, Thomas Cole, (whose life and work belong to next month's story of our landscape painting), was revealing a new field of beauty and promise in the portrayal of native scenery. He was followed by his friend Durand, his pupil, F. E. Church, by the so-called, "Hudson River school" and the "Rocky Mountain men,"—and in its later growth the movement he originated has become one of our most important artistic manifestations.

Portraiture continued to be a fertile field for our painters, because of the unfailing demand, and the difficulty of pioneering in other directions. Before Stuart's death a large and excellent group of workers were active, such as Frothingham and Neagle, both his pupils; Waldo and Jewett,† who painted together upon the same portraits in a harmonious partnership that lasted for eighteen years; C. B. King, who painted for several decades in Washington, and finally bequeathed a collection of his canvases to the Redwood Library in his birth-place, Newport; and Francis Alexander,

*Few are familiar with Southey's allusion to Allston in the "Vision of Judgment,"—as

"he who returning,
Rich in praise, to his native shores, hath left a remembrance
Long to be honored and loved on the banks of Thames and of Tiber;
So may America, prizing in time the worth she possesses,
Give to that hand free scope, and boast hereafter of Allston."

†*Jewett's* name must not be confused with that of Matthew Harris *Jouett,* (emphasis on the last syllable,) the eminent Kentucky painter mentioned last month. A well-known artist and college professor recently has made this surprising mistake in print,—crediting a certain portrait to "Waldo and Jouett!"

whose very beautiful portrait of Mrs. Fletcher Webster, in the Boston Museum of Fine arts, shows what fine work some of these men achieved.*

John Neagle, a Philadelphian, was one of the best; his portrait of Stuart, painted in 1825, is perhaps our most faithful likeness of that master. Jouett, of Kentucky, who died in 1827, was spoken of last month as important early in the century. The work of both these men owes much to their admiration for Stuart; and that of another early painter, Ezra Ames, bears very favorable comparison with Stuart's canvases. Ezra Ames, (who should not be confounded with *Joseph* Ames, a painter of much less worth,) lived in Albany, New York; and until his death in 1830 was the most noted portraitist in the state, outside New York city. The sure and fluent ease of his brush, his keen characterization, his pure, fresh coloring, are all remarkable for this early period. His portrait of Governor George Clinton, exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1812, won him wide notice; but he did delightful work some years earlier, and many even finer canvases are scattered through the middle states, in private hands.

Among the portraitists were also such important men as Harding, Inman, Elliott, and Huntington, whose work will be considered later, in connection with our contemporary portraiture. Many of them painted, beside portraits, the anecdotal pictures that began to come into vogue at this time; humorous or pathetic bits of every-day life which appealed to a large audience. Some few men confined themselves to this field, and of these perhaps the most typical was William Sidney Mount. One of three brothers living on a Long Island farm, Mount was quick to appreciate the homely humor of the people about him, and to embody it in paint,—as John Rogers afterward embodied similar aspects of daily life in sculpture. Another phase,—

*Alexander's enterprise was quite that of the twentieth century. When Dickens came over in 1842, the artist went out with the pilot, and boarding the ship before it had sighted land, secured from the famous author permission to paint his portrait!

pretty portrayals of childhood and girlhood—was given by Charles C. Ingham; and somewhat later Eastman Johnson, Winslow Homer, and others painted interesting scenes from the life of New England and the South, negro character, and incidents of the Civil War.*

With this widening of the scope of painting, came our first attempts at serious historical composition, and our first governmental notice of the fine arts. To the art lovers of the country the tendance of its art interests always has been left, and the official assistance received in foreign lands is unknown in ours; for the government maintains the position chosen by that young husband whose exasperated wife, trying to soothe their crying baby, at last exclaimed, "Here, John! Take him and rock him! He's as much your baby as he is mine." To whom John calmly replied, "Well, you rock your half, and I'll let my half holler!"

However, the combination of the building of a new Capitol and the return of John Trumbull from Europe, roused Congress to activity. The artist was one of the "old guard,"—C. W. Peale, Stuart, and he being then the last representatives of the older generation. He had painted Washington a number of times; for, joining the army after the battle of Lexington, he had been made one of the General's aides, and enjoyed then, as well as later, many opportunities for intercourse with him. Though made a colonel at twenty, he resigned his commission and set out to become an artist. After years of study with West, and of diplomatic service abroad, he returned to live in

*_Newton_ and _Leslie_, two admirable painters of literary subjects, (scenes from Shakespeare and other great authors,) while closely associated with our art, belong properly to England. Gilbert Stuart Newton, (1795-1835) was Stuart's nephew, born in Nova Scotia, of an English father; he spent most of his life abroad and was always a British subject. Charles Robert Leslie (1794-1859) was of American parentage, but born in London. His boyhood was spent in Philadelphia, and he taught a few months at West Point; aside from that he lived in London. His pure, sunny, lovable nature was beloved by many of his fellow-artists here.

America in 1816, bringing an established reputation as an historical painter.*

Soon after his arrival Trumbull was elected president of the "American Academy," organized some time before. And as it was known that he had spent years carefully accumulating studies, notes and sketches for a series of historical pictures which he greatly hoped to paint for the nation, Congress (after some agitation of the question), commissioned him to execute four large works,—"The Declaration of Independence," "The Surrender of Burgoyne," "The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis," and "Washington Resigning his Commission." Trumbull worked on them from 1817 till 1824, when he superintended placing them in their present position in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Each measures twelve by eighteen feet, the figures being life-size; and $32,000 was paid for the four.

Strange though it sounds, it is a fact that in order really to see these pictures we must go, not to Washington,† but to New Haven. There, in the Yale School of Fine Arts, we find the original studies, and the portraits made from life, which alone can show us what Trumbull planned to do, and prove how masterly the work might have been,

*Trumbull's father, Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, was Washington's chief friend and counsellor during the Revolution, and the affectionate name of "Brother Jonathan," given him by Washington has since become a national sobriquet. His son was a very precocious boy, ready to enter Harvard at twelve, though he was not allowed to do so until he was fifteen, entering then in the middle of his junior year. His father and tutor early agreed that the boy's "natural genius and disposition for limning" could be of no use to him; yet it is that gift for which he is now remembered!

†Trumbull gave all his historical studies, portraits, and miniatures, to Yale College in 1831; receiving in return an annuity of $1,000 a year until his death twelve years later. He and his wife are buried in the Yale School of Fine Arts, beneath the end of the large gallery where his pictures hang.

We must not confuse John Trumbull, *the painter*, (1756-1843), with his contemporary, John Trumbull, *the poet*, (1750-1831), who was equally precocious, and was graduated from Yale at the same age that the painter was from Harvard.

had the order from Congress found him in the height of his power. He was sixty-eight years of age when he finished the canvases for the Capitol, and the fire of his youth did not remain with him, as it did with Stuart, until the brush was laid down forever. Comparatively early, his hand began to lose its cunning; these huge pictures, with the physical and mental labor they involved, were too much for him, and the result is disappointing. But the small paintings at Yale, done with his early crisp, accurate, spirited touch, are priceless, aside from their value as historical documents. In their brilliant miniature treatment, many of them are as fine as the jewel-like work of Meissonier, and upon this collection rests his real status as a painter.

Trumbull's position and obvious artistic merits entitled him to the government commission; he believed himself still equal to such a task; and the criticism the pictures called forth,* with various controversies into which he was led by an extreme sensitiveness and a somewhat exaggerated estimate of his own dignity, embittered the close of his life. He died in 1843, the same year that Allston left us.

Trumbull's influence upon our forming tendencies was by no means so important as Stuart's or Allston's. Yet as the inaugurator of serious historical painting, he bore a very worthy part; his intense patriotism and conviction of the greatness of his themes set a lofty standard. For years he was our only painter of such subjects; but when he died, in 1843, a group of young men like Healy, Rothermel, Matteson and Leutze, (whose work will be described in a later article), had entered the field.

Emanuel Leutze, who was born in Wurtemberg in 1816 and brought here as a child, became of note through

*Much of the contemporary ridicule heaped upon the paintings was without reason or justice. Though bad in color and rather feebly done, they are dignified and earnest works. The name "shinpiece" applied to the "Declaration of Independence" was malicious and absurd, for a little study of the composition shows how skilfully is arranged the presentation of so large a seated assemblage. See illustrations in the October CHAUTAUQUAN.

his "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and other large historical canvases, painted in the careful, elaborate, academic style of the German school of that day. He was an exponent of the methods taught at Düsseldorf, which were immensely popular about the middle of the century, and which superseded the Italian and English influences brought to bear earlier. Stuart, who was in reality a "modern of the moderns," taught only what he had evoked from nature itself. But the ideas and technique of English and Italian painters had a marked effect upon our work up to 1850. The influence of Düsseldorf, which followed, concerns us next month in its relation to landscape painting.

During the third quarter of the century, the German forces began to be routed by French methods, in a war for greater truth and beauty; and the mighty factor in that campaign was William Morris Hunt. His life and work exerted the most potent influence upon American painting which was felt between Stuart's death and the Centennial Exposition; he roused our first interest in the wonderful Frenchman of Fontainebleau and Barbison; he put his whole high soul into the task of delivering their message to his own countymen.

Born in Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1824, Hunt inherited his artistic gift from his mother. She was a woman of force and initiative, who employed an Italian painter in Boston, where they were living, to teach her and her five children,—an enthusiastic little class; and when, after a short time at Harvard, Hunt's health declined, she decided to take the family to Europe. Travel abroad was a very different thing sixty years ago, and her relatives did all in their power to dissuade her from a plan they considered "venturesome in the extreme." But the happy feat was accomplished, and after some time spent in Rome, Hunt went to study at Düsseldorf.

There he became so discouraged by the dry, uninteresting and pedantic teaching, that he determined to give

up painting and become a sculptor. Going to Paris for the latter purpose, he chanced to see a picture by Couture then doing notable work, and exclaimed, "If *that* is painting, then I am a painter!" He entered Couture's class and soon learned all that the master could teach him; this was the period during which he gained his facility, and laid the foundation of technical knowledge upon which to rest his more mature ideals.

The second stage of Hunt's art life was that of his intercourse with Jean Francois Millet, the great French peasant painter, whose work, then unrecognized in France,* appealed at once to the young American. He met Millet at Barbison, and finally went to live there; enjoying a privileged intimacy that was accorded to few. During their long walks and excursions together, Hunt learned from the big-souled peasant a new knowledge of humanity,—his nature broadened and deepened,—the divine fire within him leaped into steady flame. Nor did his friendship fail to bless Millet in return; he was the first to appreciate and buy his pictures,† and what his generous enthusiasm meant to the lonely, hungry, French genius would be difficult to express.

About the time of the Civil War, William Morris Hunt returned to America; and the rest of his too short life was spent in as heroic a devotion to his country as any

*Hunt saw the now famous painting of "The Sower" in Paris, and asking a dealer why he did not buy it, was told that "it was too sad, and not worth the 300 francs ($60) asked for it!" He bought it at once, and soon after met Millet for the first time. Buying numbers of pictures from this despised painter, going about Paris with him, dressed in peasant costume, so that his friend might not feel any difference in their worldly station, Hunt soon came to be called "the mad American."

†His full purse and generous spirit were of direct benefit to Millet's career. It came to be mysteriously whispered in art circles that a "rich Englishman" was buying the Frenchman's work, and a demand for it set in in France. Hunt found him working in a floorless "cellar," his pictures mildewing from the damp. Persuading a Boston friend to buy one of his paintings, Hunt took the 500 francs to Millet, who burst into tears, and holding up the hundred dollar note, said he had never in his whole life before had that amount of money.

soldier-heart could give. In the face of indifference, lack of appreciation, uncongenial surroundings and meagre opportunities for the exercise of his full powers, he taught and painted ceaselessly,—contending always for the highest and best. Had he been spared to fourscore, he would have been one of our great leaders in the present movement; but as it was he paved the way here for the much misunderstood French "impressionist" school, the work of Manet, Monet, and the rest, whose effect upon our painting is to be considered next month.* Hunt's own work will be discussed then, also: his landscapes, his unique charcoal drawings, his methods and ideals, the effect of his teaching and his "talks on art" upon the slowly developing art of his day. Up to his unfortunate death in 1879, he was a vital factor in its formative growth, and his influence is still felt. It was only "sun-up" with us then, and the glory of the full day was still unrevealed; but as the dawn-light crept along the horizon, Hunt's life stood out like a rosy mountain peak, shining with the glow and promise of a new morning.

*His "Anahita" or "The Flight of Night," illustrated here, is the original study for one of his fine wall decorations for the Capitol at Albany, which will be discussed at length in the article on our mural painting. They were destroyed by the faulty construction of the building,—a sad commentary on the results of political graft.

PAINTINGS.

Stuart's accessible works were mentioned in the October number. A long list of his works, including many in private hands, is given in the monograph upon him in the "Masters in Art" series. The Metropolitan Museum has acquired a miniature of Stuart, painted by Miss Goodrich, one of his favorite pupils.

Washington Allston. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has his portrait of himself, his "King John," "Dido and Anna," and various paintings, with a number of sketches and cartoons, including the sketch for "Belshazzar's Feast." The immense canvas of the "Belshazzar's Feast" itself also hangs there,—a dingy, unfinished, disappointing picture, interesting only for its pathetic associations. The Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, has another large painting,—"The Dead Man Restored to Life by the Touch of Elisha's Bones." Yale College owns his "Prophet Jeremiah;" the Metropolitan Museum his "Spanish Girl." One of his most beau-

tiful conceptions in this country is the "Angel Liberating St. Peter" in the Hospital for the Insane, at Worcester. Mass. His famous "Uriel Sitting in the Sun" belongs to the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House, England. (Its once brilliant color has become much faded.) "Jacob's Dream" is at Petworth House. His portrait of Coleridge, (which Wordsworth said was the only likeness of the poet that ever gave him any satisfaction,) is in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

John Trumbull. His best works are at Yale. The fine portrait of "an artist" in the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford is also one of his best; but most of his other works there, (especially the replicas of his early historical works,) are poor. He is represented in the Boston Museum, the Metropolitan, the Lenox Library, N. Y., the New York Historical Society and the New York City Hall. A full-length portrait of Trumbull by George Twibill is owned by the National Academy of Design; a portrait by Waldo and Jewett, as well as a marble bust by Ball Hughes, are at Yale. In Washington, his work may be seen in the Capitol and the National Museum.

Ezra Ames. The New York Historical Society has four of his portraits. In the Capitol at Albany, N. Y., are those of Governor Clinton and Herman Bleecker; in the State Library there is his copy of Washington. His work is largely in private hands.

John Neagle. Four portraits in the Gallery of National Portraiture in the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia; the Union League Club of Philadelphia has his full-length of Henry Clay, the University of Pennsylvania has five of his best; others are in the Philadelphia Library and the rooms of the Philadelphia Law Association. The New York Historical Society has several Indian heads.

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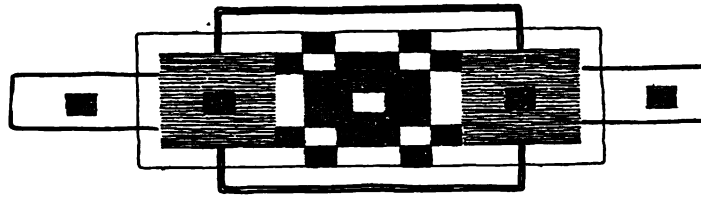
H. Dana, under the title of "Lectures on Art and Poems by Allston," (N. Y., Baker and Scribner, 1850). His novel of Italian life, called "Monaldi, a tale," was published in 1856. A number of his large paintings are well reproduced in the *New England Magazine* for December, 1894, illustrating an article on "Early Religious Painting in America," by Mrs. Clement.

John Trumbull. His "Autobiography, Reminiscences and Letters" were published by him, in 1841, (New York). There is a "Brief Sketch of His Life, with a list of his works," by John F. Weir, (N. Y., 1907) prepared for Yale College, by Mr. Weir, who is Professor of the Fine Arts there. An article on Trumbull by John Durand appeared in the *American Art Review* for 1881. Many interesting side-lights on English and American painting at this time may be gained from the "Autobiographical Recollections" of C. R. Leslie, (Boston, 1860)), which also reveals that painter's own attractive personality.

William Morris Hunt. "The Art Life of W. M. Hunt," by Helen Knowlton, (Boston, 1900). The same author has an article on Hunt, (whose pupil she was,) in the *New England Magazine* for August, 1894.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS UPON THE REQUIRED READING WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE END OF THIS MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for January.)



Some Great American Scientists*

IV. Louis Agassiz

By David Starr Jordan

President of Leland Stanford, Jr., University; Author of "Fishes of North and Middle America," etc.

THIS year of grace 1907 marks the centennial of the birth of Louis Agassiz. Above all others of the great teachers of the nineteenth century, his name is associated with the love of science as distinguished from energy in its prosecution.

His was the perfect joy of the normal man in the touch of his environment. He was the teacher to whom the present moment was the rarest of all moments, "the bit of sod under his feet the sweetest" to him "in this world—in any world."

Louis Agassiz was born in the parish of Motiers in Western Switzerland near the line of the cantons Neufchâtel and Vaud on the 28th day of May, 1807. His father and six generations of ancestors were clergymen, Calvinistic and Huguenot representatives of that best blood of France which was banished by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. From his mother, Rose Mayor, he inherited his love of living things and his delight in the study of their orderly relations.

As a boy he wrote to his father: "I wish that it may be said that Louis Agassiz was a dutiful son and a good citizen and the first naturalist of his time. I feel within me the strength of a whole generation to work toward that end, and I shall reach it if the means be not wanting." Whether first or not matters little. Two years later was born in England the first naturalist of all time so far as

*The first article of this series, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September; the second, "John James Audubon," by Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, in October; the third, "Simon Newcomb," by Prof. Malcolm McNeill in November.

depth of insight into nature is concerned. The main question was that he should make the most of all his opportunities and that Agassiz most certainly did. "The world turns aside to let him pass who knows whither he is going."

It is unnecessary in this brief sketch to give again the details of the life of Agassiz. These you will find in any encyclopedia. His life naturally falls into a number of divisions or episodes, each representing a natural stage in the growth of a great teacher.

First, we have his home life with his little aquaria, his study of fishes, insects, and rocks. Then his career at the University of Munich, with Döllinger as his teacher in embryology and the Brazilian collections of Spix and Martius as the material for study. "I have lived," I once heard him say, "for four years under Dr. Döllinger's roof, and my scientific training goes back to him and to him alone." Of his early life at Munich, Agassiz once spoke in these words:

"The University had opened under the most brilliant auspices. Almost all of our professors were also eminent in some department of science or literature. They were not men who taught from text-books, or even read lectures made up from extracts from original works. They themselves were original investigators, daily contributing to the sum of human knowledge. And they were not only our teachers but our friends. The best spirit prevailed among the professors and students. We were often the companions of their walks, often present at their discussions, and when we met to give lectures among ourselves, as we often did, our professors were among our listeners, cheering and stimulating us in all our efforts after independent research.

"My room was our meeting place: bedroom, lecture-room, study, museum, library, fencing-room all in one. Students and professors used to call it the Little Academy."

Next we see Agassiz installed as professor in the little University of Neufchâtel, on a salary on which other men would have starved, but which he found adequate to maintain a museum, a library, a printing press, a bureau of engraving and a staff of scientific cronies and associates. It is true that under these conditions money was scarce and

Louis Agassiz

luxuries unknown, but at the same time the period of tremendous activity of these "comrades in zeal" marked an epoch in this history of science. Equally notable was the "hôtel des Neufchâtelois," a stone hut built on the glacier of the Lauter Aar, where Agassiz and his colleagues set out their stakes and marked the motion of the glacier, with the final result of making clear the origin of the "Drift," and the discovery of the former glaciation of Switzerland, and of the rest of the northern half of the northern hemisphere. "I slept for seven weeks," Agassiz once said to the writer, "in a blanket on the ice of the Lauter Aar, and I have had rheumatism in the right shoulder ever since."

After the strenuous zeal of the professorship of Neufchâtel, (well set forth in Marcous' Life of Agassiz) and after the establishment of the glacial theory of the origin of erratic boulders and drift, on the whole the most important of all Agassiz's contributions to science, we have next the episode of Agassiz at the Jardin des Plantes. This phase of Agassiz's life has been best described by Colonel Theodore Lyman in a memoir too little known, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1874.

In Paris, Agassiz lived in poverty in little rooms in the Latin quarter, spending his days in the museum in the study of the fossil fishes of Europe. When he began his work there were barely a score of these known. As his work on the "Poissons Fossiles" went on, the number rose high in the hundreds. This work done in Paris under conditions of the greatest difficulty became the foundation of all subsequent studies of the extinct forms of this class of fishes. Lyman thus speaks of the rooms in Paris where Agassiz did this work: "Those little low rooms, five in number, they should become the Mecca of scientific devotees. Perhaps every great naturalist of the past hundred years had sat in them and discussed the problems of life, those problems which are always inviting solution and which are never solved." Here to this day Agassiz's hand-

writing may be seen on the labels of the bottles beside that of Cuvier, Valenciennes, Blainville, and La Marck, the naturalists of the early half of the last century.

It is said that Agassiz's handwriting, fine and neat, unusually painstaking for a man of his impulsive disposition, was the result of early necessity. "On the backs of old letters and on odd scraps of papers he was forced to copy the contents of books which he needed but which he could not buy."

"At this time," Agassiz once said to the writer, "I was on the verge of anticipating Darwinism. I saw the apparent evidence of deviation of form after form, but this could not be Evolution, because we had our highest fishes first." We see now how easily he was deceived in this regard, that he took the primitive sharks to be higher than the modern fishes, although at the same time they were nearer the original stock. If we recognize that Evolution is not often a steady progress upward but rather progressive adaptation, we can see that the perch and bass are fitted to the details of life in the sea, as the primitive sharks were not.

The most interesting episode in Agassiz's life in Paris was his meeting with Humboldt. The great philosopher, then in the height of his fame, came to Agassiz's modest apartments in the Quartier Latin. Among other things, Humboldt saw on the walls a series of encyclopedias which he regarded with distinct disfavor. "Was machen Sie denn mit dieser Eselsbrüke?" (What are you doing with this ass's bridge?) For he could not conceive that an original worker like Agassiz should need to use these receptacles of cut and dried information. But Agassiz explained that he was forced, for economy's sake, to write articles for this same encyclopedia, and to take a series of the volumes in part payment for his work.

After a time it seemed to Humboldt that Agassiz's greatest need was a good meal, so he invited him to a res-

taurant on the other side of the Seine in the little square called the Palais Royal. He asked Agassiz to make out his own bill of fare, but Agassiz modestly said that he would fare better if Humboldt, with greater experience, should undertake that task. And to have Humboldt alone with him for half that night was one of the creative episodes in the life of Agassiz.

In the height of his European fame Agassiz came to America. "He came in a spirit of adventure and curiosity. He stayed because he liked the land where a man could think and act as he pleased, a land where nature was rich but tools and workmen few and traditions none."

He put aside the Directorship of the Museum in the Jardin des Plantes. He declined professorships in Germany and France, and accepted a chair in the little Harvard College, the best we had in those days—and in these present days as well, but in 1846 a very little school compared with Heidelberg and Leipzig and Munich. It was moreover as Agassiz rightly said "only a respectable high school where they taught the dregs of learning." In this Agassiz touches the prime and essential fault in all prescribed courses of collegiate instruction. They teach only the dregs of learning. For the living touch one must reach out and find things for himself. There is no higher education that does not involve some degree of independent investigation. But there were wonderful men in the Harvard faculty in those days: Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Gray, Peirce, Goodwin, with Emerson and Thoreau just at hand. It was said by the men of this famous coterie that one had less need of an overcoat in passing Agassiz's house than any other in Boston.

Agassiz at once brought about a revolution in the methods of Harvard. Emerson, himself one of the sanest and broadest of men, saw in the work of Agassiz elements of danger, whereby the time-honored symmetry of Harvard might be destroyed. In a lecture on universities, in Boston, Emerson made some such statement as this: That

natural history was "getting too great an ascendency at Harvard;" that it "was out of proportion to other departments, 'and hinted' that a check-rein would not be amiss on the enthusiastic young professor who is responsible for this."

"Do you not see," Agassiz wrote to Emerson, "that the way to bring about a well-proportioned development of all the resources of the university is not to check the natural history department, but to stimulate all the others? Not that the zoölogical school grows too fast, but that the others do not grow fast enough? This sounds invidious and perhaps somewhat boastful; but it is you," he said, "and not I, who have instituted the comparison. It strikes me that you have not hit upon the best remedy for this want of balance. If symmetry is to be obtained by cutting down the most vigorous growth, it seems to me it would be better to have a little irregularity here and there. In stimulating, by every means in my power, the growth of the museum and the means of education connected with it, I am far from having a selfish wish to see my own department tower above the others. I wish that every one of my colleagues would make it hard for me to keep up with him; and there are some among them, I am happy to say, who are ready to run a race with me."

How Agassiz taught at Cambridge is best shown by the roll of those who were his students. Joseph Le Conte, the oldest of them, with David A. Wells, Steindachner, Wilder, Shaler, Hartt, Clark, Alexander Agassiz, Putnam, James, Scudder, Morse, Verrill, Brooks, Minot, Whitman, Lyman, Garman, Allen, Fernald, Apgar, Hooper, Snow, Faxon, Fewkes—almost the whole roll of those teachers and leaders in American science who were born in the first half of the nineteenth century. And a very large percentage of the naturalists of the present generation are descendants of these in relation of teacher and pupil.

Even as late as 1873, when Agassiz died, the Museum

of Comparative Zoölogy was almost the only school in America where the eager student of natural history could find the work he wanted. The college generally taught only the elements of any of the sciences, "the dregs of learning." Twenty years ago original research was scarcely considered as among the functions of the American college. Such investigators as America had were for the most part outside of the colleges, or at the best carrying on their investigations in time stolen from the drudgery of the classroom. One of the greatest of American astronomers (Daniel Kirkwood) was kept for forty years teaching algebra and geometry, with never a student far enough advanced to realize the real work of his teacher; and this case was typical of hundreds before the university spirit was kindled in American schools. That this spirit was kindled in Harvard forty years ago was due in the greatest measure to Agassiz's influence. It was here that graduate instruction in science in America practically began. In an important sense the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy was the first American university.

The methods used by Agassiz have been described many times but by no one so graphically as by the entomologist, Dr. Samuel H. Scudder.

The last episode in Agassiz's life was the establishment of the summer seaside school at Penikese. It was a short-lived school indeed, but it was the first of its kind, in time, and from its dramatic effectiveness it has served as a model and inspiration to all the others.

The first plan suggested was that of calling the teachers of the country together for a summer outing on the island of Nantucket. Before the site was chosen, Mr. John Anderson, of New York, offered to Agassiz the use of his island of Penikese, if he would permanently locate this scientific "camp-meeting" on the island. Thus was founded the Anderson School of Natural History on the island of Penikese.

Penikese is a little island containing about sixty acres of very rocky ground, a pile of stones with intervals of soil. It is the last and least of the Elizabeth Islands, lying to the south of Buzzard's Bay, on the south coast of Massachusetts. The whole cluster was once a great terminal moraine of rocks and rubbish, brought down from the mainland by some ancient glacier, and by it dropped into the ocean off the heel of Cape Cod. The sea has broken up the moraine into eight little islands by wearing tide channels between hill and hill. The names of these islands are recorded in the jingle which the children of that region learn before they go to school,

"Naushon, Nonamesset, Ucatena, and Wepecket,
Nashawena, Pesquinese, Cuttyhunk, and Penikese."

And Penikese, last and smallest of them, lies, a little forgotten speck, out in the ocean, eighteen miles south of New Bedford. It contained two hills, joined together by a narrow isthmus, a little harbor, a farm-house, a flag-staff, a barn, a willow-tree, and a flock of sheep. And here Agassiz founded his school. This was in the month of June in the year 1873.

From the many hundred applicants who sent in their names as soon as the plan was made public Agassiz chose fifty,—about thirty men and twenty women—teachers, students, and naturalists of various grades from all parts of the country. This practical recognition of coeducation was criticized by many of Agassiz's friends, trained in the monastic schools of New England; but the results justified his decision. It was his thought that these fifty teachers should be trained as well as might be in right methods of work. They should carry into their schools his own views of scientific teaching. Then each of these schools would become in its time a center of help to others, until the influence toward real work in science should spread throughout our educational system.

None of us will ever forget his first sight of Agassiz. We had come down from New Bedford in a little tug-boat

in the early morning, and Agassiz met us at the landing-place on the island. He was standing almost alone on the little wharf, and his great face beamed with pleasure. For this summer school, the thought of his old age, might be the crowning work of his lifetime. Who could forsee what might come from the efforts of fifty men and women, teachers of science, each striving to do his work in the most rational way? His thoughts and hopes rose to expectations higher than any of us then understood.

His tall figure, his broad shoulders bending a little under the weight of years, his large round face lit up by kindly dark-brown eyes, his cheery smile, the enthusiastic tones of his voice, his rolling gait, like that of "a man who had walked much over ploughed ground,"—all these entered into our first as well as our last impressions of Agassiz. He greeted us with great warmth as we landed. He looked into our faces to justify himself in making choice of us among the many whom he might have chosen.

The old barn on the island had been hastily converted into a dining-hall and lecture-room. A new floor had been put in; but the doors and walls remained unchanged, and the swallows' nests were undisturbed under the eaves. The sheep had been turned out, the horse-stalls were changed to a kitchen, and on the floor of the barn, instead of the hay-wagon, were placed three long tables. At the head of one of these sat Agassiz. At his right hand always stood a movable blackboard, for he seldom spoke without a piece of chalk in his hand. He would often give us a lecture while we sat at the table, frequently about some fish or other creature, the remains of which still lay on our plates.

Our second day upon the island was memorable above all others. Its striking incident has passed into literature in the poem of Whittier, "The Prayer of Agassiz."

When the morning meal was over, Agassiz arose in his place and spoke, as only he could speak, of his purpose in calling us together. The swallows flew in and out of the

building in the soft June air, for they did not know that it was no longer a barn but a temple. Some of them almost grazed his shoulder as he spoke to us of the needs of the people for truer education. He told us how these needs could be met, and of the results which might come to America from the training and consecration of fifty teachers. This was to him no ordinary school, still less an idle summer's outing, but a mission work of the greatest importance. He spoke with intense earnestness, and all his words were filled with that deep religious feeling so characteristic of his mind. For to Agassiz each natural object was a thought of God, and trifling with God's truth as expressed in Nature was the basest of sacrilege.

What Agassiz said that morning can never be said again. No reporter took his language, and no one could call back the charm of his manner or the impressiveness of his zeal and faith. At the end he said, "I would not have any man to pray for me now," and that he and each of us would utter his own prayer in silence. What he meant by this was that no one could pray in his stead. No public prayer could take the place of the prayer which each of us would frame for himself. Whittier says:

"Even the careless heart was moved,
And the doubting gave assent
With a gesture reverent
To the Master well beloved.
As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still up lit
By the old sweet look of it,
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer
And the love that casts out fear."

And the summer went on, with its succession of joyous mornings, beautiful days, and calm nights, with every charm of sea and sky; the master with us all day long, ever ready to speak words of help and encouragement, every ready to give us from his own stock of learning. The boundless enthusiasm which surrounded him like an atmosphere, and

which sometimes gave the appearance of great achievement to the commonest things, was never lacking. The thing he had in hand was the thing worth doing, and the men about him were the men worth helping.

He was always picturesque in his words and his work. He delighted in the love and approbation of his students and his friends, and the influence of his personality sometimes gave his opinions weight beyond the value of the investigations on which they were based. With no other investigator have the work and the man been so identified as with Agassiz. No other of the great workers has been equally great as a teacher. His great work in science was his influence on other men. He was a constant stimulus and inspiration.

In an old note-book of those days I find fragments of some of his talks to teachers at Penikese. From this note-book I take some paragraphs, just as I find them written there:

"Never try to teach what you do not yourself know and know well. If your school board insist on your teaching anything and everything, decline firmly to do it. It is an imposition alike on pupils and teacher to teach that which he does not know. Those teachers who are strong enough should squarely refuse to do such work. This much-needed reform is already beginning in our colleges, and I hope it will continue. It is a relic of medieval times, this idea of professing everything. When teachers decline work which they cannot do well, improvements begin to come in. If one would be a successful teacher, he must firmly refuse work which he cannot do well. It is a false idea to suppose that everybody is competent to learn or to teach everything. Would our great artists have succeeded equally well in Greek or calculus? A smattering of everything is worth little. It is a fallacy to suppose that an encyclopedic knowledge is desirable. The mind is made strong, not through much learning, but by the thorough possession of something."

"Lay aside all conceit. Learn to read the book of Nature for yourself. Those who have succeeded best have followed for years some slim thread which once in a while has broadened out and disclosed some treasure worth a life-long search."

"A man cannot be professor of zoölogy on one day and of

chemistry on the next, and do good work in both. As in a concert all are musicians,—one plays one instrument, and one another, but all in perfection."

"You cannot do without one specialty. You must have some base-line to measure the work and attainments of others. For a general view of the subject, study the history of the sciences. Broad knowledge of all Nature has been the possession of no naturalist except Humboldt, and general relations constitute his specialty."

"Select such subjects that your pupils cannot walk out without seeing them. Train your pupils to be observers, and have them provided with the specimens about which you speak. If you can find nothing better, take a house-fly or a cricket, and let each one hold a specimen and examine it as you talk."

"In 1847 I gave an address at Newton, Mass., before a Teachers' Institute conducted by Horace Mann. My subject was grasshoppers. I passed around a large jar of these insects, and made every teacher take one and hold it while I was speaking. If any one dropped the insect, I stopped till he picked it up. This was at that time a great innovation, and excited much laughter and derision. There can be no true progress in the teaching of natural science until such methods become general."

As showing Agassiz's method, I copy the following extract from an old note-book, this being part of the last lecture but one ever delivered by Agassiz:

"The present century-old impulse has been to a great extent due to two causes: 1. The French Revolution. 2. The influence of a great poet. In France, after the revolution, all persons of intelligence, not military, turned their attention to learning, and in science we have Lavoisier, La Place, Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Bischoff, Valenciennes, St. Hilaire.

"The second influence was that of the great German pagan—Goethe. Everything he touched he vivified. He has made the science of botany what it now is, and the spirit of comparative anatomy is due to him. There lived in Jena a certain Professor Bach, who is said to have whispered to Goethe all he ever knew about botany. Goethe's strong mind grasped it and gave it to the world, while else it might have remained unknown in the quiet professor's laboratory.

"Bach once showed to Goethe a plant in which the parts of the flower exhibited such forms and relations that the sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils seemed to be very much alike. Goethe saw it and wrote, 'Die Metamorphosen del Pflanzen.' In this he ascribed to plants a kind of life expressing itself in the leaf pri-

marily and rising to higher excellence in the sepals and petals, and still higher in the stamens and pistils which, by their mutual influence, lead to the production of new plants. This was taken by the world as beautiful fancy, but not as a real fact. Goethe was not satisfied with this, for he had meant it as a mathematical reality, and that it was to be so demonstrated, plant in hand. With roses he showed the transition from leaf to sepal, from petal to stamen, that all the organs of the flower were modifications of the leaves. In short, he originated the science of vegetable morphology. Whether it was first suggested by Bach or not, it was Goethe who proved and demonstrated it.

"He did not stop here, but transferred the theory to animals. Oken, before him, had compared the bones of the head to the vertebrae. Goethe carried this farther to a complete demonstration of their homology. If this be true, to what does the lower jaw correspond? Might it not be to the limbs? But there is but a single bone all around. In youth this bone is slightly divided. But every youth has an embryo. So Goethe examined skulls of embryos and found that there were two entirely distinct bones which afterwards coalesce to form the jaw. Here is Goethe as an investigator, and his work he published as a monograph with plates, in the proceedings of a learned society, just as all anatomists do. It is said that the name of the naturalist was dearer to him than the name of poet. From him this branch of comparative anatomy dates.

"It was he who first saw a meaning in vegetable monstrosities. Botanists have always abhorred and overlooked double flowers and the other products of gardening. They were sports and accidents, and came not under their laws. In them Goethe recognized lawful products under peculiar circumstances."

He often talked to us of the Darwinian theory, to which in all its forms he was most earnestly opposed. Agassiz was essentially an idealist. All his investigations were to him, not studies of animals or plants as such, but of the divine plans of which their structures are the expression. "That earthly form was the cover of spirit was to him a truth at once fundamental and self-evident." The work of the student was to search out the thoughts of God, and as well as may be to think them over again. To Agassiz these divine thoughts were specially embodied in the relations of animals to each other. The species was the thought-unit,

the individual reproduction of the thought in the divine mind at the moment of the creation of the first one of the series which represents the species. The marvel of the affinity of structure—of unity of plan in creatures widely diverse in habits and outward appearance—was to him a result of the association of ideas in the divine mind, an illustration of divine many-sidedness. To Darwin these same relations would illustrate the force of heredity, acting under diverse conditions of environment. The sufficiency of his own philosophy Agassiz never doubted. In this confidence in his own mind and its resources, lay much of his strength and his weakness.

Agassiz had no sympathy with the prejudices worked upon by weak and foolish men in opposition to Darwinism. He believed in the absolute freedom of science; that no power on earth can give answers beforehand to the questions which men of science endeavor to solve. Of this I can give no better evidence than the fact that every one of the men specially trained by him has joined the ranks of the evolutionists. He would teach them to think for themselves, not to think as he did.

In December the end came. In the words of one of his old students, Theodore Lyman, "We buried him from the chapel that stands among the college elms. The students laid a wreath of laurel on his bier, and their manly voices sang a requiem. For he had been a student all his life long, and when he died he was younger than any of them."

The next summer, the students of the first year came together at Penikese, and many eager new men were with them. Wise and skilful teachers were present; but Agassiz was not there, and the sense of loss was felt above everything else. We met one evening in the lecture hall, and each one said the best that he could of the Master. The words that lasted longest with us were these of Samuel Garman, that "he was the best friend that ever student had." There could be no truer word or nobler epitaph. We

put on the walls these mottoes, written on cloth, and taken from Agassiz's lectures:

STUDY NATURE, NOT BOOKS.

BE NOT AFRAID TO SAY, "I DO NOT KNOW."

STRIVE TO INTERPRET WHAT REALLY EXISTS.

A LABORATORY IS A SANCTUARY WHICH NOTHING PROFANE SHOULD ENTER.

These mottoes remained for fifteen years (this is given on the authority of Dr. Carl H. Eigenmann) on the walls of the empty building, whence they were carried as precious relics to the laboratory at Wood's Hole, which has been the lineal descendant of the school at Penikese.

At the end of the summer the authorities of the museum closed the doors of the Anderson School forever. They had no choice in the matter, for no college could be found which would spare the small sum needed for its maintenance. No rich men came forward as others had done in the past, men who would not stand by "to see so brave a man struggle without aid." For nearly twenty years the buildings stood on the island just as we had left them in 1874; an old sea captain, Captain Flanders of the *Nina Aiken*, in charge of them until the winter of 1891, when he was drowned in a storm. A year or two later the buildings were burned to the ground, doubtless by lightning.

But while the island of Penikese is deserted, the impulse which came from Agassiz's work there still lives, and is felt in every field of American science. With all appreciation of the rich streams which in late years have come to us from many sources, and especially from the deep insight and resolute truthfulness of Germany, it is still true that the school of all schools which has had most influence on scientific teaching in America, was held in an old barn on an uninhabitated island some eighteen miles from the shore. It lasted but three months, and in effect it had but one teacher. The school at Penikese existed in the personal presence of Agassiz; when he died, it vanished.

Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers From President Judson of the University of Chicago.

Dr. George E. Vincent,
President of the Chautauqua
Institution.

My Deár Mr. Vincent:--

It always gives me sincere gratification to know of the progress and prosperity of Chautauqua work. One of the most interesting developments in the intellectual life of our country in the last generation has been the waking up of people of mature years to a proper conception of education. The old theory that reading and study ended with the school days happily has now become obsolete and many thousands of men and women have learned that education only ends with life itself. My cordial good wishes go with all the work of Chautauqua to this end.

Very truly yours,

Harry Pratt Judson

What the Immigrant Thinks of America

By Philip Davis
Civic Service House, Boston.

I. THE "SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY."

TO our annual million of newcomers, this country is still the "sweet land of liberty." Fundamentally, it is this conception of America which fires the imagination of, and gives birth to the migrating impulse among, the millions of diverse peoples knocking at our gates. A recent new-comer, now a dry-goods peddler, was asked to state his reason for coming to America. His answer, in writing, was as follows:

"When I was home, I always thought that America got in it the eternal desires of Man: Liberty, Brotherhood and Respect to men. On these reasons, I often thought to come to the land which the great Columbus had discovered."

How came this peddler to think that America "got in it the eternal desire of man: Liberty," etc.? Examine the contents of our enormous foreign mail, written in a babel of tongues and forwarded, post-haste, to the four corners of the earth. Its chief message to the whole world is this: "America is a free country!" This message travels with lightning speed from land to land, from hamlet to hamlet, from man to man. The very air reverberates its sound. The plains resound, the hills echo, the valleys re-echo these glad words from the New World voiced in all known tongues.

"America is a free country!" As the bugle call rouses the sleeping hosts at break of day, so have these words roused the Old World peasantry from its slumber of centuries. The whole of Europe is now on the march. Our millions of new-comers are but the vanguard of a tremendous host westward bound under the spell of this bugle call. The European children of today are the American

immigrants of tomorrow. For even as children they learn all about America being a "free country."

"Many years ago," writes a working girl, "I heard about America. Those who returned to the Fatherland all said America is a free country. I was a child then and I had no idea of the meaning of it."

But the words stuck to her, apparently, and their meaning dawned upon her later. For she is here now.

The fact that America is not merely a free country, but is experimenting in Freedom along democratic lines, all the more strongly appeals to the imagination of the European masses, especially of young Russia. A young man of eighteen, now working in a tobacco store for six dollars a week, illiterate upon his arrival, naively wrote these words after eight months of study in the Civic Service House:

"While in Russia, I read much about the United States and its government. At that time I could not understand how people can govern themselves. Now that I have spent nearly eight months in this country, I came to the conclusion that a democratic government is more advantageous than a monarchial."

His "conclusion" is based upon the fact that here the people can "freely express their thoughts and ideas," which he values greatly, having been tongue-tied in his own country.

Moreover, the immigrant learns early that our democratic form of government is not merely a passing phase, subject to the will of a despot, enlightened or unenlightened, but is guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the United States. An immigrant girl of fifteen was asked to write a letter about America. This is what she wrote:

"Boston, July 12, 1907.

"I am only in this country two months. Therefore I cannot write. But I will write a little about America. This country is a for sure free country, for ever. In March 4, 1789, the Constitution go into effect. This country become guarantee at liberty of conscience, free press and free

speech. Therefore the Russian people are coming here because they haven't this in their country. S. R."

Note the impersonal ending. She does not speak for herself. She confidently ascribes her reason for coming here to the entire "Russian people."

II. PILGRIMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

It is obvious from these simple statements of these latter-day pilgrims that the Freedom which they have in mind is chiefly political. The freedom our pilgrim forefathers sought was mainly religious. But the common love of freedom is still, as it always has been, the great moving force.

Current literature on immigration refuses to recognize this common denominator—this world-hunger for freedom. It insists on pointing out differences. The immigrant of yesterday is lauded; the immigrant of today is tolerated; the immigrant of tomorrow is dreaded. The English in America dreaded the coming of the Irish. The immigrants of Northwestern Europe dreaded the coming of the Southeastern Europeans. Now, the Europeans in America collectively dread the coming of the Asiatics. Strangely enough, the prejudice against the unwelcome stranger is said to be grounded in the fear of his undermining American Liberty.* Yet every immigrant, even the humblest peasant, insists that Liberty is the very thing he came for.

III. ECONOMIC "WAGE-SLAVERY."

But there is another side to this story. The immigrant, shortly after his landing, changes his mind about at least one phase of American liberty. He finds here free speech, a free press, and, most precious possession of all, free education of which he cheerfully avails himself. American religious freedom he cannot gainsay; American political freedom he gravely suspects; American economic freedom he most vehemently repudiates.

"I am not at all so satisfied from this country," writes

*Americans really fear lest the untrained foreigner take "liberty for license."

Jennie Segal, a white-goods worker, but a few months after her landing. "It is very hard to gib away alletime to the work and even then we are not able to make a living because the Bosses are always explotationists and we must work for them for nothing. Yes, the American politic liberty don't makes me so happy when I see that the economic liberty is in such a bed position."

Another working girl, a skirt finisher, puts the case somewhat differently: "When I was in Russia," she writes, "I thought that America is a free country for everybody. Now I see America is only for the capitalist but not for the working people. I know for a fact. I am striking now and when I was going picketting this morning the shop, the poliztman said to me: 'You must go away because I can arrest you.' "

A very intelligent Greek, proficient in half a dozen languages, ready and willing to do everything, was recommended, as a last resort, as waiter in a French restaurant. He came back, as usual, a disappointed man, and sighing said to us by way of comment:

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty.
Not for me! not for me!"

He was particularly grieved to find that a knowledge of six languages did not help him to get a "jomb." His feeling about America is fairly representative of the large body of immigrant students, who already constitute an important element of our immigrant population. These ambitious young men learn sooner or later that their education has little economic value in this country and in "greenhorn" rashness conclude there is something wrong about our economics. The most sadly disappointed and therefore the most severely critical are the Hebrew students who come here in the hope of paying their way through college by teaching Hebrew. To whom? The question never occurs to them until they have crossed the ocean only to learn that even the

Hebrew children have a supreme aversion for the Hebrew language and "don't know what it exists for, anyhow."

In this plight, the students are often forced to resign themselves to common labor for long hours and small wages. The long hours give them no chance to study; the small wages no chance to save in the hope of resuming their studies later on. They very naturally despair of their condition. The scheme of life of the famous blacksmith-scholar, who studied eight hours, worked eight hours, and slept eight hours, strongly appeals to every man who has to study and work at the same time. But the immigrant student finds the scheme incompatible with existing conditions. Our present system of industry offers no opportunity for part-time employment. You are either a wage slave or a free man. It is our wage-slavery which lowers our country in the estimation of the new-comer.

The immigrant artist, like the immigrant student, must hire himself out by the day in order to exist. His ideal creations of pastoral scenes of a far away country have no commercial value here. Signor Podogrossi, an Italian artist of remarkable talent, almost starved to death while he was feverishly at work in an attic. His paintings presently attracted Boston artists. They came and saw and admired—and went away. Signor Podogrossi, who was laboring for weeks to give expression in color to the sorrows of an orange woman, as poor as himself, had to give up his noble task and turn common house painter for a living, as though America had not enough of this tribe. Podogrossi expressed his grievance in two words. In Italy he said, casting a last glance on his paintings—"subito!"; in America —"perdita!" meaning, of course, that in his country his works have always found a "quick" and ready market (and among American travelers at that!), while here they are lost on us.

The case of Signor Zingali, an immigrant sculptor, is almost identical. So long as he clung tenaciously to his

lovely creations in clay, he and his wife starved. When he at last submitted to the inevitable and entered the factory he soon came to know the face of an American dollar. Like Charles Haag, who must needs waste his time on clock models for a living, so Signor Zingali must make dog models to keep from starving! Did not Morris Rosenfeld, the immigrant poet, slave for years in a sweat shop? The "Blind Poet" we call him now, feelingly, and buy his works out of pity. But was there any use in the long night work which brought on his blindness? It is this system of work and wages, which recognizes neither training nor talent; which disregards the physical interest as well as the spiritual welfare of the producer, devoting itself solely to the dumb product, which makes artisans of artists, "hands" of men, tools of apprentices, wage slaves of all, that is responsible for the sudden change in feeling on the part of the immigrant shortly after landing. A land which tolerates wage slavery is not a "sweet land of liberty." The immigrant somehow cannot bring himself to reconcile the phrase with the fact; and the patriotism which that phrase was calculated to arouse remains, in face of the fact, still-born.

IV. FREE EDUCATION.

On the other hand, the immigrant's enthusiasm wells up, fountain-like, whenever he thinks of our free system of education:

"I have always had a great desire for education," writes a new-comer, "but in the ole contre I didn't have no opportunity. But here in the contre United States of America we all have the privilege to learn and educate ourselves as far as our ability allows us tu. Therefore I have all the reasons to like this contre, America, for all this from the bottom of my heart. I thank the American people for their kindness in taking an interest in educating us, strangers, and making man of us. S. G."

Joseph Rinaldo, an Italian boy of twelve, is even more

effusive: "When I was a small boy," he writes, "I said to myself I wish I could come and see the New World.

"Come across oceans, seas and rivers to the New World, America. One day I did come to America. When I arrived the boys on the street seemed good to me. Some said come and play; some said let's go in, the school bell rang. That's how I started to go to school. I started to learn more and more each day. You can study more, better and harder in America than in any other continent in the world. There are more schools in America than in Europe or Asia. America also has more libraries, public buildings where to spend the time and become true citizens not old loafers on the street.

"I didn't know a thing when I came from Italy but now I know as much as any boy of my age. I know enough. I will learn more by and by. Because when we become men we must not work with pick and shovel but as cashier or beekkeeper or some other good job like teachers. J. R."

A more reserved form of appreciation—manifestly the result of a limited vocabulary—is the following from Dora Yaffe, a wrapper maker:

"Dear Frends and allso Ladies an gentlemens, I am going to tell yous a little story about America. Perhaps yous now more than I do, But still I am not going to taulk about anybody ells, except about my selfe, because I am not educated to taulk about anybody else.

"I came from Europe tre iers ago so I was very green here in America But still I triede to do my best that I sould not be so green. So I went to look for a little aducation and I am trying to get it and that will do me allot of goot and I advice anybody hoo dos not now how to reads they sould try to lern and I will to.

"I think everybody in this country got to now something because whe get everything free whe get scool and theaccers free. Some people don't know how to appreshceaite all that. But whe peoples nows to be thankful the theaccers for their kindness to us.

"From yours truly,

"DORA YAFFE."

The "appreshceaition" is as genuine as it is universal. As principal of a vacation school, I canvassed, in 1906,

58 Clinton Street
New Youork, Dec, 18, 1905

Dear friend.

The first letter that
I write a letter to you my business
are tailor from knee pens I think that
it is not a bed job. I lett you
know that I go to school every night
and I am very catisfectory
with the english laingooitch.
what I lirn. I kam not long in
this country but I lirn pritty well
and I hope that in the futell I
will improve my lirning

A Typical Immigrant Letter.

the most congested neighborhood of the West End, populated almost entirely by Italian and Jewish people. The response was phenomenal. In less than a week we registered 1,300 pupils. But the parents were even more glad to send their children, if possible, than we were to receive them. One mother of a family of six, all self-confessed "greeneh," on learning that the principal himself was sent (as I put it) to invite her children, exclaimed, in exultation: "My gott! what America does for mine tchildren!"

V. AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

So much for American education. What, now, does the immigrant think of American citizenship? A class in citizenship, consisting of a score of young men, all of them of voting age, but few having even their "first papers" (Declaration of Intention), were asked to define American citizenship. They nearly all agreed upon the following: "Knowing the laws of the country and keeping them; also being faithful to the country."

They were next asked to mention some of the things a good citizen was expected to do for his country. The following answers are suggestive:

"He must be honest and truly."

"He must vote for the right officers."

"He must study the history from the United States."

"He must be willing to pay taxes."

"He must stand for his rights."

"He must send his children to school."

"A good citizen should try and change bad laws."

These sentiments indicate a regard for American citizenship which is akin to patriotism. I have for years gathered letters and compositions written by immigrants on the subject of patriotism. These will show, on examination, a true love of country and a sincere regard for its welfare. I quote from a composition entitled "My Impressions of America," by John Flon, written nine months after his landing.

For there were no ancient bells to ring,
No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,
No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,
That gray, cold winter day."

Then the voyagers remembered the bells of old England which were ringing for Christmas worship and they forebore to devote the day to labor.

"Shall our axes swing on this day of days
When the Lord of life was born?"

But the master of the company perceived that this bleak Christmas might yet hold a memorable place in the world's progress:

"'If Christ was born on Christmas Day
And the day by Him is blest,
Then low at his feet the evergreens lay,
And cradle his church in the West,
Immanuel waits at the temple gates
Of the nation today ye found,
And the Lord delights in no formal rites;
Today let your axes sound!'
The sky was cold and gray,
And there were no ancient bells to ring,
No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,
No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,
That gray, cold winter day."

The tragedy of the Civil War trailed its shadow over Longfellow's Christmas verse and even his courageous spirit faltered:

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

"And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then echoes of the accursed cannon thundering far away in the Southland seemed to drown the music of the bells.

"It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent.

* * * *

"And in despair I bowed my head;
'There is no peace on earth,' I said;
'For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!'

"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
'God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

Whittier, like Longfellow, sang of Christmas during the country's dark hour, but it was characteristic of his peace loving nature that his "Christmas Carmen" should break forth only at the close of the long struggle:

"Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man!
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!"

In Whittier's later poems written "At Sundown" he records a memorable Christmas in New England when the cold gray dawn ushered in a day of such "Orient warmth and brightness" that old and new seemed strangely blended:

"In that pale sky and sere, snow-waiting earth,
What sign was there of the immortal birth?
What herald of the One?
Lo! swift as thought the heavenly radiance came,
A rose-red splendor swept the sky like flame,
Up rolled the round, bright sun!

* * * *

" The morning's promise noon and eve fulfilled
In warm, soft sky and landscape hazy-hilled
And sunset fair as they;
A sweet reminder of His holiest time,
A summer-miracle in our winter clime,
God gave a perfect day.

"The near was blended with the old and far,
And Bethlehem's hillside and the Magi's star
Seemed here, as there and then,—
Our homestead pine-tree was the Syrian palm,
Our heart's desire the angels' midnight psalm,
Peace, and good-will to men!"

Snow and winter winds seem to be so closely commingled with Christmas in the minds of English speaking people that many of us are scarcely aware that new traditions of Christmas climate are being built up in parts of our wide country. The poet Sill with his exquisite art paints for us a picture of "Christmas in California."

"Can this be Christmas—sweet as May,
With drowsy sun, and dreamy air,
And new grass pointing out the way
For flowers to follow, everywhere?

"Has Time grown sleepy at his post,
And let the exiled Summer back,
Or is it her regretful ghost,
Or witchcraft of the almanac?

"While wandering breaths of mignonette
In at the open window come,
I send my thoughts afar, and let
Them paint your Christmas Day at home."

And then he recalls the "glitter of ice and glint of frost," the "laughing loads the cutters bear" and when the chattering girls come in to warm their feet the

"Mysterious little bundles queer
That rustling tempt the curious look."

While the sun with his mellowing smile

"Tips the rough-ringed icicles
With sparks, that grow to glittering tears."

Until the day grows dark when the firelight shadows dance—

"As if they knew
A thousand things too good to keep."

In contrast with this wintry setting is Christmas as he finds it on the shores of the far Pacific:

"Before me, on the wide, warm bay,
A million azure ripples run;
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay
Their shining lances to the sun.

"With glossy leaves that poise or swing,
The callas their white cups unfold.
And faintest chimes of odor ring
From silver bells with tongues of gold.

"A languor of deliciousness
Fills all the sea-enchanted clime;
And the blue heavens meet, and kiss,
The loitering clouds of summer-time.

"This fragrance of the mountain balm
From spicy Lebanon might be;
Beneath such sunshine's amber calm
Slumbered the waves of Galilee.

"O wondrous gift, in goodness given,
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,
An earth so fair—so close to Heaven,
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

* * * *

"I am His creature, and His air
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
The angels' song rings everywhere,
And all the earth is Holy Land."

The "Narrative" of Jonathan Edwards

A writer in the *Westminster Review* once said of Jonathan Edwards, "From the days of Plato there has been no life of more simple and imposing grandeur." A personality which could so impress itself upon a generation far removed from his own, must have possessed intellectual and personal qualities of a very rare nature. Edwards' spiritual insight gave him not only pre-eminence as a leader among the men and women of his day, but exerted no slight influence upon later New England thought. To get a glimpse of such a man's personality through his autobiography is a privilege, which fortunately in the case of Jonathan Edwards is possible through his famous "Narrative" of his religious history:

"From about that time I began to have a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him. An inward sweet sense of these things at times came into my heart, and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them. And my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellence of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him. . . .

"Not long after I had began to experience these things, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and when the discourse was ended I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there and looking upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God as I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together; it

was a sweet, and gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high and great and holy gentleness.

"After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in everything; in the sun, moon, and stars, in the clouds and blue sky, in the grass, flowers, trees, in the water and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time, and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything among all the works of nature was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunderstorm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm; and used to take the opportunity at such times to fix myself in order to view the clouds and see the lightnings play and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God.

"Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature, which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; enjoying a sweet calm and the gentle vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature-holiness, that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart, and poverty of spirit; and there is nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this—to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be All; that I might become as a little child."

George Westinghouse

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, one of the greatest of American inventors, has, like Edison, made his way to fame and success from small beginnings and despite great obstacles. Born in 1846, he was very young at the time of the Civil War. He nevertheless served in the Cavalry, 1863-1864, and as Assistant Engineer in the Navy from 1864-1865. Of an inventive turn he early devoted his attention to mechanical problems and in 1868 patented his famous air-brake. This great invention was followed by others which applied compressed air and electricity to various safety devices for railroads. Becoming interested in the possibilities of electrical development, Mr. Westinghouse acquired patents, as notably the device for the alternating current system in the distribution of electrical light and power.

With these patents he started the manufacture of electrical machinery and built up the vast series of factories throughout the world of which he is the head. Besides factories in this country he has enterprises in Canada, England, France, Germany, Russia, and Italy. He is President of thirty corporations, the aggregate capital of which amounts to $120,000,000.

Among his great contributions to ecónomic progress may be named: A complete system for controlling natural gas and conveying it through pipe-lines for long distances; the development of gas engines and the steam turbine; the manufacture of large dynamos, including the first ten dynamos for the power houses at Niagara Falls. Mr. Westinghouse in recognition of his services to industrial science has received decorations from the kings of Belgium and Italy, honorary degrees from German and American universities, and is an honorary member of various engineering and scientific societies.

George Westinghouse, Celebrated American Inventor.
Photographed by Gessfold, N. Y.

Captain Nat Herreshoff

CAPTAIN NAT HERRESHOFF, the builder of racing yachts, is one of the most notable examples of the blind man of genius. A familiar picture of this yacht builder shows him carefully examining the keel of a vessel in dry dock. Slowly, but surely he is searching out with his sensitive fingers every line and curve in the structure and is unerringly estimating the friction of the water upon every point. Mr. Herreshoff has built ten racing yachts and to his genius is due the fact that the America's cup is now in America and not in England. He gained his first fame as the designer of the *Gloriana,* the first perfected center boat, a forty-six footer. That was in 1890. Since that date the American public has gloried in the triumphs of the *Vigilance,* the *Reliance,* and the *Defender,* boats whose keels and sails the English could not match.

Captain Nat Herreshoff.

Nat Herreshoff was graduated in the Boston School of Technology and served an apprenticeship in the Corliss Iron Works. Since childhood he has been designing boats. His first love was the swift sailing steam yachts, and he built a number of small steam yachts that held the world's record. He built the twenty-three knot Cushing torpedo boat and his genius has set the pace for the building of fast boats the world over. This blind boat builder is a grim, silent man. He seldom speaks to his closest friends and he has only this one passion—the building of fast boats. He is now sixty-one years of age.

Lowell's Elegy on Agassiz

NEWS of the death of Agassiz came to Lowell in the winter of 1874 when he was in Italy. He refers to his sense of loss in a letter to Charles Eliot Norton. It was "as if some familiar hill should be gone out of my horizon when I come home and walk down the river-side to the village." Writing from Rome a few weeks later he says:

"I sent you the other day from Florence a long poem (*too* long, I fear), in the nature of an elegy on Agassiz. His death came home to me in a singular way, growing into my consciousness from day to day as if it were a graft new-set, that by degrees became part of my own wood and drew a greater share of my sap than belonged to it, as grafts sometimes will. I suppose that, unconsciously to myself, a great part of the ferment it produced in me was owing to the deaths of my sister Anna, of Mrs. ————, whom I knew as a child in my early manhood, and of my cousin Amory, who was inextricably bound up with the primal associations of my life, associations which always have a singular sweetness for me. A very deep chord had been touched also at Florence by the sight of our old lodgings in the Casa Guidi, of the Balcony Mabel use to run on, and the windows we used to look out at so long ago. I got sometimes into the mood I used to be in when I was always repeating to myself,

> "King Pandion he is dead;
> All *thy* friends are lapt in lead"—

verses which seem to me desolately pathetic. At last I began to hum over bits of my poem in my head till it took complete possession of me and worked me up to a delicious state of excitement, all the more delicious as my brain (or at any rate the musical part of it) had been lying dormant so long. I couldn't sleep, and when I walked out I saw nothing outward. . . . Nervous, horribly nervous, but happy for the first time (I mean consciously happy) since I came over here. And so by degrees my poem worked itself out. The parts came to me as I came awake, and I wrote them down in the morning. I had all my bricks—but the

mortar wouldn't *set*, as the masons say. However, I got it into order at last. You will see there is a logical sequence if you look sharp. . . . I think there is some go in it somehow, but it is too near me yet to be judged fairly by me. It is old-fashioned, you see, but none the worse for that. . . ."

About this time, Howells became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and Lowell's response to his editorial note of congratulation shows how even a poet of his critical powers could distrust his own inspiration:

"My dear Howells,—I was very glad to get a line from you. I should have sent my poem directly to you (for it tickled me that our positions should be reversed, and that you should be sitting in the seat of the scorner where I used to sit); but I happened to see a number of the *Atlantic* in Florence, and in the list of contributors my name was left out. As the magazine had just changed hands I did not know but it had changed minds as well, so I would not put you in a position where your friendship might come in conflict with some whimsey of your publishers. Thank you heartily for the pleasant things you say about the poem. I thought it very well just after parturition, and explained any motives of aversion I might feel by that uncomfortable redness which is common to newly born babes. But since I have it in print I have not been able to read it through —but only to dip in here and there on passages which C. E. N. had doubts about. What a witch is this Imagination, who sings as she weaves till we seem to *see* the music in the growing web, and when all is done that magic has vanished and the poor thing looks cheap as printed muslin! Well, I am pleased, all the same, with what you say, because, after all, you needn't have said it unless you liked."

It is interesting to note that a month later he wrote to another friend: "In the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1874, is an Elegy on Agassiz which I suspect is among my best verse." The following selections necessarily omit much which gives charm to the poem especially his characterization of Holmes and other members of the famous Saturday Club. Agassiz, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes sat in turn at the head of the table and many distinguished men were among its honored guests. Lowell wrote from

England in the latter part of his life: "In plain living and high thinking I fancy we have, or used to have, the advantage and I have never seen society on the whole so good as I used to meet at our Saturday Club."

Uprooted is our mountain oak,
That promised long security of shade
And brooding-place for many a wingèd thought;
Not by Time's softly cadenced stroke
With pauses of relenting pity stayed,
But ere a root seemed sapt, a bough decayed,
From sudden ambush by the whirl-wind caught
And in his broad maturity betrayed.

* * * *

In some the genius is a thing apart,
A pillared hermit of the brain,
Hoarding with incommunicable art
Its intellectual gain!

* * * *

His nature brooked no lonely lair,
But basked and burgeoned in copartnery,
Companionship, and open-windowed glee;
He knew, for he had tried,
Those speculative heights that lure
The unpractised foot, impatient of a guide,
Tow'rd ether too attenuately pure
For sweet unconscious breath, though dear to pride,

* * * *

Patient to spy a sullen egg for weeks,
The enigma of creation to surprise,
His truer instinct sought the life that speaks
Without a mystery from kindly eyes;
In no self-spun cocoon of prudence wound,
He by the touch of men was best inspired,
And caught his native greatness at rebound
From generosities itself had fired;
Then how the heat through every fibre ran,
Felt in the gathering presence of the man,
While the apt word and gesture came unbid!
Virtues and faults it to one metal wrought,
Fined all his blood to thought,
And ran the molten man in all he said or did.
All Tully's rules and all Quintilian's too
He by the light of listening faces knew,
And his rapt audience all unconscious lent
Their own roused force to make him eloquent;

* * * *

His magic was not far to seek,—
He was so human! Whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board:
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and whene'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.
How large an aspect; nobly unsevere,
With freshness round him of Olympian cheer,
Like visits of those earthly gods he came;
His look, wherever its good-fortune fell,
Doubled the feast without a miracle,
And on the hearthstone danced a happier flame;
Philemon's crabbed vintage grew benign;
Amphitryon's gold-juice humanized to wine.

* * * *

I see in vision the warm-lighted hall,
The living and the dead I see again,
And but my chair is empty; 'mid them all
'Tis I that seem the dead: they all remain
Immortal, changeless creatures of the brain:
Wellnigh I doubt which world is real most,
Of sense or spirit, to the truly sane;
In this abstraction it were light to deem
Myself the figment of some stronger dream;
They are the real things, and I the ghost
That glide unhindered through the solid door,
Vainly for recognition seek from chair to chair,
And strive to speak and am but futile air,
As truly most of us are little more.

Him most I see whom we most dearly miss,
The latest parted thence,
His features poised in genial armistice
And armed neutrality of self-defence
Beneath the forehead's walled pre-eminence,
While Tyro, plucking facts with careless reach,
Settles off-hand our human how and whence;
The long-trained veteran scarcely wincing hears
The infallible strategy of volunteers
Making through Nature's walls its easy breach,
And seems to learn where he alone could teach.
Ample and ruddy, the board's end he fills,
As he our fireside were, our light and heat,
Center where minds diverse and various skills
Find their warm nook and stretch unhampered feet;
I see the firm benignity of face,
Wide smiling champaign, without tameness sweet,
The mass Teutonic toned to Gallic grace,
The eyes whose sunshine runs before the lips
While Holmes's rockets curve their long ellipse
And burst in seeds of fire that burst again
To drop in scintillating rain.

Now forth into the darkness all are gone,
But memory, still unsated, follows on,
Retracing step by step our homeward walk,
With many a laugh among our serious talk,
Across the bridge where, on the dimpling tide,
The long red streamers from the windows glide,
Or the dim western moon
Rocks her skiff's image on the broad lagoon,
And Boston shows a soft Venetian side
In the Arcadian light when roof and tree,
Hard prose by daylight, dream in Italy;
Or haply in the sky's cold chambers wide
Shivered the winter stars, while all below,
As if an end were come of human ill,
The world was wrapt in innocence of snow
And the cast-iron bay was blind and still;
These were our poetry; in him perhaps
Science had barred the gate that lets in dream,
And he would rather count the perch and bream
Then with the current's idle fancy lapse;
And yet he had the poet's open eye
That takes a frank delight in all it sees,
Nor was earth voiceless, nor the mystic sky,
To him the life-long friend of fields and trees;
Then came the prose of the suburban street,
Its silence deepened by our echoing feet,
And converse such as rambling hazard finds;
Then he who many cities knew and many minds,
And men once world-noised, now mere Ossian forms
Of misty memory, bade them live anew
As when they shared earth's manifold delight,
In shape, in gait, in voice, in gesture true,
And, with an accent heightening as he warms,
Would stop forgetful of the shortening night,
Drop my confiding arm, and pour profuse
Much worldly wisdom kept for others' use
Not for his own for he was rash and free,
His purse or knowledge all men's, like the sea.
Still can I hear his voice's shrilling might
(With pauses broken, while the fitful spark
He blew more hotly rounded on the dark
To hint his features with a Rembrandt light)
Call Oken back, or Humboldt, or Lamarck,
Or Cuvier's taller shade, and many more
Whom he had seen, or knew from others' sight,
And make them men to me as ne'er before;
Not seldom, as the undeadened fibre stirred
Of noble friendships knit beyond the sea,
German or French thrust by the lagging word,
For a good leash of mother-tongues had he.
At last, arrived at where our paths divide,
'Good night!' and, ere the distance grew too wide,
'Good night!' again; and now with cheated ear
I half hear his who mine shall never hear.

Sometimes it seemed as if New England air
For his large lungs too parsimonious were,
As if those empty rooms of dogma drear
Where the ghost shivers of a faith austere
Counting the horns o'er of the Beast,
Still scaring those whose faith in it is least,
As if those snaps o' th' moral atmosphere
That sharpen all the needles of the East,
Had been to him like death,
Accustomed to draw Europe's freer breath
In a more stable element.

* * * *

Yet life was good to him, and, there or here,
With that sufficing joy, the day was never cheap;
Thereto his mind was its own ample sphere,
And, like those buildings great that through the year
Carry one temperature, his nature large
Made its own climate, nor could any marge
Traced by convention stay him from his bent;
He had a habitude of mountain air;
He brought wide outlook where he went,
And could on sunny uplands dwell
Of prospect sweeter than the pastures fair
High-hung of viny Neufchâtel;
Nor, surely, did he miss
Some pale, imaginary bliss
Of earlier sights whose inner landscape still was Swiss.

I cannot think he wished so soon to die
With all his senses full of eager heat,
And rosy years that stood expectant by
To buckle the winged sandals on their feet,
He that was friends with Earth, and all her sweet
Took with both hands unsparingly:

* * * *

The shape erect is prone; forever stilled
The winning tongue; the forehead's high piled heap,
A cairn which every science helped to build,
Unvalued will its golden secrets keep:
He knows at last if Life or Death be best;
Wherever he be flown, whatever vest
The being hath put on which lately here
So many-friended was, so full of cheer
To make men feel the Seeker's noble zest,
We have not lost him all; he is not gone
To the dumb herd of them that wholly die;
The beauty of his better self lives on
In minds he touched with fire, in many an eye
He trained to Truth's exact severity;
He was a Teacher; why be grieved for him
Whose living word still stimulates the air?
In endless file shall loving scholars come
The glow of his transmitted touch to share,
And trace his features with an eye less dim
Than ours whose sense familiar wont makes dumb.

OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE
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Christmastide is the season of all others when the barriers which divide people are least insurmountable; and to Chautauqua readers genuinely trying to get a national feeling toward the newest residents of our country this would seem an opportunity to discover with what unfamiliar and quaint customs our American Christmas is being enriched. Perhaps in years to come these will have become a part of that background of Christmas traditions which now we trace in great measure only to our North European ancestry. Every Chautauqua reader who lives in a community where there are foreigners and there are few places where some families at least may not be found, can with a little ingenuity discover some reason for a neighborly visit at Christmas time. Italian and Polish churches with their always open portals could give us much to think about on Christmas eve, and through settlement workers or other friendly visitors opportunities for glimpses of family celebrations might also be possible. Circles could have reports of such visits at their first meeting for the New Year. It would be a fitting way to remind ourselves as we begin the New Year of the characteristics which Lowell has ascribed to our country:

> "She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
> She of the open soul and open door,
> With room about her hearth for all Mankind."

AN OPPORTUNITY.

Our attitude toward newer ideals of peace has a good chance to express itself at this time in our plans for Christmas shopping. Earnest efforts are being put forth to do away with the overwork of store employes at Christmas time. Every person who can dispose of Christmas shopping by the end of the first week in December is rendering a distinct service. The Charity Organization Society and the Consumers League are making a widespread campaign to promote better conditions. Note the backward step recently taken by New York State as stated by Mrs. Florence Kelley:

"Since the last holiday season the need of voluntary effort to discourage eleventh-hour shopping has greatly increased. For the highest court in the State of New York has pronounced unconstitutional the statute which for twenty years had forbidden the employment in that state of boys under 18 years and of women after 10 o'clock at night in any factory. And a case, appealed from Oregon, is pending before the Supreme Court at Washington to determine the constitutionality of all such restrictions in all the states."

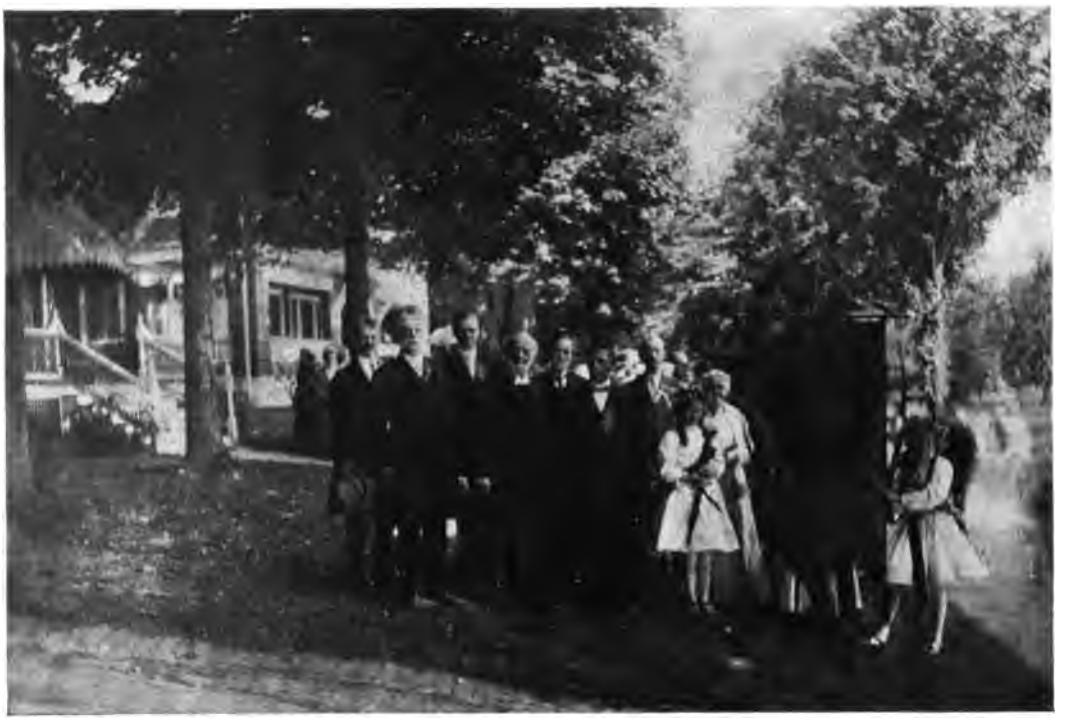
PORTRAITS OF TENNYSON.

Members of the "Tennyson" Class have doubtless been gathering up during these four years some memorabilia relating to Tennyson which may always be associated with their work as C. L. S. C. undergraduates. There are many phases of Tennyson's life and work which lend themselves to illustration. Among the most notable portraits of the poet are probably the three reproduced here. The painting by Samuel Laurence portrays Tennyson when he was nearly thirty years of age. His friend Fitzgerald said of it, "Very imperfect as Laurence's portrait is, it is nevertheless the best painted portrait I have seen; and certainly the only one of old days. 'Blubber-lipt' I remember once Alfred called it; so it is; but still the only one of old days, and still the best of all, to my thinking." The portrait by the distinguished painter George F. Watts, who has given us so many memorable likenesses of England's great men, possesses a certain dreamy character which the genius of the painter perhaps perceived or threw over his subject quite unconsciously.

Portrait of Tennyson as a Young Man, by Samuel Laurence.

Portrait of Tennyson, by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron.

Portrait of Tennyson, by George E. Watts.



Recognition Day Group at Chautauqua, 1907.

It is at all events in striking contrast to the photograph of Tennyson taken by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, one of Tennyson's neighbors at Freshwater and a woman of remarkable artistic and social gifts. A little volume entitled "A Child's Recollections of Tennyson" by the daughter of Dean Bradley of Westminister, referred to in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March, 1907, pictures very graphically the life of Tennyson's household and his relations with his neighbors in the years of his residence on the Isle of Wight.

AN EMERSON CALENDAR.

When we think of Emerson we instinctively associate with his simple and charming personality, the intellectual qualification of "high thinking" and to some this has an ominous sound. We fear to explore a poet whose thoughts may prove beyond our grasp, and we miss the opportunity of being introduced to nature and life by so rare a master and interpreter as Emerson. Lest there be some Chautauquans who are lingering on the threshold of such an experience, we are hastening the process of introduction by an Emerson calendar for the opening weeks of the new year. Read and reread the poems assigned each for its own day. Mark the thoughts that appeal to you. Copy a couplet or two and let it sing to you in the pauses of the day's work. As the poet says of his own garden where he works day by day, "There's no rood has not a star above it."

1—Each and All.
2—The Rhodora.
3—The Humble Bee.
4—The Snow Storm.
5—The Concord Hymn.
6—Ode—Concord 1857.
7—Fable
8—To Ellen—At the South.
9—Threnody.
10—Threnody.
11—Threnody.
12—Dirge.
13—The Problem.
14—Forbearance.
15—The House
16—The World-Soul.
17—The World-Soul.
18—Musketaquid.

PLAYS ON AMERICAN SUBJECTS.

Some of the Circles whose members are interested in the dramatic rendering of works of literature have asked for plays suitable for an American year. Professor Burton

whose knowledge of the drama gives weight to his judgment recommends as American subjects which have been skillfully handled, "Alabama" by Augustus Thomas, "Giles Corey" by Mary E. Wilkins, and "Esmeralda" by Mrs. Burnett. "Arizona" by the author of "Alabama," "Barbara Frietchie" and " Nathan Hale" by Clyde Fitch and many of Howells' farces are all distinctively American subjects. Circles can hardly do better than to present some of the famous novelist's inimitable characters. (For prices address Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, N. Y.)

THE STUDY OF LONGFELLOW.

The centenary of Longfellow observed last February brought out many expressions of opinion regarding his personal life and wide-spread influence. A very suggestive article by Bliss Perry in the *Atlantic* for March is well worth the careful consideration of Chautauqua readers who in this American Year are endeavoring while renewing their acquaintance with old favorites to get a larger and juster estimate of them. "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" and "Miles Standish" are so familiar to many of us as scarcely to call for rereading. But how well do we know Longfellow's incomparable sonnets which as Mr. Perry says are "among the imperishable treasures of the English language," his "Chaucer," "Milton," "The Divine Commedia," "A Nameless Grave," "Felton," "Sumner," "Nature," "My Books," etc. What of those later descriptive poems, "The Hanging of the Crane," and "Keramos," with the fascination of its ever turning potter's wheel—a long look ahead at the ever recurring race problem:

"Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
* * * * *
Are kindred and allied by birth
And made of the same clay."

We are indebted to him also for translations of many an old world poem. Heine and Uhland and Michael Angelo are but a few of the singers whom he has interpreted for us.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR JANUARY.

FIRST WEEK—JANUARY 1-7.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter VII, The Mother Country as a Critic.
In Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter III, National Era—General Aspects.

SECOND WEEK—JANUARY 7-14.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us," VIII. Change of Tone in Foreign Criticism.
In the Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter IV, National Era—Poetry, Bryant to Whittier.

THIRD WEEK—JANUARY 14-21.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "American Painting," IV. Formative Influences.
In the Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter IV. National Era—Poetry (Concluded).

FOURTH WEEK—JANUARY 21-28.

In the Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter V. National Era—Prose Criticism (to page 239).

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

Roll Call: Reports on illustrations from *Punch* in this number giving the historical episodes to which they refer.
Review of "As Others See Us," Chapter 7.
Reading: Selections from "The Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning." *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1907.
Debate: Resolved, that misunderstanding and not race antipathy is the main cause of our difficulties with the immigrant.

Review of Chapter II in American Literature (See Chapter III in Miss Bates' appendix for suggestions). This review might be conducted by six persons, each of whom should work out his or her own idea of the best way of emphasizing the section assigned. In one case it might be by reviewing some typical book which expressed a particular aspect of the time. Or, again, by brief selections from various works belonging to the period or in the three historical sections Nos. I, III, and V by an analysis of some commanding personality of the period like Andrew Jackson. An interesting line to develop would be the part played by the Irish in our art and literature and politics; Poole's index would give many articles bearing on the subject and the titles of these alone would suggest the various influences exercised by this versatile people. Let the leaders in each case not attempt too much but try to bring some fresh point of view or some of the less familiar specimens of literature to the attention of the circle. Miss Bates gives quite a number of references from which to select.

SECOND WEEK.

Review: of "As Others See Us," Chapter VIII.

Book Review: America Today. William Archer.

Roll Call: Quotations from Bryce's "American Commonwealth." One section of this work, "Social Institutions of the United States," was published for The Chautauqua Reading Course some years ago and will be found in many private and public libraries which have not the larger volumes; or Anecdotes from Longfellow's life. By consulting biographies of his contemporaries many such may be found. See recent selections from his letters in *Putnam's Magazine*

For the program on American Poets from Bryant to Whittier it might be better to specialize on one poet, possibly Longfellow in view of the recent centenary and of the fact that he is 1911's poet, trying to gain an understanding of his gifts, his limitations and his place in literature. See his life in the American Men of Letters Series by T. W. Higginson, and also the March, 1907, *Atlantic* for Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem on Longfellow and a very delightful and discriminating article by Bliss Perry. The points brought out in this study would make a good basis for a Longellow program See also Howells' "Art of Longfellow, *North American*, 184:472-85, March, 1907; an account of the Longfellow celebration at Cambridge, *Nation*, 84:219-20, March 7, 1907; Longfellow's Conquest of England, *Outlook*, 85:355-9, February 16, 1907; Youth of Longfellow, *Independent*, 62:416-9, February 21, 1907. (See also paragraph in Round Table.)

THIRD WEEK.

Review of article on Agassiz in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Reading: Holmes' "A Farewell to Agassiz;" Longfellow's poem on Agassiz; Whittier's "The Prayer of Agassiz."

Roll Call: Quotations from Lowell's poem Agassiz (See The Library Shelf or Lowell's poems).

For the third week's study the circle might specialize upon Emerson's poetry. Emerson is probably less known to the aver-

age reader than any other New England poet, yet he had a great message. Read and reread his poems (see suggestions in the Round Table). Then let each member note some of the great thoughts which they suggest. Bring these to the Circle meetings and have them read and discussed; appoint one or two persons to select from lives of Emerson some of the passages which vividly portray his individuality. Let another member give some selections from the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence if this is accessible to the Circle.

Review and discussion of article on American Painting in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

FOURTH WEEK.

For this week's study three lines of work are open to circles. 1. Emerson and others of the transcendental group; 2. Holmes and his influence; 3. Lowell as poet, critic, and man of affairs.

Miss Bates gives many suggestions for those who have library facilities. Circles without them will find pleasure in enlarging their acquaintance with Emerson's prose which one cannot know too well. In THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March, 1900, is a critical essay on Emerson's "Self Reliance" and this may be supplemented by short oral reports on the members of the Brook Farm group: Margaret Fuller, Alcott, George Ripley, etc. See a humorous magazine article entitled "The Newness" in *The Century*, 17:24, Nov., 1889; also the delightful "A Girl of Sixteen at Brook Farm" in *The Atlantic* 85-394 (1900).

For Holmes a Circle cannot do better than to spend an evening with the genial "Autocrat." Assigning the "Autocrat" the "Poet" and "Professor" respectively, to each of three groups. Let each group prepare a brief program covering: 1. The character of the book; 2. Studies in the philosophy of the Autocrat or Poet or Professor; 3. Selections from the poems embodied in these works and the occasions which led to them. Some one might supplement these with reminiscences of Dr. Holmes. If the Autocrat Series is well known, studies of several of the author's novels could be made the basis of the evening's work.

For Lowell, his "letters," always an unfailing index of an author's personality should be reviewed and selections read. Certain of his literary essays should be assigned to different members. Let these report on the general character of the essay, distinctive traits of the author as they appear in his comments, his humor, his nice distinctions, his use of language, his style, the range of his knowledge as shown by allusions, etc.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON DECEMBER READING.

1. Professor of psychology in Harvard University. He is the author of "Psychology and Life," "American Traits," "The Americans," "The Principles of Art Education," and various works in German. 2. He was sent by the French Government to study the penitentiary system in this country. 3. They are masterly descriptions of the life and aspects of foreign countries and cities, showing scholarly discrimination. 4. Novels portraying middle-

class life in Sweden. Several books of travel, including "Homes in the New World." In her later works, "Hertha," and others she embodies her opinions on philanthropy, religion and the equal rights of women. 5. As a captain in the British army he was serving on the St. Helena Station when Napoleon died. 6. Editor of the *North American Review* 1824-31; Professor of History at Harvard 1849-53; Founder and first editor of the *American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge* (1830-61). 7. A French novelist and critic born at Amiens in 1852. He has attracted much attention by his work in criticism and his novels in which he embodies much of the pessimism of his time with delicate and subtle art.

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US," CHAPTER VII. "THE MOTHER COUNTRY AS A CRITIC."

1. What in general was the cause of America's ill feeling toward England after the war of 1812? 2. Illustrate the attitude of cultivated classes in England toward America at this time. 3. What were some of our own sins which justified this feeling? 4. Show how reaction in England expressed itself. 5. How was our democracy "an affront to Tory sentiment?" 6. What striking remark was made by John Morley concerning the effect upon England of our Civil War? 7. What two influences have brought about a favorable change in public opinion between the two countries?

CHAPTER VIII—"CHANGES OF TONE IN FOREIGN CRITICISM."

1. What in general is the form of criticism which England now makes of America? 2. What circumstances connected with the Civil War inspired respect for America in England? 3. What was Gladstone's tribute at this time? 4. How is the change of attitude shown in the kind of criticisms which were made after 1866? 5. Illustrate the necessity for a large point of view by the Englishman's comment upon our scenery. 6. What form does the discussion of the American "lack of leisure" take? 7. What do the English mean by their characterization of us as a "silent" people? 8. How far does this criticism apply to other nationalities? 9. How is the American voice accounted for? 10. What do later critics say of the American press reporter? 11. How do certain competent French and German critics estimate our attitude toward money? 12. What did Bryce say of the social influence of the millionaire in America? 13. What do these foreign comments indicate as to the new relation of the United States to other nations? 14. What surprising suggestions have been made as to Anglo-American fete-days?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON AMERICAN PAINTING.

1. How did Gilbert Stuart's ideas about painting differ from those of his time? 2. What were some of the chief characteristics of his work? 3. What was Washington Allston's character? 4. What was his message to younger painters? 5. Who were some of the portrait painters of the period? 6. With what section of the country is Ezra Ames associated? 7. Who was William Sidney Mount? 8. What new fields did American painting enter upon at this time? 9. What was the work of John Trumbull? 10. Describe the circumstances under which his paint-

ings for the Capitol were undertaken. 11. Why are the original studies of these pictures important? 12. Why was W. M. Hunt an important factor in our forming art? 13. What were the three stages of his artistic activity?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. Who was Chevalier? 2. Who are Madam Blanc and Paul Adam? 3. What were the reasons for the impeachment of Andrew Johnson? 4. For what writings is Walter Bagehot known? 5. How is the "imagination" of H. G. Wells shown in the books which he has written? 6. Who is de Amicis?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AMERICAN PAINTING."

1. What artist painted a portrait of Queen Victoria, his daughter posing for the Queen? 2. What artist beginning as a clerk decorated the margins of his account books "until they resembled the old illuminated manuscripts?" 3. What portrait painter was told by his grandfather that he was swindling "to charge forty dollars for one of those effigies?" 4. What artist's book learning in early manhood consisted of the Bible and "Children of the Abbey?" 5. When was the "National Academy of Design" in New York City founded?

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

The large number of new delegates from the Class of 1911 made a distinct impression upon other members of the Round Table, as they gathered for the last meeting of the old year. "It's a case of 'Amalgamation and Assimilation,' as Mr. Commons would say," remarked a member of the Class of 1909 surveying the assemblage with interest. "I remember so well my experience as a new delegate only two years ago and already I feel like a veteran." Pendragon opened a copy of the March *Atlantic* which lay on the table. "You will all find it worth while," he said, "to read Bliss Perry's article on The Centenary of Longfellow. One phrase which he uses has come to me many times since I read it, and I think you will discover how it applies to our present situation. He says of Longfellow that 'he escorted the Muses to the banquet hall without stepping on their robes!' It will behoove us to see that there are no muses at our Round Table who fail to sing for lack of encouragement!"

"While you are referring to the *Atlantic*," remarked a Massachusetts member, "do let me urge you all to read 'The Anglo American School of Polite Unlearning' by Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers in the September number. For sparkling humor and keen thrusts of satire and genial good-will I don't know anything in recent literature that equals it. It's a description of an imaginary school for removing prejudices from English people about to visit

America! The methods adopted were unique. Do let me read you this bit. The principal of the school thus describes its methods to an American visitor:

"'A great deal of our time is spent over the bare rudiments. You may have noticed as you came in, in the little class room to the left, a gentleman unwillingly engaged in studying a large wall map of Oklahoma. He is an Oxford man who makes his living writing for reviews. He lately expressed the intention of visiting America. His friends felt that he was not in a fit state, and advised him to take a short course in our school simply as a precautionary measure. You have no idea how hard it is for him to unlearn, he had learned everything so thoroughly. . . . We have found that the best way is to give him set tasks. We have dissected maps of Europe and America drawn to the same scale, and we make him put the map of Great Britain into the map of Texas and calculate the marginal area. Then we have memory work, having him from time to time repeat the length of the Missouri-Mississippi, and the number of vessels passing every year through the Detroit River. We set before him the latest railway map of the United States and ask him to tell at sight which railways belong to Hill and which to Harriman, and since when. When he asks what difference it makes, we rebuke his impertinence, and keep him after school.'"

Brief reports from many different sections of the country showed how the Circles were adding to their membership, working out suggestions and otherwise using their faculties to the utmost: "We have a strong circle this fall of thirty-two members," reported the delegate from the Outlook Circle of Mt. Vernon, New York. "It has taken us six years to bring the Circle to where it stands today in our community. But I like to think that the result will be worth while." "These Chautauquans," commented Pendragon, "have promised to give us an account of their visit to John Burroughs last summer and we hope to have it for the next meeting of the Round Table. The Edelweiss Circle in the same town publishes its president's interesting summary of the last year's work which you may like to look over. The members of the Circle were personally conducted through England by one of their number, Mr. Dale, a most capable and painstaking guide, and their quizzes and reviews and drills by competent teachers took the form of 'Wars of the Roses,' each member belonging to either York or Lancaster. The contest seems to have projected itself over into the new year as you will notice from this report of their first meeting in September:

"'As in actual history, the Yorkists won, the greatest number of credits being accorded them for the work of the year. Last evening, however, the Lancastrians had all donned the beloved red rose again and announced a final effort to gain the royal standard

(a diminutive English flag had been the actual trophy of these battles). Red and white roses bearing slips, with written questions were distributed and in the resulting "quiz" the Reds actually did gain a victory, but it was followed by a reversal of the triumph in a supplementary "quiz" for which more roses, this time with mysterious hearts, were distributed. At the close of the contest the hearts of the roses were pulled out and proved to be imitation almonds, each of which contained a trifling memento of the modern "Wars of the Roses."'"

Pendragon glanced through a sheaf of newspaper clippings which were handed him by a messenger. "More reports from new circles," he said. "They are just getting under way so there are few details except general facts of size, enthusiasm, etc. The territory covered, I see, reaches from Idaho eastward. We shall look for some original experiences from these new centers. By the way, this word from the Pierian Circle in the Stillwater prison should be read here. It shows how firmly entrenched that circle is. For seventeen years it has been a recognized feature of the educational work of that Institution yet it is a wholly voluntary organization. The secretary writes:

"'In making a report of the proceedings of the Pierian Circle during the past half-year, perhaps the most striking feature has been the continual change in the membership. Only eight of the twenty-six who constitute the Circle at this time were members at the same time last year, while nine have become members during the last quarter. In spite of this unsettled condition, dependent as it is on the environment of our circle, regular fortnightly meetings have been held all through the summer, and fifty-two papers have been read, dealing with such varied subjects as the following titles, chosen at random, indicate: "The Life and Works of Henrik Ibsen," "Socialism," "An Excursion into Poetry," "The Chinese Herder," and "The Transportation Problem."'"

"The Plus Ultra Circle of Jamestown, N. Y., a graduate circle," said Pendragon, "is specializing this year on the course in American Painting. You will enjoy seeing one of its early programs just received:

"'Responsive Reading.

"'Roll Call, current criticisms of American art.

"'"Arts and Sciences During the Colonial Period," Mrs E. K. Pardee.

"'"Minute Text Study of Article on Early American Painting." In September CHAUTAUQUAN, pages 53-33; general discussion.

"'"What Subjects were Chosen by American Artists?" General discussion.

"'"Art Centers in and near Boston: Copley Square, Cambridge, Plymouth, Salem, Worcester, etc." Mrs. Adah Hatch.

"'"Natural Scenery of the United States." (a) "New England," Mrs. Anna Fairbank; (b) "Coast Line from Nova Scotia to Roanoke," Mrs. Emma Y. Bootey.

"'"Jamestown, 1607-1907," Mrs. F. W. Palmeter.
"'"Indian Tribes," Mrs. L. W. Fowler.'"

"While you are hearing from Jamestown," remarked a 1911 delegate, "may I report for our new circle? We organized at the Y. M. C. A. in October and make the fourth Circle in our city. The Stoddard and Melioro, the older Circles, started early with their work and with such enthusiastic neighbors we feel that we shall not lack encouragement."

"Will somebody tell me, please," ventured another member, "a good biographical dictionary which also gives the pronunciation of the names? Mr. Brooks refers to Bagehot and I haven't the least idea how to pronounce his name. I've asked several persons, most of them didn't know and those who thought they did pronounced it differently. I live in a small village with no library."

"The name which puzzles you," said Pendragon, "is pronounced Bâj-ot. Walter Bagehot was a very able English economist and writer. His essays upon distinguished men, Gladstone, etc., are of the invigorating sort that make one think. As to a dictionary, of course, the larger dictionaries like the Standard in two volumes, Webster's International, etc., contain supplements giving the pronunciation of proper names; but if your village has no library your circle can't do better than to club together and buy the Century Cyclopedia of Proper Names. Some day you may make this book the foundation of a town library. The Chautauqua Book Store, Chautauqua, N. Y., can give you styles and prices."

"At the beginning of the year," he continued, "let us remind ourselves of the educational value of word study. It enlarges not only our vocabulary but our contact with life for it opens new doors to us. Watch for unfamiliar words in your reading and in the daily papers. Can you define and pronounce and give the definition of say, dirigible, seismograph, threnody?"

"It reminds me," commented an Emerson enthusiast, "of what Lowell once said of Emerson. That in his judgment no man had a greater mastery of English. Perhaps I may read the passage, it is right here in Lowell's letters: 'Emerson's instinct for the best word was infallible. Wherever he found one he *froze* to it, as we say in our admirable vernacular. I have sometimes found that he added to his cabinet the *one* good word in a book he had read.'"

"We shall all admit," added Pendragon, "that there is a difference between storing our minds and exercising them. It's the square meal versus the gymnasium. Both are important. Now let me show you at this point what the course is doing for a member of the Class of 1910 in Missouri. I will read her letter:

"'I began the C. L. S. C. Reading Course with the English year. I cannot express in words how much it "lightened labor and brightened life" for me during the year. I think I will never again read at random. I am a busy mother and housekeeper and I scarcely knew at the beginning of the year how I would manage to keep up the course. But I did, and for the sake of other mothers I want to tell you how I managed. I am the mother of four young children and I never have a moment through the day that I can call my own; so I arise an hour before any other member of the family and in the quiet of the morning I have an hour for reading. This is all the time I get for that purpose; but it is at a time when my mind is clear and gives me a theme for thought during the secular toil of the day. I also managed to organize a Circle of five busy mothers. We didn't do much Circle work, but did some good reading at home. We live in a suburb of Kansas City and are entering the American year with great anticipations.'"

"As we haven't quite got away from last year yet may I tell of our closing meeting," said the delegate from Orange, New Jersey. "It proved a delightful occasion for we were honored by having with us Rev. H. C. Stone, who gave us an instructive talk on the English government. Mr. Stone is a graduate of Oxford and possesses a keen knowledge of English affairs in general, and his observations were most valuable to the student of English political and social life. We had a number of invited guests for we made the occasion a sort of seed sowing for our new year's membership. You shall hear later of our progress with American topics."

The delegate from Clark, South Dakota, gave at this point a picturesque account of her town up in the Northwest country. "We got so much more out of last year's work than the one before," she said. "My home is over my husband's place of business. It is cozy and far better adapted to our needs than when our circle was larger and we had to meet in a hall. I must tell you that we had never, any of us, studied Shakespeare's plays, thinking them beyond us, but we were surprised at what we got out of them and were so interested that we worked in an extra one, 'Twelfth Night.' We hope other plays will come when we take up our next English year."

"It's an epoch in anybody's life to make Shakespeare's acquaintance," said Pendragon, "and I am sure this inspiring message from the land of the Dakotas makes us realize that just ahead of each one of us there is always some door ready to swing open when the right time comes. You remember Longfellow's 'Agassiz:'

"'And whenever the way seemed long
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.'"

industrial standpoint. It is the author's desire that this record of travel and reading as well shall aid in a better mutual understanding and furtherance of the progressive movement in Mexico. Mexican customs, habits, amusements, history, antiquities and resources are reviewed, and fifty full pages of original illustrations by the author and C. R. Birt are a striking feature of the attractively bound and printed volume. "Nearly all lines of commerce and industry are in the hands of foreigners," he says. "The Germans monopolize the hardware trade; the French conduct all the dry goods stores; the Spaniards are the country's grocers; and the Americans and English control the railroad, electric and mining industries. All these interests center in the City of Mexico."

"The same method (of courting a woman) pursued in the United States would either result in a man being sent to the lunatic asylum as suffering from a 'brain storm' or to the workhouse." "Mexico lagged behind so long that she has had quite a distance to go, and it will be a long while before she can entirely catch up with the head of the procession." "Today I do not believe that any country is more free from graft in high places than our southern neighbor."

FROM GRETNA GREEN TO LAND'S END. A Literary Journey in England. By Katharine Lee Bates. Pp. 380. 5¾x8½. Cloth, $2, net. Postage, 20 cents extra. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Under this title appears in extremely attractive book form an expanded edition of the "Reading Journey in English Counties" which Miss Bates contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN during the past year. The book has a cover of red and gold; it contains 25 full page original photographs, and the volume is unusually well printed. To readers of this magazine no comment on the character of the text will be necessary. This travel series emphasized the literary associations of the western counties of England concerning which the author was exceptionally qualified to speak. To the specialist in English literature and the tourist or imaginary traveler who would know literary things worth while seeing in England and why, the book becomes both companion and interpreter.

GETTING THERE. WHERE? AND HOW? Sketches from "The Life Class, by Ninguno Santo. Pp. 56.. 5x7. 30 cents. Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press.

This book has a curiously effective appeal. It is journalistic rather than literary, as the title indicates; but it arrests attention, and, in short, gets there. To many, young and old, the sketches must prove suggestive for everybody living on a higher plane. It belongs to the wholesome nugget class of gift booklets.

BOY WANTED. By Nixon Waterman. 106 pp. $1.25. Chicago: Forbes & Co. 1906.

"Boy Wanted" is the title of a practical and inspiring volume of cheerful counsel written by Nixon Waterman. The Boston *Globe* says, "To have such a wholesome book on hand where the whole family can get at it is a wise provision on the part of any home-maker." The book abounds in stimulating advice, dealing with such live subjects as "Opportunity," "The Value of Spare Moments," "Cheerfulness," "Dreaming and Doing," "Real Success," etc., and is heartily commended to all young people.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING. By Samuel Isham. Pp. 573, 133 illustrations. (History of American Art edited by John C. Van Dyke.) Macmillan & Company. $5.00 net.

The author of this volume has shown how skilfully so large a subject may be handled in comparatively small compass and still leave with the reader a clear impression of details. In the case of each distinct development of the art of this country he has so emphasized the historic background that the life of the times stands out vividly and the artist and his work naturally becomes part of this historic whole. Sometimes the result is accomplished by skilful description and again by treating the biography of the artist so fully and picturesquely that one realizes from his experiences in what social atmosphere he moved. This is especially true in the case of the earlier articles where the events are more remote from us and where the dangers of merely cataloging achievements would be greater. Another important feature of the book is the attention given to the founding of the great art organizations of this country, the National Academy of Design, and others. The dependence of American Art upon that of Europe, English, German, French, etc., is traced with so sympathetic an appreciation of the reader's point of view that the significant aspects of this development stand out clearly in spite of the overlapping of counter influences due to the comparatively short space of time in which our national growth in painting has run its course. An entire chapter is devoted to men like LaFarge and Whistler whose influence it is manifestly important for the reader to understand. The treatment of the work of modern artists is attended with evident difficulties but the historian has avoided the temptation to attempt completeness, which would be a futile task, and has indicated the tendencies in our own day as illustrated by the work of different groups of individuals. Throughout he has aimed to make clear how the differences in technique of different men or schools may be noted. The book

is thus a valuable guide to the student who has access to any of our great picture galleries. The abundant illustrations though of necessity lacking the one great essential of any painting, its color, help to familiarize the reader with the subject and stimulate his desire to make the acquaintance of the original works.

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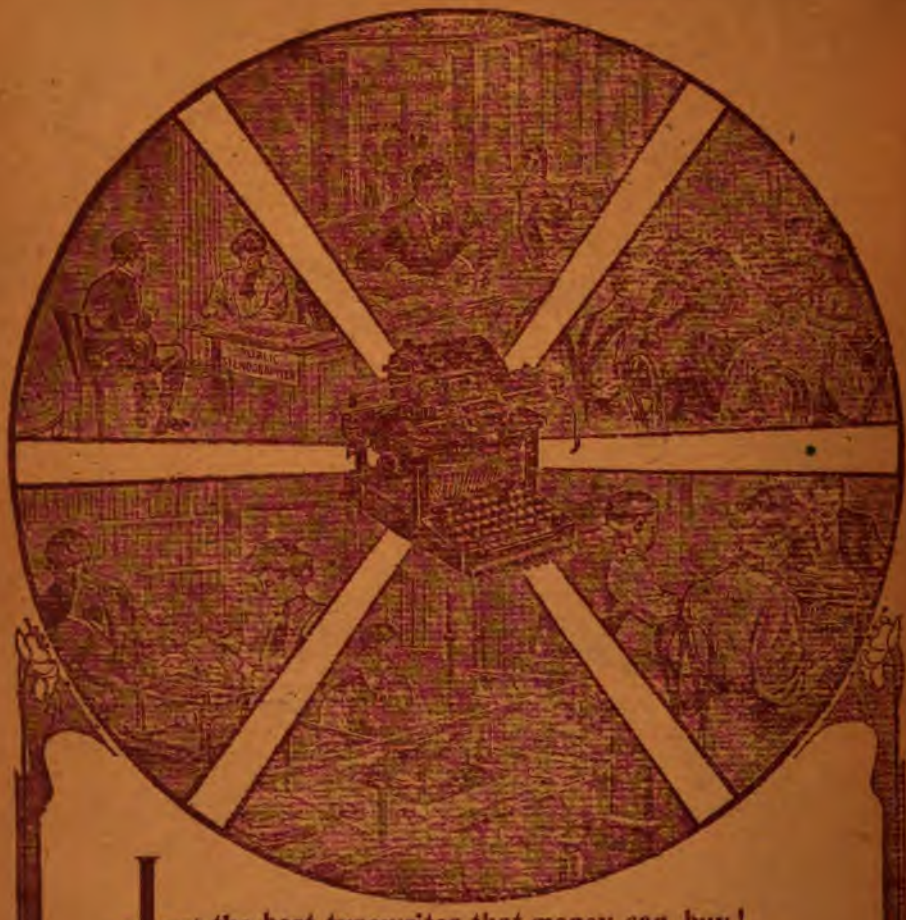

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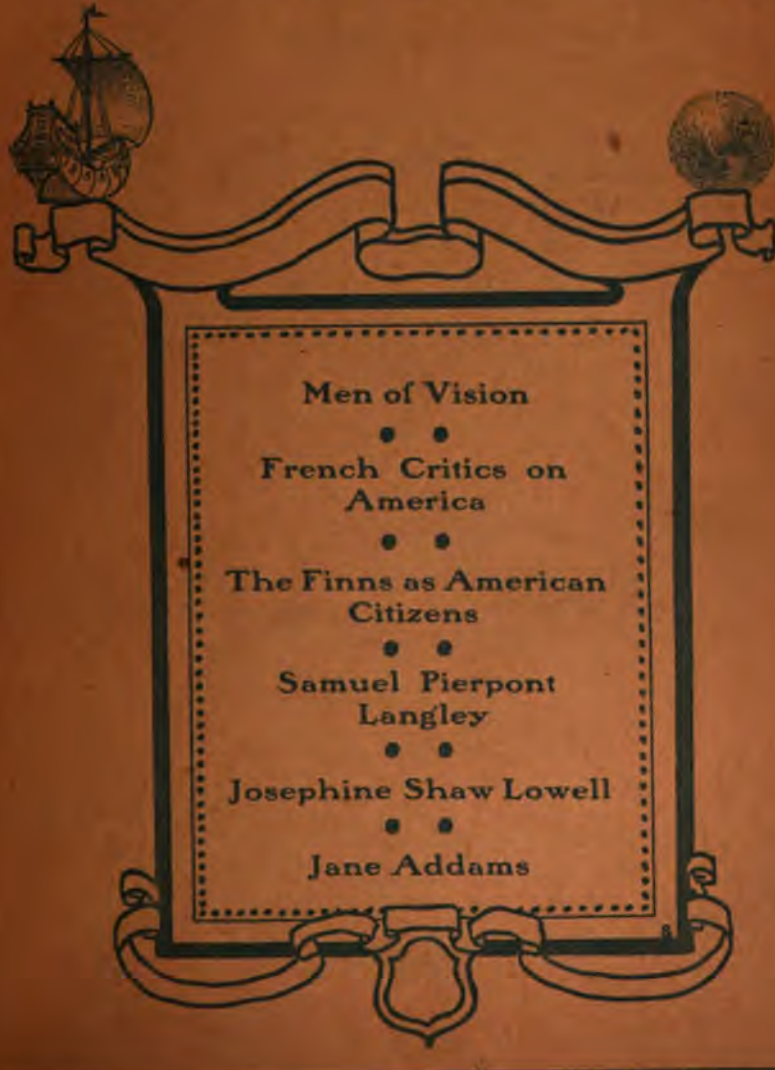

Men of Vision

French Critics on America

The Finns as American Citizens

Samuel Pierpont Langley

Josephine Shaw Lowell

Jane Addams

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YOR

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1908

COVER DESIGN

Samuel Pierpont Langley ..... **Frontispiece**

Highways and Byways 157

The Panic of 1907. Candidates and Issues. Corporate Policy and Legislation. The Navy in the Pacific. The Advance of Prohibition. Note and Comment.

Men of Vision: The Need of Them in America ..... **Charles D. Williams** 170

As Others See Us ..... **John Graham Brooks** 184

IX. Higher Criticism. X. Other French Visitors. XI. Democracy and Manners.

Some Great American Scientists ..... **William F. Magie** 237

V. Samuel Pierpont Langley.

Greeting from President King 246

The Finns as American Citizens ..... **W. Frank McClure** 247

The Vesper Hour ..... **Chancellor John H. Vincent** 255

Jane Addams 259

Josephine Shaw Lowell 265

Library Shelf 268

C. L. S. C. Round Table ..... **Conducted by Kate F. Kimball** 276

Talk About Books 296

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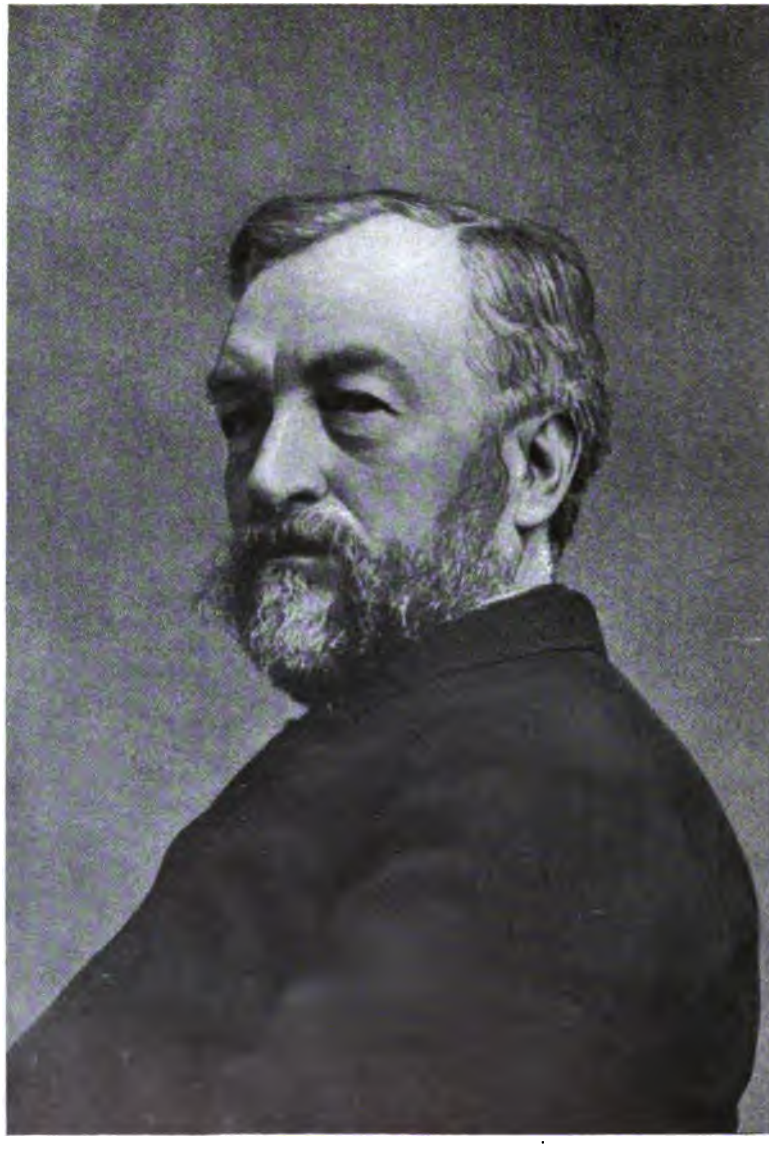

The late Samuel Pierpont Langley, celebrated Physicist and Experimenter in Aerial Navigation. At the Time of His Death, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution

(See "Samuel Pierpont Langley," by Prof. William Magie.)

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol 49 JANUARY, 1908. No. 2

FOR over a year sober-minded financiers have been predicting a "recession" in business and urging conservatism in banking and in the promotion of new enterprises. All agreed that the "pace" in speculation and business had been too rapid, that too much capital was being converted into fixed forms, too many extensions and improvements were being made in the hope of increased demands for goods, and that too much money was being advanced on securities—stocks and bonds—of corporations of the loose sort. But few were prepared for the collapse and the currency famine which overwhelmed Wall Street, New York, and the country in general during the last days of October, and the effects of which continued to be felt for weeks. Sensational declines in stock values, suspensions of several banks and trust companies, suspension of specie payments in certain cities, the use of Clearing House certificates in all the leading cities for the purpose of settling bank balances without the use of gold, the issue of checks by the same institutions to facilitate business and the payment of wages, complaints that currency was being hoarded, a premium on paper money—these were among the phenomena that quickly followed. Many were seriously alarmed and thought a period of depression and hard times had been ushered in, and the discharge of workmen by railroads and construction companies seemed to confirm that pessimistic view.

But the majority of bankers, business men and editors felt that no industrial reaction need be feared, and that the

financial and industrial conditions in the country were fundamentally altogether sound. The crops were satisfactory, the export trade had shown an increase, the supply of currency was adequate for all actual needs, the banks were solvent—in short, there was nothing in the facts to warrant a panic. All that was necessary, in the opinion of these observers, was common sense on the part of the bank depositors, investors, and the general public.

The government fully shared this view, and from all sides efforts followed to bring about the desired restoration of confidence. The government first increased its deposits in the national banks. Then it invited additional issues of notes by the banks and made certain concessions to them to encourage that relief measure. Private men of wealth also poured millions into the New York money market to check the panic. Finally, the government announced a $50,000,000 issue of Panama Canal bonds—such an issue having been contemplated, and Congress having provided for this method of obtaining money for the construction of the great waterway—and Treasury notes or certificates of indebtedness, paying 3 per cent. interest, to run for a year, to an amount not exceeding $100,000,000.

The need of the last "heroic" measures was questioned by some bankers, who thought the situation was gradually improving without further intervention, but it was recognized that their "moral" effect could not fail to be beneficial. They showed the confidence of the government in the soundness of the financial system as a whole and they tended to reassure the distrustful, who were disposed to hoard and withdraw money from circulation. The great essential was confidence, and the Treasury's action was eminently calculated to restore it.

Yet the readjustment of all industry and commerce must take place if normal and healthy activity is to continue and we are to escape disaster. All admit that there has been too much speculation, too much extravagance on the part

of public bodies and private citizens, too great an advance in prices of necessaries, too much risk and inflation. While some opponents of President Roosevelt believe or affect to believe that his policies and proposals were responsible for the panic, the weight of intelligent opinion is that feverish promotion, monopolistic oppression of the consumers, unsound banking, and corporate recklessness and dishonesty were the real and inevitable causes of the flurry. This view clearly suggests that hard times can be avoided only through the practice of the old-fashioned virtues of honesty and prudence in the business life of the country.

Candidates and Issues

As the result of President Roosevelt's southwestern speechmaking tour, bringing as it did reiteration of his determination to enforce the laws against rich and poor alike, to continue the campaign for railroad and corporation reform, and to secure fair play and equal opportunity for all under established principles, the "third-term" sentiment is giving strong evidence of a revival. All other "booms" and candidacies are at a standstill, practically, and on every side we hear predictions of an enthusiastic and unanimous nomination of Mr. Roosevelt by the next Republican convention. In the event of such a nomination, it is argued, it would be simply impossible for the President to adhere to his pledge against another term.

At the same time some of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters say that, if anything can induce him to change his position and accept another nomination, it is not the enthusiastic and faithful devotion of his friends, or the demand of the rank and file of his party, but rather the persistent scheming of the reactionaries against his policies. We have been told that the reactionaries will concentrate their strength on Speaker Cannon or on Senator Foraker of Ohio, who has placed himself in the field as a candidate, and will, for the sake of expediency, give the vice-presidency to Gov. Hughes.

If the worst should come to the worst, the reactionaries, correspondents say, might even make Hughes their candidate for the first place—all in order to defeat Roosevelt. No one imagines for a moment that Gov. Hughes is less progressive, less insistent on honesty and justice, than Mr. Roosevelt; but while the reactionaries, if they succeed in nominating him, would be doomed to bitter disappointment, in the event of his election, they would rather try their fortunes with him, it is said, than risk another term of Rooseveltian policy and administration. Mr. Hughes, however, is not a man to trifle with, to make an instrument of by this or that element for selfish purposes. The free use of his name is more amusing to the careful observer than impressive, for the people know that he is not "playing politics" either in his State or in the national arena.

In the Democratic party the search for candidates has continued, but the anti-Bryan movement is not gaining any visible strength in the Middle West. Mr. Bryan has "cleared the atmosphere" by announcing his willingness to accept a third term nomination, and even men personally and politically hostile to Mr. Bryan have announced the collapse of the opposition to him. Editor Henry Watterson has been "booming" Gov. John A. Johnson of Minnesota for the Democratic nomination, and interesting articles have appeared on the personality and career of that "dark horse." Governor Johnson is an advanced Democrat who would not be unacceptable to the conservative wing of the party. He is able and popular, has shown great political strength in his own State, and has made friends elsewhere. He is of Scandinavian descent and a self-made man. Mayor Johnson of Cleveland has also been mentioned as a "possibility." But the supporters of Bryan do not admit that the situation calls for a change of leaders, and the Minnesota executive, like the Cleveland mayor, not only disclaims presidential aspirations, but declares himself a sympathizer with the Bryan following.

The discussion of the issues of the next national campaign is rather vague, but many believe that the "paramount" one will be federal control of all interstate corporations, including railroads—federal incorporation of all companies doing business in more than one State—versus State rights. The Democrats are opposing all needless "centralization," but Mr. Bryan has advocated federal licensing of interstate business and demands federal control in addition to, instead of the place of, state control and regulation.

Tariff revision will be another important issue. Republican state conventions and leaders, while asserting that the party in power has been wise in refraining from any disturbance of the Dingley tariff, admit that the time for promising revision and modernization of the schedules is at hand. They would have the national convention pledge the party to revision—"along moderate protectionist lines" —immediately after the presidential inauguration of March, 1909, believing that earlier action would be dangerous and disturbing. Even Representative McCall of Massachusetts, a strong advocate of revision, agrees that, having waited so long, it is necessary for us to wait until after the next election and inauguration, since any handling of the tariff on the eve of an election would inevitably degenerate into a struggle for votes, political capital, and delegates. The aggressive advocates of "letting well enough alone" say little, but they will hardly succeed in preventing a plank promising a special session of congress in the spring of 1909 for prudent and conservative revision of the tariff.

The Democrats will favor more liberal and more general revision of the tariff, and will demand that the trusts be deprived of the "shelter" of protection.

Corporate Policy and Legislation

The New York Public Service Commission has been instrumental in giving the public revelations of corporate

fraud and crookedness that are as startling as anything disclosed by former "muck-raking," so-called. The commission undertook to investigate the New York traction situation solely for the purpose of obtaining information that might serve as a basis for proper action in its line of duty. It at once encountered evidence of "high finance," juggling, dishonest book-keeping and looting of stockholders' money. The multiplication of securities representing nothing but the ability to oppress passengers and deceive investors, the combinations and mergers of the last several years, have involved the surface lines in financial difficulties and insolvency, and if there was any doubt as to the causes of this collapse, the inquiry of the public service commission has removed it. Inflation, "yellow-dog" payments, bribery of politicians and other influential persons, attempts to manufacture public opinion and work up opposition to rivals, plunder of all kinds—these are the things which have brought about the present situation. Criminal and civil proceedings are talked of as likely by-products of the inquiry, though the commission itself will only seek to improve the transportation facilities and insure publicity and honesty in the management and in the book-keeping of the traction companies.

It is fortunate that New York has enacted a strong act for the regulation of common carriers and public service corporations—an act under which fraud, the looting of treasuries, the inflation of securities and the maltreatment of the public will be impossible in the future. But New Jersey has failed to enact a proposed similar law, owing to the lobbying of corporate attorneys, and in other States the question is not even as far advanced as in New Jersey. It is a serious question whether the holders of stocks and bonds and the patrons of the privileged corporations will wait patiently for the action of the many State legislatures. Such revelations as the New York commission has given the people breed unrest, suspicion, and hostility to all cor-

porate enterprise. They shake the confidence of investors in our securities, especially in Europe, and tend to undermine prosperity. Nothing is more vital and essential to national progress than the "peopleizing of corporations," the enforcement of honest standards and full publicity in their management and financiering.

There are differences of opinion as to the desirability of federal incorporation and federal regulation of all railroads and corporations doing business in more than one state, but there can be none as to the necessity of such effective regulation, by some competent power, as shall make investments secure against deliberate fraud and limit the opportunities of gamblers and frenzied financiers. The negligence of the States, the apathy of financial interests, the disposition of some of these interests to assail and misrepresent the efforts of President Roosevelt along the lines of needed reform, cannot fail to strengthen the popular demand for drastic and sweeping federal measures.

The Navy in the Pacific

Speculation is still rife abroad concerning the real object of the cruise of the American battleship fleet to the Pacific coast. Why, it is asked, is the American navy going to the Pacific? What is the real meaning of this remarkable expedition?

It was first spoken of months ago, when, as readers are aware, we had a "Japanese question" on our hands and when there were persistent and alarming reports of possible trouble over the San Francisco exclusion of Japanese from white schools. Official denials of the most positive character were given to these reports, but newspapers all over the world affected to believe that these denials were insincere and "Pickwickian." The theory that found most credence was that the United States wished to overawe, or, at least, impress Japan, by a display of great force in the Pacific, so as to silence her jingoes and aggressive poli-

ticians. This theory is still current, and so important an organ of European opinion as the London *Times* says that, if the cruise is not intended as a menace or warning to Japan, then it is regrettable as an unwise move, since foreign opinion has misconstrued it and will inevitably continue to misconstrue it, and a great power should reckon with the opinions and apprehensions of the world. Other foreign newspapers have been even more severe and emphatic in their comments on the projected cruise.

President Roosevelt took occasion in one of his speeches on his southwestern tour to set all such disturbing speculation at rest by reminding the world that "California, Oregon, and Washington have a coast line which is our coast line, just as emphatically as the coast line of New York and Maine, of Louisiana and Texas," and that our fleet is going from "home waters to home waters," so that there is no occasion for excitement or dread. As to the purpose of the cruise, Mr. Roosevelt said this:

"The best place for a naval officer to learn his duties is at sea, by performing them; and only by actually putting through a voyage of this nature, a voyage longer than any ever before undertaken by as large a fleet of any nation, can we find out just exactly what is necessary for us to know as to our naval needs and practice our officers and enlisted men in the highest duties of their profession."

In spite of these assurances, however, even certain American newspapers, especially papers that are opposed to the trust and corporate policies of the administration, continued to assert that the project was a most dangerous and reckless one, and that it might involve us in serious mischief. One New York organ actually warned the people that the transfer of the navy "meant war with Japan," not perhaps in the sense that our government wants or expects war, but in the sense that our navy once being in the Pacific, complications and collisions are inevitable and war the fatal outcome of them.

However, such talk is now discredited by the people and by the majority of the newspapers and public men,

the cruise being regarded as nothing more than a magnificent practice expedition. Whatever originally suggested it, today no one here seriously apprehends an international difficulty by reason of it. Even Japan discourages alarmist speculation concerning the cruise.

The Advance of Prohibition

No feature of the November election was more striking or significant than the sweeping victory of the Prohibition forces. It was not a local victory, but a national one. The gains were as great in Illinois and other Northern States as they were in the South. Wherever county, township or other forms of local option prevail, the voters have taken advantage of their opportunities and have greatly restricted the liquor area. The following little table illustrates the steady progress of the anti-liquor movement in the country, as it gives the numbers and percentages of persons in prohibition territory at various periods:

	Number	Pct.		Number	Pct.
1870	3,500,000	9	1900	18,355,000	25
1880	7,100,000	14	1907	40,000,000	50
1890	11,300,000	18			

In the South, it has been said, the strong drift toward prohibition is the result of the observed effects of drink on the lower elements of the colored population. The exclusion of the saloon there is considered a measure of protection, a necessary safeguard of order, safety, and elementary morality. In the North, of course, the anti-liquor vote indicates a deliberate determination to promote temperance and eliminate the evils associated with the saloon.

The Prohibition movement is no longer "political" in the narrow sense of the term. Republicans, Democrats, Populists, and Independents vote against saloons and the manufacture of intoxicants on moral and social grounds, and the issue is generally presented on its own merits, without reference to parties, candidates, and differences on other questions. It is the referendum and autonomy that have so greatly helped the cause of prohibition.

The leaders of the movement are confident that the new campaign, the new forces and the new methods will before long bring about national prohibition. One of the most telling arguments made for such prohibition is that in spite of the recent advances of the movement under local option and state laws the drink bill of the country is still appalling and the number of saloons immense.

The victories of the Prohibitionists, organized and unorganized, have given pause to the better-informed and open-minded friends of the license system, and even to the saloon interests themselves. The comments of the abler organs of the liquor trade are interested. The facts are frankly recognized, and the moral drawn from them is as follows, to quote a typical utterance:

"We believe that our business should be so regulated by legislation that those few dealers who by a persistent violation of the law contrive to bring upon our business odium and criticism may be denied the privilege of further continuing in the business.

"We believe that the dealer who violates the law is the greatest menace to the welfare of our business and the most serious obstacle to its establishment on a plane merited by the general character of the great majority of those engaged therein.

"We believe that the burden is upon those engaged in the industry so to purge it of its attendant evils that it will no longer be subject to the attacks and criticism of those who are seeking to uplift its moral tone."

Note and Comment

GERMANS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The *Literary Digest* for November 2, 1907, translates portions of an article which appeared in the *Koelnische Zeitung*, a German organ which is supposed to contain articles inspired by the German government. The theme of the article is the importance and influence of the German immigrants to the United States and their patriotic love for the mother country, Germany. The article includes the following hopeful remarks which will doubtless cause some surprise even among the German Americans themselves, whose love for the mother country we take to be based on sentiment rather than upon admiration for its political organization:

"In a country like America, where the nations are flung into a common crucible, that people will eventually be predominant which knows how to preserve its original race characteristics. Any day may bring Germanism in America into the peril from which School Commissioner Guggenheimer delivered it by providing that his native language should be taught in the public schools. May there never be wanting a man like him to maintain for his countrymen the weight and influence which their numbers and importance should command. There was never a time more favorable than the present for the proclamation, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, of Germany as the model and pattern to be copied by the American Republic."

Contrast with this, two quotations from a recent article by James F. Muirhead in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Muirhead quotes from two famous German visitors, Professor Lamprecht and Ludwig Fulda:

"One naturally turns with interest to what this distinguished German [Professor Lamprecht] has to say about his own countrymen in America. Like Professor Münsterberg, we find him somewhat discouraged at their position; and his frank criticism has given no little offense to the Germans in Europe. He asserts that the American German soon forgets his nationality, that he shows little skill in adapting himself to his new conditions, that politically he is a factor of little importance in his adopted country. (Carl Schurz being a rare exception), and that he shines only as a thrifty farmer or as a useful member of an orchestra. The childishly pleased frequenters of such banal places of entertainment as the beer-gardens of Milwaukee are hardly fitted, writes Professor Lamprecht, for success in the intellectual competition of America. He notes how easily they change their language, though he leaves it to Professor Münsterberg to make further and subtler observation that it is Americanisch, and not English, for which they so willingly renounce their native tongue. In fine, any influence that Germanism exercises upon America comes not from the German settlers but from the scholars and teachers still in the Fatherland itself."

And again:

"His [Ludwig Fulda's] treatment of the German-American is somewhat gentler than that of Professor Lamprecht; but he also has to confess that his countrymen in the United States can hardly be said to have taken a place corresponding to their numbers, and he recognizes that the German element can look forward to no independent future. He notes that the children of German settlers actually acquire the German language through the medium of English; and he is naturally horrified to find his kinsmen using such barbarous Anglo-German as 'ich gleich es' for 'I like it,' and 'ich habe einen kalten gefangen' for 'I have caught cold.' He is philosophically resigned to the fact that the German-American would fight for the Stars and Stripes even against the Prussian Eagle, and finds it all right that a man should stick to the country of his adoption just as a man should champion his wife against his blood relations."

REAL LIFE IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL.

Of all the arts practised in this country that of the novelist comes nearest to expressing the national spirit. In making this assertion, the writer, who signs himself a "staff reviewer," of the New York *Times*, point out that his reference is chiefly to "the material facts and conditions of American life," for "of spiritual aspiration," he declares, "art of any sort finds very little in this country to put into enduring form." Of these material facts, then, that which strikes the writer as the most remarkable and interesting is the exposition of "the wide variety of American life in both locality and condition." The activity of fiction-writers in this respect is thus exhibited:

"Every year one notes the bringing forward of new localities and new conditions, and every year one finds also in the novelists a keener eye for the artistic features and the dramatic possibilities of the material with which they deal. The North, the South, the East, the Middle West, the plains, the mountains, the desert, the Pacific Coast, the Alaskan regions, the island possessions, the city, the country, the growing town, the village—there is hardly a corner but has furnished the scene of some novel. The same is true of the different classes. There are stories about life in cities from the depths of poverty to the luxuries of millionairedom; about life among the workers in mines and in manufactories—their homes, their problems, and their strikes; about the women, the farmers, the townspeople of New England, the West, the South; about political and financial schemes; about soldiers and sailors and authors and burglars and teachers and hoboes and artists and lawyers and day laborers and preachers and merchants. And apparently all sorts of these novels are read with pleasure by pretty nearly all sorts of men and women. Surely they must make for a people more closely knitted together, for the keeping down of class lines and antagonisms, for a better and more sympathetic understanding between different sections and different interests."

One outcome of this close touch with actual life that our novelists exhibit, the writer discerns, is a tendency among the more recent "to take up the theme of race amalgamation." The importance of this theme for the novelist is seen when present conditions of life lead this writer to surmise that in future centuries "the chief claim of the United States to historical interest will be the vast experiment which we are making in the amalgamation of all the races of the earth." Then there is pointed out "the growing appreciation among newer novel-writers of that spirit of equality which is the soul of our national existence." Rather frequently of late do we find stories founded upon "this basic feeling of human worth and human equality, which is to uncounted thousands of our people as much a part of life as the air they breathe." Proceeding in his analysis the writer notes an "apparent unconsciousness" on the part of authors of the presence of this element in their

work. Its frequency, indeed, contrasts strikingly with the rarity of this characteristic in older work. When it did appear, we read, "it was lugged in so conspicuously and intentionally and treated with such self-consciousness that the result belied the reality and had the effect of caricature." Another point made is that the "problem" novel has left off concerning itself with sex relations, and is occupied with economics.—*The Literary Digest.*

When Hunt, the artist, returned to Boston after his years of residence abroad he was often discouraged by the lack of appreciation of the fine arts which prevailed in this country. On one occasion a sculptor friend in Paris who had executed some fine bronzes asked Hunt if it would be worth while to exhibit them in Boston, his reply was, "By all means show your things in Boston. If there are not more than three persons here who will enjoy them, you should send them. These three need to see them. As for selling, that you need not expect. But, if you can get up a lecture on the shape of the dishes used by the Greeks in which to mix plaster, you will have plenty of chances to deliver it; that subject being at this moment, of surpassing importance in this city."

When Turner's "Slave Ship" was first shown in America, Hunt was asked what he thought of it, and did he think it was worth ten thousand dollars.

"Well," replied Hunt, "I see a good many ten thousands lying around, but only one 'Slave Ship.'"

President John Quincy Adams once asserted he "would not give fifty cents for all the works of Phidias or Praxiteles;" adding, that he "hoped that America would not think of sculpture for two centuries to come." On hearing of this, Hunt dryly inquired:

"Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams' estimate of the sculpture of those artists, or the value which he placed upon fifty cents?"

Chautauquans, students of the immigration problem, will be interested to read in "Poland, a Knight Among Nations" (see Talk about Books for December), some of the statistics which show the extent to which Polish immigrants have become a part of our national life. That there are in Chicago alone 250,000 Poles, and in American universities and colleges, in 1905, 535 sons of Polish mine workers, are facts sufficient in themselves to stimulate interest in the subject of Polish immigration.

Men of Vision: The Need of Them in America

By Charles D. Williams
Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Michigan.

Prov. 29:18. *"Where there is no vision, the people perish."*

[*This timely note of prophesy and warning was sounded by Bishop Williams in a sermon delivered last summer at Chautauqua, N. Y. The message is as true now as then and is one which should reach a wider audience than could be addressed by the fugitive spoken word. The sermon has, therefore, been reprinted and in the exact form of the original. In these times, when our country is about to enter into a great era of reconstruction, a time of turmoil and doubt, the wise counsel here given may, it is hoped, be of aid to many.*—THE EDITOR.]

THE Revised Version renders our text, "Where there is no vision, the people cast off restraint." That is they lose respect for authority, regard for law and order. A literal translation would make it, "Where there is no vision, the people are unbound." That is they become "dissolute" in the original sense of the word, without any coherent unity. Perhaps a free rendering which should express both ideas would be this, "Where there is no vision, the people become a mob."

There is a doctrinaire philosophy, much in vogue among us, which declares practically that a democracy has little or no need of leaders. It wants public servants only. *"Vox populi, vox Dei."* The people have an unerring instinct for the right and the true. And all that is required of those who happen to be set in the front ranks is to "keep their ears to the ground," listen for the indications of the popular will and then do its bidding without variation or hesitation, follow the crowd, go with the popular current. So

will the people guide themselves to the goal of ideal democracy.

But, as I read history and human experience, nowhere is there such need for leadership as in a democracy. Mark the word: I say leadership, not mere authority. Blind obedience to a sovereign will is the characteristic of despotism though that will may be wise and the despotism beneficent. The intelligent following of intelligent leadership is the essential note of a true democracy. I believe with all my heart that the popular mind has an instinct for the right and the true. But that instinct is often dumb. It needs a voice to utter it distinctly and definitely that men may hear and recognize its validity. And that voice belongs to them who think more clearly and accurately than the average man; who form positive convictions upon tested and trustworthy principles. That instinct is often blind. It needs vision to guide it aright. And that vision belongs to the men of discernment, of insight and foresight, who occupy higher standpoints than the crowd and who consequently see farther and wider than they.

Given such leadership, democracy is safe. For the popular mind and conscience will, in the long run, respond to it. How often in a great crisis it needs but the clear utterance of a true principle or the bold uplifting of a definite and noble ideal in speech or action by some virile personality to win the enthusiastic allegiance of the people. They recognize instantly the thing they have been long dumbly feeling and blindly groping after themselves. Like a super-saturated liquid, the heart of the masses often holds unconsciously in solution an abundance of true sentiment which needs but the right touch to crystallize into definite principles of action.

Yes, democracy imperatively needs leadership. And to such leadership perhaps some of you who sit before me are called; called by the Providence of God as expressed in the very facts of your life, the sphere and position in which you found yourself at birth; and

called again by the equipment which you have received for such a task and responsibility. The educated man is supposed to stand well to the front in whatever sphere he occupies. The test of his personal and social worth and also of the value and efficiency of his education lies in the answer which his life shall give to this question: Shall he be merely pushed along on his course by the pressure of circumstances or the blind instincts of the crowd behind him? Or shall he clearly discern and intelligently choose his goals and ideals and lead those who will follow him toward their attainment? And that will depend upon whether or not he has acquired and developed the qualities and faculties of leadership.

What qualifies a man for leadership? Not goodness and piety merely, but something else that is at once more intellectual, more spiritual, more verile. Let us see what it is. The ancient Hebrews had two names for their leaders in social development and ethical progress, in state and Church. They called them PROPHETS or SEERS.

The prophet was not the mere predicter or fore-teller of future events as he has popularly been esteemed. He was rather the "forthteller," the spokesman, the interpreter. He uttered the principles and convictions which he had grasped or rather which had grasped him. He set forth in public speech and action the truth wherewith he had been inspired or, as th Quaker phrase puts it, the truth that "had been borne in upon him," in his moments of exaltation and solitary communion with God. But that gift of inspiration was not the monopoly of the prophet. Indeed it was only in the degree that the same gift was shared by the people that his message was of avail. It was only as the popular conscience was sensitized by the same Spirit which inspired the prophet that his message found response. It was only as the same truths had already been "borne in upon" the popular mind that the prophet found either hearers or followers. In many a humble heart the same great convictions and principles had long lain latent in

vague and incoherent forms, dormant and dumb; until at last one clear voice gave them utterance; and then many a hearing soul rose up with new joy, and claimed them for its own, saying "There is what I have long felt dimly but I have never been able to put into words for myself. There is the truth, the ideal I have long groped after blindly but now I behold it in all its beauty. In Thy light, O prophet, I see light. In Thy voice I hear the command of my own conscience. Lead on and I follow." That is the test of every true leader and master of men; he utters plainly what others feel dimly. He interprets men to themselves and so interprets God to them. For he articulates for them the voice of God which has long spoken perhaps incoherently in their own conscience and experience. That was the function of the prophet in Israel; and that is the function of the leader in a true democracy.

And the gift that qualifies for such leadership is the gift of vision.

We read in the first book of Samuel, "he that is now called prophet was beforetime called seer." That is the true order of development, first vision, then utterance; first the seer and then the prophet. And so our text sums up all the faculties and qualifications of leadership in that one great world vision; "where there is no vision, the people are a mob." They wander like sheep without a shepherd. "For if the blind lead the blind, shall they not both fall into the ditch?"

Yes, we need men of vision for our leaders.

But who or what are men of vision?

They are not *visionaries*. There are plenty such who offer themselves as guides on every side. But they can lead to disaster only. The visionary,—we all know him: the half-baked, ill-trained enthusiast or fanatic; short-sighted, narrow-visioned, seeing only through the squint-hole of his pre-conceived theory; without the patience or ability to investigate the facts as they are, he invents his facts as they should be according to his fancy; he builds his lit-

tle system with a blind, relentless, and mechanical logic upon a few hard and fast premises which perhaps have their origin solely in his own imagination; if the facts do not agree therewith, so much the worse for the facts. Upon this air-castle he places all his hopes for himself and mankind until the great flood of stern realities sweeps it remorselessly away and leaves him homeless and houseless, without even a *locus standi.* He who runs after him follows a will-of-the-wisp which can lead only into the slough of despond.

No, the true leader is not the visionary but the seer, the man of vision. What is vision? The word used in our text is a wonderfully rich and profound word. It is constantly used by the prophets, but it is often abused and misunderstood by their readers and therefore needs defining. (In my attempt at a definition I shall follow the suggestions of a great scholar and exegete, himself a prophet and seer, Dr. George Adam Smith.) The word vision does not express any magical display before the eyes of the prophet of the very words which he was to speak to the people, or any communication to his thoughts by dream or ecstacy. They are higher qualities which this great word connotes. There is, first of all, the power of forming an ideal, of seeing and describing a thing in the fulfillment of the promise and potency that are in it. But there are also two other powers of inward vision included in the word to which we give the names of "insight" and "intuition,"—insight into human character, intuition of Divine principles. —clear knowledge of what man IS and how God WILL act,—a keen discrimination in human affairs and an unreasoned conviction of moral truth and the Divine will. The original verb "to see" in the Hebrew from which the noun is derived means to "cleave, to split;" then *to see into,* to see *through,* to get down beneath the surface of things and discern their real nature. Perhaps penetrativeness is the best word to describe this power, the keenness of the man who will not be deceived by an outward show that he delights

to hold up to scorn, but who has a conscience for the inner worth of things and for their future consequences. To lay stress upon this moral meaning of the prophet's vision is not to grudge or diminish but to emphasize its inspiration by God; because God's spirit acts and can act only upon and through the best and highest human faculties. Of that inspiration the true prophet of every age is always assured; it is God's spirit that enables him to see thus keenly; for he sees things keenly, not only as men count moral keenness, namely as shrewdness, but as God himself sees them, in their value in His sight and in their attractiveness for His love and pity. He shares the vision of Him "who looks not on the outward appearance but searches the hearts of men." It is this vision of the Almighty Searcher and Judge, burning through man's pretence, with which the prophet feels himself endowed. These then are the three powers which constitute prophetic vision; first the power of forming an ideal; second the power to penetrate men's hearts as God Himself penetrates them, and constantly, without squint or blur, to see right from wrong in their eternal difference; and third the intuition of God's will, the perception of what line he will take in any given set of circumstances. High-sight or the perception of the ideal—insight or discernment, discrimination; foresight or the understanding of the promise and potency of things and the lines of consequence; and to these may be added far and wide sight, the comprehension of a broad field of facts—these are the elements of vision. This was the "vision" of the prophet of old. And this also is the vision of the true leader of men today.

Can this power of vision be acquired? In a sense it cannot. It is one of those gifts which the "Spirit divideth to every man severally as He wills." Like the poet, the true seer "is born and not made." The great elements of vision are largely the products of an original and immediate Divine inspiration which comes not at our bidding nor can be harnessed to our will. They are inbreathed into men's souls

by that mysterious Spirit which, like the wind, "bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

But yet we believe that that Spirit breathes upon every heart of man and each receives according to his capacity. The Spirit broods over the chaos of the densest and most confused soul. Consequently every man has in him the roots and rudiments of these divine gifts. And it is the business, the one supreme business of true education to evoke and develop those gifts. That is the final and crucial test of the value, the worth, the efficiency of any education. That is the meaning of the word. The purpose of Education is to "educe" to lead out, marshal, train and make efficient the original and inherent powers and faculties which God hath implanted in the man at birth. The fatal fault of a good deal of our so-called education is that it does not "educate." It suppresses far more than it educes. It chokes out and smothers many of the Divinest and noblest instincts and faculties of the natural man. It simply pours into the mind a quantity of alleged facts and informations, true or false, conventions and traditions of accepted theory and knowledge, and then rams the whole mass down like an asphalt or concrete pavement, until neither trees, flowers nor even grass can find chance to grow. The original and Divine faculties and instincts of the man are utterly overlaid and suppressed. But true education is the hand-maid of the Lord. She is the Divine gardener. She plucks up by the roots "every plant that is not of His planting," the weeds of error and ignorance; but she carefully nurtures and cultivates all that is of His sowing until the man's whole being becomes as "the garden of Eden which the Lord planted and not man." Such an education will develop the faculty of forming ideals; it will train the mind in the habits of clear, keen, accurate, and patient thinking; it will put a finer point upon the penetrativeness of natural discernment and discrimination; and above all it will sensi-

tize at the same time that it clarifies and corrects the natural conscience. In a word it will produce men of vision.

And ah, how we need such men in every sphere and plane of our common life today. For the multitudes wander like blind men groping for the King's highway, though it be so plain that "the way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein!"

We need them in business, these men of vision. Every true American must hang his head in shame over the exposures of our recent investigations in the commercial world. Ruthless greed, downright lying, cunning craft, rank dishonesty, these come dangerously near being the characteristic and typical American sins. They are so regarded in Europe. Our national emblem—according to the Continental caricaturist—should not be the keen-eyed eagle but a composite animal made up of a hog and a fox. The towering figures in our financial world seem sometimes like artificial Frankensteins, mere money-making machines in the form of men, without heart or conscience; or if they have conscience they are of the disintegrated or dual sort, keen sometimes to the point of subtlety as to technical pieties and artificial properties, but utterly callous, if not dead, as to the first principles of common honesty and justice. For the squint of commercialism appears to have divided, if it has not blinded their moral vision.

We need educated men, in the truest sense of that word "educated," who will go into the commercial life of today, as into a high and holy calling; men with a new ideal of trade; who will see in it, not merely a means for the aggrandizement of the individual, feeding and fattening him with luxuries and setting him apart from his fellows upon a throne of tyrannous dominion over them; but a God-given mission and ministry of social service, a part of God's great scheme for a redeemed universe, a divine order of human society; men of clear and keen insight who will get at the heart of the great realities that underlie this superficial business of buying and selling; who will discern the true rela-

tions of men and things; who will see that material wealth has value or meaning only as it builds up human wealth or well-being, and individual wealth only as it ministers to the common weal; that men were not meant to be the slaves of things but that things were meant to be the instruments and tools of men; who will "put gold where it belongs, where it is in the new Jerusalem, a shining pavement beneath the feet upon which the higher uses of life may move smoothly to and fro on their errands of human service, instead of beating it out into a firmament until it hides the sun, moon, and stars, ay, and the very face of God Himself;" above all men of clear and sensitive conscience which shall never blur the simple and eternal distinctions of right and wrong.

We need men of vision in politics; and, thank God, we are getting some there. There is no higher or holier calling to which a young man of noble ideals, keen discernment, trained mind and sensitive conscience, can give himself today than politics. I will not except even the ministry. The ancient Greeks called their rulers and legislators "shepherds of the people;" alas, that too many such are today, in Milton's pregnant phrase, "blind mouths," mere hands to grasp and maws to swallow. And so "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed, but swollen with dew and the rank mist they draw;" and the multitude follow after blind guides that can lead them only to folly and destruction. We need today as never before politicians with a sense of statecraft, men of far and wide vision, with broad and sure grasp upon the history of human experience; men of penetration who can see alike through the pretence of the cheap commercial patriotism of the market-place and the speciousness of quack remedies for existing evils; men who can see the end from the beginning, the inevitable outcome of every course and policy; above all, men of incorruptible honesty and sensitive honor.

"God give us men; times like these demand
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before the demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking,
Tall men, sun-crowned who live above the mists
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo, freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps."

We need men of vision also in our educational world. There has been great progress of a certain sort in the art of education of recent years. The methods and machinery of knowledge have been vastly bettered. The technique has been wonderfully improved. But it is a question whether the human product has been correspondingly bettered and improved, whether the educated man of today is any stronger-minded, clearer-headed, farther-visioned, higher-souled than his forbears who were trained under the older and more defective methods of attaining mere knowledge; whether he has more insight, foresight, above all, more conscience. In fact I sometimes fear that we have been so absorbed in our technique, our machinery of knowledge that we have largely forgotten the man in our devotion to things. We have to a great degree eliminated the human from our educational processes, as we have the humanities from our college courses. Our great universities are becoming mere technical training schools. They produce skilled craftsmen rather than cultured men. We are so cluttered with details that we have lost vision of principles, so absorbed in jelly-fish and amoeba that we have forgotten men. We cannot see the forest for the trees. We study sources with such diligence that we are absolutely sure of every minutest fact we set down in our histories, whether George Washington smoked a clay-pipe or a briar-wood; but I doubt whether we know as much of the human heart as garrulous old Herodotus or gossipy old Pepys. Still less do we discern the lessons of human experience or the broad sweep of the tides of human events than a Thucydides, a Tacitus or a Gibbon. We accumulate

accurate statistics in great immeasurable heaps in our economic investigations like masses of stone, bricks, and timber. But we seem to have lost the architectonic ability to build them into any noble and coherent temple of political and economic science. We cannot discern the basal principles that underlie all human society. Send out a modern investigator to examine the Cathedral of Amiens and he will bring you back an exhaustive report in which you shall find a geometrical diagram of every stone in the building and a chemical analysis of the mortar and cement in which it is set; but he will not have seen the Cathedral at all; while Ruskin in his "Bible of Amiens" tells you nothing about the material and yet sets before your soul's sight a glowing vision of its sublime architecture and its symbolic meaning.

Yes, we need men of vision for our educators who shall see that in the realm of knowledge as well as in the realm of commerce THINGS were meant for MEN and not MEN for THINGS; that the really educated man is not simply the man who KNOWS *accurately but who sees clearly and largely;* that the true end and purpose of the whole process is not simply to turn out efficient human machines, creatures with full heads and skilled hands, but *men* in the full sense of the word; men with seeing eyes, men of high souls, strong minds, keen conscience, tender hearts, and mighty wills; men who will see true ideals from afar and follow them patiently to the utter end by sure paths.

And above all we need men of vision in the Church today, both in the pulpit and the pew. Never, I am convinced, did the Christian Church face a more serious crisis than that she faces today. Never was she in greater danger. And that danger, it seems to me, is chiefly from within. Her worst foes are "they of her own household." Her mission and her future are jeopardized most seriously by her most blatant champions, the self-constituted guardians of her faith and order on the one side, and the shallow sciolists of a new philosophy and science on the other. Both parties

seem to have identified the very essence of the Christian religion with certain transitory and ever-changing forms of ecclesiastical machinery and theological dogma on the one hand or with certain passing modes and fashions of philosophical thinking on the other. To these non-essentials the practical mind of today is supremely indifferent. And because religion has been so persistently and insistently identified with one or the other of them by its advocates, the common people and often the thinking people are drifting away from the Church. They are esteemed to be indifferent to religion largely because they are indifferent to this or that misinterpretation of religion put upon it by its professional advocates and official representatives. And meantime, while the champions are engaged in clamorously defending these insignificant outposts, the philosophical and practical materialism of the day is creeping into the citadel and taking away from the people their faith, their Gospel, their Christ, and their God. We are like foolish children around the hearth-stone of our ancestral home. We cannot agree upon our scientific theories as to the origin and nature of the fire that burns there. Some insist upon an elemental or atomic theory received by tradition from our ancestors, "the faith once delivered to the saints." Others insist upon a modern theory of wave-motions. And until we can agree absolutely on our theory of fire, we cannot allow each other to use the fire for warmth or light or cooking our meals; we cannot even sit together by our hearth-stone in mutual harmony and brotherly love as members of the same family in our Father's house. We even drive some of our brethren out-of-doors into the cold and dark. And we also, saddest to say, shut out the multitudes who really long to come in and share our fire-side with us.

If the Christian Church fails to pass this crisis successfully or even safely, it will be for lack of leadership, for want of men like the children of Issacher of old, "who had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do,"—in a word, for want of men of vision.

We need such men in the ministry today, ah, how we need them; men of discrimination and discernment who can penetrate beneath the superficial accidents of our religion and see clearly its essence, its heart and soul; men who realize that religion, particularly Christianity, is not essentially a philosophy, a theology, a dogma, a creed, nor yet a cult, an institution, a system of ritual worship or Church government or philanthropic work; but that it is primarily a profound and persistent inward experience, the great experience of the saints in all the ages, the life of God in the soul of man, the fellowship of the human spirit with the Spirit of God in Christ Jesus; an experience which issues always in two essential outward manifestations or expressions, personal character and human service. This essential process of experience throws off by-products of creed and dogma, theology and philosophy, varying with the times and peoples to whom it would interpret itself, speaking always to "each of his own tongue wherein he was born." It works through ever-changing machinery. It clothes itself in cults and institutions, forms of worship and forms of administration, adopting the garb of each age and generation to which it ministers. But it remains in soul and essence ever the same; this is really "the faith once for all delivered to the saints," namely the communion of the soul with God in Christ Jesus, uttering itself outwardly in character and service.

When we have in our ministry enough men of sufficient vision to see this clearly and courage to preach it boldly and yet lovingly, we shall have such a revival of religion as the world has never seen. For while the multitudes may be indifferent to our false accents and mis-translations of religion, they are often heart-hungry, yea, starving for the essential Gospel of Jesus Christ.

These are some of the calls for men of vision which resound in our ears on every side today. The need for them pleads in every walk of life, high and low; the world wants prophets and seers, men and women having, in St. Paul's

splendid and pregnant phrase "the eyes of their understanding enlightened;" who in this murk of materialism behold ever clearly the heavenly vision of the Christian ideal and are not disobedient unto it; men and women of spiritual penetration who get at the heart of eternal realities beneath the surface of specious appearances; above all, men and women of sensitive conscience and keen discrimination who never blink or blur the subtlest shades of right and wrong and who have the courage to stand by their convictions "though an host be set against them." For such moral and spiritual leaders the world waits today. And there are two institutions happily combined here in Chautauqua to which we look naturally for the training and inspiration of such leaders; those two are the Church and the School. God grant that in this critical time of need they may fulfill their Divine mission and raise up, particularly among our young men and women, in every plane and vocation of life, a new generation of seers and prophets. "For where there is no vision, the people perish."

A Century of Foreign Criticism on The United States---A Study of Progress.*

IX. Higher Criticism.

By John Graham Brooks

JOHN STUART MILL called de Tocqueville's "Democracy" "the first philosophical book ever written on democracy as it manifests itself in modern society."† Until 1888, no book at all comparable to it had been written. It was said that every thinking man in Europe had to read it, in order to avoid the constant confession that he had *not* read it. Alexis de Tocqueville, though the son of a peer of France, took his stand as a youth of twenty-five, for the French Revolution of 1830. At the close of his school studies, he made a long tour in Italy and Sicily where he worked at politics and institutions with "incredible pains," to use his own words. On his return, he was given, for a lad of twenty-one, an important position (juge auditeur). Po-

†He also says it is the first analytic inquiry into the influence of democracy.

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*Mr. Brooks' series of articles will appear monthly from September to May. The September articles were: I. "The Problem Opened;" II. "Concerning Our Critics." October: III. "Who is the American?" IV. "Our Talent for Bragging." November: V. "Some Other Peculiarities;" VI. "American Sensitiveness." December: VII. "The Mother Country as a Critic;" VIII. "Change in the Tone of Foreign Criticism."

litical and social studies were from this time his pursuit. With no man can we less connect the work cranky or flighty. Only when he became convinced that Charles X, either could not or would not understand constitutional freedom did he yield to the Revolution of 1830. His moral and intellectual struggles at this period determined his career. He had become convinced that the permanent defeat of democracy was impossible. How then could he better equip himself for service to his country than go at once to America? He had already discovered the most competent man in this country, the historian, Jared Sparks, to guide him in his first studies of the town meeting. He reached New York in 1831, spending a year in travel and incessant study. He rose in France to be Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1849, receiving, for his moral courage, the honor of imprisonment at the hands of Louis Napoleon on the second of December, 1851.

It is better to put down first the critical word about these volumes. There is so much eloquence, so much elevation of tone, so much sympathy with every ideal aim of democracy, that one has to be a little on the defensive. For present usefulness, de Tocqueville does not equal some later authors who are far his inferiors. Even he came with a bias. He brought an ideal of political society with him. He had committed himself heart and hand to the constitutional hopes under Louis Philippe. He wanted evidence. He wished to show that the people could govern themselves. He had heard that this self-government resting in the town meeting was triumphant in the United States.

With the vision of what he wanted, he came to prepare for his great book. There is a little line in his Introduction which tells all there is to tell about his bias, *"J'avoue que dans l'Amerique, j'ai vu plus que l'Amerique"*—"I grant that in America I saw more than was there." But more than this seeking of evidence that he was eager to find, was his intellectual habit of dealing with large political abstractions. These never leave him quite free to follow the humbler in-

dications of the facts before him. It was the method of his time. Even the hard-headed Chevalier cannot get his book under way, without imposing inferences drawn from all corners of the antique world. The two races supposed to flow from Japhet and Shem are essential to a true understanding of democracy in America, as are the Roman Empire, China, and Japan. We now know that two generations ago these august and sounding analogies, if applied to modern conditions, served chiefly to conceal the facts or to muddle and bewilder our relation to the facts. Even at the present time, it is only here and there that a scholar is wise enough to flourish those ancient societies before us without enveloping the audience in a general haze. I heard the president of an eastern college once say, "When we are discussing these modern political problems, if anyone raises Greece and Rome, I always vote to adjourn." Mr. Dooley is of the same mind: "Whiniver I go to a pollytical meetin', an' th' laad with th' open-wurruk face mentions Rome or Athens, I grab for me hat. I know he's not goin' to say anything that ought to keep me out iv bed."

This was so the usage of de Tocqueville's time that, although very temperate, he cannot wholly avoid the temptation. Too frequently these classical analogies are a substitute for good argument. But this is only a part of de Tocqueville's real weakness. He has a delight in working out large formulas about liberty, equality, democracy, and public opinion. These become in his mind "principles," as they indeed are, but he gets them *too soon* and *too easily*. Above all, he gives them shape before the facts quite justify him. He is so tenacious of these principles, that he inclines to rule out facts or not see them, if they disturb his general position. His generalization often seems to drive him off his natural course, as when he conjures up his groups of little political factions, or sees the steady decrease of the Federal Power.

He was led by his formula to fix upon us as a democracy, certain matter-of-fact habits of mind which were pre-

cisely as true of England as of us. He wanted to endow the democratic mind with great capacity for *action*, but not for thought and reflection. We produced, forsooth, "no inventors." This cunning was not in the democratic mind. Very remarkable achievements were already at hand before a printed line of de Tocqueville had reached this country. Again, equality so reacts upon us, that as a democracy, we will not "recognize our faults." What government does? Are aristocracies eager to confess them? No one today could conceive of this disinclination to "recognize our faults" as in the least peculiar to democracies. Yet, as Newman said of some book, that "it was always open to criticism and always *above* criticism," so one must say of this master's study of democracy.

It would be unjust not to admit that his abstract method gives him in other ways and for other phases of his problem both strength and insight. A hand to mouth policy, cheap expediencies and the dogmatism of common sense are such ever present weaknesses in democracy, that we should greet the more cordially a type of man to whom large principles have some sacredness.

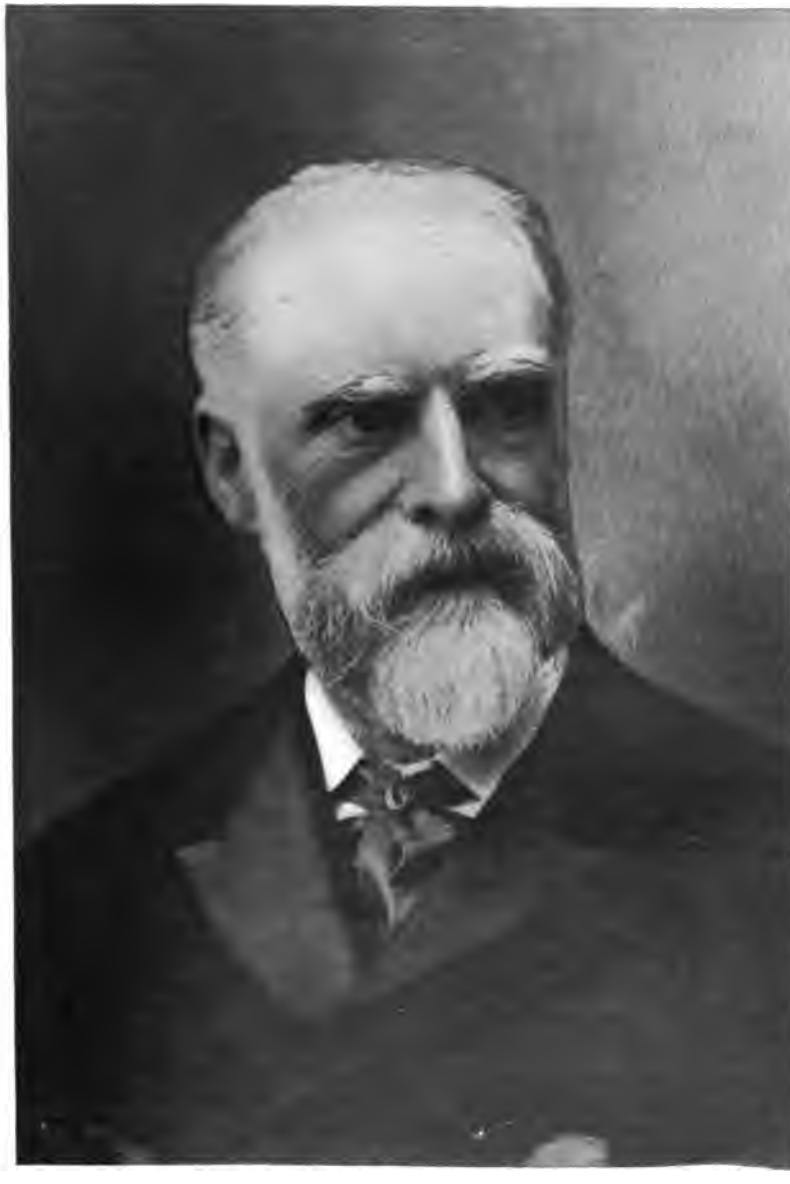
De Tocqueville did not merely think in principles, but he acted upon them in his political career. He possessed those high and rare distinctions in a politician, *convictions*, and human sympathy without cant. It is because these were thought out and lived out, that his "Democracy in America" has for us such priceless value. As we follow his pages, we see present turmoil as through mists, but the mists are radiant and the light of a great hope shoots through them. Critics have said that democracy was conceived of by de Tocqueville as a fatality; that it was bearing down upon us with forces so irresistible that argument and effort for or against it were alike futile. Few careful readers will draw this conclusion. Democracy is not to de Tocqueville necessarily a good. If it prove a good, it will be so only because citizens do their part in directing the forces that make for equality. Democracy will bear fruit, sweet

or sour, according to the soil of character in which it grows. In this conception, there is indeed "destiny," but it is the destiny of character. Democracy rises or falls as men put into it their best or their worst.

As a qualification for really enlightening national criticism, I have laid great stress on a capacity for common human sympathy. At least imaginatively, de Tocqueville had this at a very early age and it deepens in him, as a result of his social studies. He conceived a kind of horror for the way in which aristocratic classes had governed the masses. He came to believe that the gradual softening of manners was due largely to a growing social equality. He says, "When the chroniclers of the Middle Ages, who all belonged to the aristocracy by birth or education, relate the tragical end of a Noble, their grief flows apace; whereas they tell you at a breath, and without wincing, of massacres and torture inflicted on the common sort of people.* To bring this vividly before us, he quotes a letter as late in his country's history as the time of Madame de Sevigné. This brilliant and kindly woman is writing to her daughter of what she had herself looked upon. After a few affectionate pleasantries, she asks her daughter,

"Do you wish to hear the news from Rennes? A tax of a hundred thousand crowns has been imposed upon the citizens; and if this sum is not produced within four and twenty hours, it is to be doubled and collected by the soldiers. They have cleared the houses and sent away the occupants of one of the great streets, and forbidden anybody to receive them on pain of death; so that the poor wretches—old men, women near their confinement, and children included—may be seen wandering round and crying on their departure from this city, without knowing where to go, and without food or a place to lie in. Day before yesterday, a fiddler was broken on the wheel for getting up a dance and stealing some stamped paper. He was quartered after death, and his limbs exposed at the four corners of the city. Sixty citizens have been thrown into prison, and the business of punishing them is to begin tomorrow. This province sets a fine example to the others, teaching

*"Democracy in America," Vol II, p. 301.



James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, Author of "The American Commonwealth"

Henry James, Celebrated American Novelist, long resident in England, Author of recent Critical Volume, "The American Scene"

H. G. Wells, English Scientist and Novelist, Author of "The Future in America"

"Max O'Rell" (M. Blouet), Celebrated French Writer and Lecturer, Author of "Jonathan and His Continent," etc.

Mr. William Archer, English Dramatic Critic, Author of "America Today"

Paul Bourget, French Novelist, Author of "Outre Mer"

them above all things to respect their governors and not to throw any more stones into their garden."*

She then, as if passing to really important matters, tells of the visit of Madam de Tarente, the preparations for her coming, the lunch and festivities. Between the descriptions of the gaities in a later letter, she adds incidentally that they were at that moment "less jaded with capital punishments, only one a week, just to keep up appearances." "Hanging," she says, "seems to me quite a cooling entertainment."

De Tocqueville selects this famous lady because she was notably a kind person, neither "selfish nor cruel;" yet because of the caste system of which she was a part, she "had no clear notion of suffering in any one who was not a person of quality."

As he comes to this country, one of his first impressions of the Americans is that "they are extremely open to compassion,"† as shown among other examples in their administration of justice.

That the equalizing of social conditions under republican institutions is the one hope for the humanizing of the world, is the conviction of this converted aristocrat.

"When all the ranks of a community are nearly equal, as all men think and feel in nearly the same manner, each of them may judge in a moment of the sensations of all the others;—there is no wretchedness into which he cannot readily enter, and a secret instinct reveals to him its extent. . . . Something like a personal feeling is mingled with his pity and makes him suffer whilst the body of his fellow creature is in pain."

What these qualities may at last do for the race in really civilizing them into a great brotherhood, is a dream that works powerfully upon the imagination of this great publicist. His book is not to be appreciated—neither its faults nor virtues—apart from this conception.

*"Democracy in America," Vol. II, p. 201.

†Several foreigners note this kindness to animals as if it were new in their experience.

"The more I advanced in the study of American society, the more I perceived that the equality of conditions is the fundamental fact from which all others seem to be derived and the central point at which all my observations constantly terminated."

To think of de Tocqueville and to criticize him as if he were strictly the scientific investigator is to miss his highest quality. To think of him as instinctively the *artist* using his imagination to create a model of democratic relationship among men, is to see him as he is. His one sustained passion is for freedom, which he calls the *"sainte et légitime passion de l'homme."* He writes to Mr. Reeve, *"Je n'ai qu'une passion, l'amour de la liberté et de la dignité humaine."* It is this which keeps him from being a good "party man." It was this which made him fear that one of our own great dangers was the possible tyranny of party majorities. It was this which gave him a prophetic insight into the essential dangers of slavery. And here we touch one of those larger issues which is lighted up by seeing it through a great principle. That a house divided against itself could not stand was a principle with Abraham Lincoln. If dark troubles are before us, de Tocqueville says, "They will be brought about by the presence of the black race on the soil of the United States. That is, they (the troubles) will owe their origin not to equality, but to the inequality of conditions."* He sees that slavery must end, but is under no illusions that race antagonism will then cease. Those who think amalgamation is a solution "delude themselves." "I am not led to any such conclusion." When they are at last freed, the social troubles will increase because the negro will demand political rights. He reads the North this lesson, "Whoever has inhabited the United States must have perceived that in those parts of the Union in which negroes are no longer slaves, they have in no wise drawn nearer to the whites. On the contrary, the prejudice of race appears to be stronger in the States which have abolished slavery than in those where

*"Democracy in America," Vol. II, p. 315.

it still exists; and nowhere is it so intolerant as in those States where servitude has never been known."*

Here is no mere flaying of the South, as if the North had no part in the slave evil, but a perfectly true note from the point of view of the National Whole. To de Tocqueville democracy of *some kind* was inevitable. It was not to be argued with any more than the passage of time. It was not perhaps the highest conceivable of social relations. It certainly held within itself the gravest perils, but that it was becoming the *fact* to which peoples must adjust themselves seemed to him like a fate. This is the clearer to us when we see what he meant by democracy. He is not thinking, like so many of our critics, of democracy as a *form* of government. He is thinking of social conditions in which the utmost obtainable equality exists. Renan in his "Caliban" maintains that History is "a good aristocrat." To de Tocqueville, Destiny is a name for the inevitable disappearance of aristocracy. It is fundamental to him that all sorts of people should mingle and intervene more and more in government. If they intervene wisely and with public spirit, it will be a good government. The equality of conditions which he found in this country was what most attracted him. He told the French people that they too would reach the same conditions even if they did not "draw the same political consequences."

With this conception of democracy clearly in mind, we better understand his opinions, his hopes and his fears. His gloom over the slavery question was because he could not see how democracy could develop here including the negro, even if the slaves were freed. When they come to demand political and other equalities, will the white race submit? If not, how can a class rule, antagonistic to democracy, be avoided?

Equality of conditions and an increasing intervention of *all* in government, is thus preliminary in de Tocqueville's

*Ibid, p. 460.

thought. Just as primary is it that increase of liberty is good. Our safety in the United States is this enlargement of freedom, and nothing subtler or truer can be found in his volumes than some of the practical inferences from this principle of liberty, as applied to our political experience. He sees that changes in this country are to come with extraordinary rapidity, but he does not fear them. That we ourselves shall shrink before the changes essential to our best growth, is to him the real danger. That we shall accept the situation; that we shall submit even with servility to existing evils, is what threatens. To understand this peril, if it be such, we are to see clearly what sort of people we are. One passage shows this characteristic:

"It is strange to see with what feverish ardor the Americans pursue their own welfare; and to watch the vague dread that constantly torments them lest they should not have chosen the shortest path which may lead to it. A native of the United States clings to this world's goods as if he were certain never to die, and is so hasty at grasping at all within his reach, that one would suppose he was constantly afraid of not living long enough to enjoy them. He clutches everything, he holds nothing fast, but soon loosens his grasp to pursue fresh gratification. . . .

"At first sight there is something surprising in this strange unrest of so many happy men, uneasy in the midst of abundance. The spectacle is, however, as old as the world; the novelty is to see *a whole people furnish an example of it.*"

Here we are in our entirety as a nation, no tempering class excepted, all devoted to business and commercial interests. But why should this fact lead to checks upon liberty, to submission, and even to servility?* The level from which de Tocqueville speaks is that of the National Whole and the Common Welfare. He has not in mind temporary interests; much less mere private interests. He is thinking of large public policies that include the general good and of long-range action that includes future social welfare.

*As it is so hopeless in a single chapter to touch one in a score of the Author's points, I select one of the most important in the hope of making through it his purpose and spirit clearer. I shall not depart from that spirit by translating it into the language of present political experience.

We can today give a hundred illustrations of this peril where the author could have given a single one. At the present writing a flood devastates the City of Pittsburg. The enlightened chief of the Forestry Department, Gifford Pinchot, hastens to explain to the public what this means. Our losses as a nation have already run into millions beyond any calculating. From every part of the country, the men of science for two decades have been scattering among the people a wholly disinterested report of our "impending social dangers." It is true we have made a brave beginning in heeding the warnings, but at the most important points, the public safety and future welfare are so fiercely opposed by pulp and timber interests as to defeat the most elementary work in safeguarding society. Pittsburg's jeopardy is but one among hundreds, but it strikes a great city and may be *seen*. That the people may get some hint of its meaning, Mr. Pinchot speaks through the press as follows:

"The great flood which has wrought devastation and ruin to the Upper Ohio Valley is due fundamentally to the cutting away of the forests on the watersheds of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. These streams have their source in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains, which are high and steep and receive a heavy rainfall. The valleys through which these mountain streams flow are narrow and deep. Originally these steep mountain slopes contained as fine hardwood forests as existed in the country. Beneath the tree tops a heavy undergrowth and thick cover of leaves on the ground, and the intertwining roots of trees and shrubs so held back the water from rains and melting snow that dangerous floods seldom occurred.

"Cutting of the timber has gone on to such an extent that not enough oak and chestnut can be obtained now to supply ties to the railroads which run through the region. Fire has followed cutting and aided in the work of destruction by burning up the underbrush and leaf cover until many mountain slopes are absolutely barren, and water rushes from them as from a house roof. The ruin of the mountains is now accomplishing the ruin of the valley. All along the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers and far down the Ohio Valley are wreck and devastation. Disease will come when its fruitful germs shall have multiplied over every foot of the inundated valley.

"The value of the property destroyed in this one flood is probably sufficient to buy enough land at the headwaters of these streams to fully protect them. The area of the Allegheny and Monongahela watersheds is given by the United States Geological Survey as about 19,000 square miles, or about 12,000,000 acres. Not more than half of this area would necessarily have to be in forest. Great floods are becoming common occurrences upon the eastern rivers which have their sources in the high mountains. Such floods, with increasing intensity, must be expected from year to year until the important watersheds are protected."

The fatuous outcry that a wise forestry policy is "un-American;" that it is to be opposed because it is "socialism" will, of course, continue, although the most conservative governments in the world have long practised it with such conspicuous success from the public point of view, that the very cranks of conservatism no longer question it.

With careless prodigality, we have scattered these most primary sources of wealth, precisely as we scattered transportation and other franchises upon which dangerous private monopolies were built. With the franchises, we have in this generation come to see clearly the kind of mistakes that have been made. In the teeth of extreme difficulties, we are trying to protect the public through legislative control of these corporations. We are learning the same lesson in our forestry. We have the lesson still to learn as applied to the remaining mining, pasture, and oil lands. If it was a weakness, as we have seen, that de Tocqueville dealt too much with large abstract principles, it was also the source of strength, as in this instance. He knew that the "benevolent despot" could act for the nation as a whole. Could a large invertebrate democracy like ours escape from the clutch of short-range competing interests? Could such a democracy rise to this working conception of the *Commonwealth* as against the terrible political pressure of "the interests?"

It is this problem at the present moment that is testing our democracy as by fire. De Tocqueville saw the nature of it with the same seer-like vision with which he saw the real

nature of the negro problem. It is not, he says, liberty that we have to fear, but the hesitations and conservatism of practical business interests. Whatever a wise monarch may do, no democracy realizes this kind of peril until population has so developed as to evoke a variety of interests, that finally come into conscious conflict. Lumber, grazing, mining, control of water powers, furnish such an illustration at the present moment. It is out of this narrower conflict that the larger public interest slowly emerges, so that it can be seen as something above and apart from any or all of these *immediate* pecuniary concerns. Nothing in the statesmanship of President Roosevelt will win him surer laurels in the future, than his pluck and consistency toward this policy which stands for the whole people and for the future. For the first time in our history, we have from the Chief Executive the full purpose of this social policy outlined. "Mineral fields, like the forests and navigable streams, should be treated as public utilities."

"It would surely be greatly to the advantage of this country if some at least of the coal fields of the East, and especially of the anthracite fields, had been left under the control of the Government. Let us provide in the West against the recurrence of the conditions which we deplore in the East.

"The withdrawal of these coal lands would constitute a policy analagous to that which has been followed in withdrawing the forest lands from ordinary settlement. The coal, like the forests, should be treated as the property of the public and its disposal should be under conditions which would invite to the benefit of the public as a whole.

"This Government should not now repeat the mistakes of the past. Let us not do what the next generation cannot undo. We have a right to the proper use of both the forests and the fuel during our life time, but we should not dispose of the birthright of our children. If this Government sells its remaining fuel lands they pass out of its future control. If it now leases them we retain control, and a future Congress will be at liberty to decide whether it will continue or change this policy."

Will our legislators be strong enough and independent enough to act for all of us, rather than for the few struggling for privilege? To know that our dangers are in the

servility of the politicians to local and private business *at the points where these conflict with public weal,* is to "see the enemy" as de Tocqueville conceives him in a democracy.

It was of de Tocqueville that Mill was thinking when he used the term, "the American Many" as representing so exclusively the business class that "impose upon all the rest of society its own type, forcing all to submit to it or to imitate it."* Yet de Tocqueville does not abate one jot of his faith in democracy. He holds to liberty because it "corrects the abuse of liberty." "Extreme democracy obviates the dangers of democracy."† Yet the handmaid of freedom must be a vigilant and universal discipline. No one ever put more trust in popular education as a remedy. Nor does any incidental evil discourage him. There is extreme severity in his judgment upon our Press:

"The journalists of the United States are generally in a very humble position, with a scanty education and a vulgar turn of mind.‡

"The characteristics of the American journalist consist in an open and coarse appeal to the passions of his readers; he abandons principles to assail the characters of individuals, to track them into private life, and disclose all their weaknesses and vices.

"Nothing can be more deplorable than this abuse of the powers of thought."

"The personal opinions of the editors have no weight in the eyes of the public: what they seek in a newspaper is a knowledge of facts, and it is only by altering or distorting those facts, that a journalist can contribute to the support of his own views."§

Yet the principle of freedom means to him so much that no hand should be laid upon this press.

"The more I consider the independence of the press in its principal consequences, the more am I convinced that, in the modern world, it is the chief, and, so to speak, the constitutive element of liberty. A nation which is determined to remain free is therefore right in demanding, at any price, the exercise of this independence."**

**Edinburgh Review,* October, 1840.
†"Democracy in America," p. 250.
‡"Democracy in America," p. 237.
§Ibid, p. 238.
**Ibid, p. 245.

De Tocqueville's faith in liberty is not academic; it is not merely a reasoned sentiment. It has in it something like a moral religious trust. In spite of all that frightens him in the actual working of our institutions, his eye is steadily fixed upon the disciplinary value of an entire people exercising a free choice on all that determines their destinies. If the race is ever to be educated to self government, it must be through the reaction of consequences of right acts. He speaks of "this perilous liberty," yet sees that already, as he compares us with Europe, the balance is on our side. It has great significance to him that while we have plenty of "factions," there was nowhere a sign of secret "conspiracies" such as have been the bane of many aristocracies. Everything comes to the surface—coarseness, clamor, bad taste, vituperation; but that all this *can* come out is our safety. More than any one thing, in his opinion, universal suffrage will protect us from the real perils of a factional spirit, as it will guard us from other perils. It has, for example, become a platitude that, in spite of all our frailties, great and threatening emergencies bring out the real character and strength of the people. In proof of this, de Tocqueville had but a fraction of the evidence to which we may now appeal, yet he writes this eloquent passage:

"But it is more common, both with nations and individuals, to find extraordinary virtues developed from the very imminence of the danger. Great characters are then brought into relief, as the edifices which are usually concealed by the gloom of night are illuminated by the glare of a conflagration. At those dangerous times, genius no longer hesitates to come forward; and the people, alarmed by the perils of their situation, bury their envious passions in a short oblivion. Great names may then be drawn from the urn of election."*

It adds to the impressiveness of de Tocqueville's faith in our destinies that with all his continuous study of the United States until the time of his death, his confidence increased rather than diminished. Had he lived to see the

*"Democracy in America," p. 257.

results of the Civil War, his most formidable fears would have disappeared. He could not help thinking of our States as little nations which could not hold together. They might still be democratic, but the territory was so vast and interests were so diverse, that all sorts of rivalries would break out to threaten the unity of the whole. "If the sovereignty of the Union," he says, "were to engage in a struggle with that of the States, at the present day, its defeat may be confidently predicted."* He, of course could not see at that date, how steam transportation on land and water was to bind these "little nations" into a unity of recognized interests capable of resisting any probable strain.

Another misgiving was just as vain. Toward the close of the second volume, he reflects upon the chance of war. Would not the successful soldier seduce the imagination of democracy? He writes:

> "I forsee that all the military rulers who may rise up in great democratic nations will find it easier to conquer with their armies, than to make their armies live at peace after conquest. There are two things which a democratic people will always find very difficult,—to begin a war *and to end it.*"†

These last words, "and to end it," have a strange sound as we remember what actually followed one of the most terrible conflicts in history: the rapid and peaceful return of armies North and South to their ordinary tasks.

Just as little did he foresee certain evils that were even then beginning to appear. He could not believe that we were to have great inequality of fortunes. He could see no paupers, nor any tendency to produce them. The party system with the rise of the boss and the spoils to the victor did not disturb his imagination. He had no intimation of the astounding growth of great cities and their reaction on our national life. He was very confident that we were safe from dangerous bribery because "there are so many to be bought." It he could have "listened ahead" a single

*"Democracy in America," p. 497.
†Ibid, p. 329.

generation, he might have heard a railroad magnate say, "There are too many to buy in the legislature, I prefer to deal with the Boss."* It is also strange to us that the office of the President seemed to him so feeble a thing, and likely to remain so. People talked to him of their respective States, not of the Nation. They were proud of the State, thought about it, read about it, and showed little interest in affairs at the Capitol. As the average citizen takes up the morning paper today, what is it that claims his attention? Does he look first at the politics of his State? Is it the affairs of the State that first touch his imagination, or does he turn to the great events which center in and radiate from the National Capitol? To answer this is to mark one of the profoundest changes in our recent history. We shall see it take even more dramatic form as measured from Mr. Bryce's comment less than twenty-five years ago.

If I were to summarize in a paragraph what seems to me of highest value in these volumes, it would be the revelation of the character and temper of the Author as he faces the thing called Democracy. He did not altogether like it. From some of its manifestations and some of its consequences he shrank. He did not, therefore, because of incidental evils, turn his back upon it or turn into that dreary nuisance, the chronic and petulant critic. There is a positive and constructive purpose in his sharpest thrusts. This high-born gentleman accepts without any fussy reserves the principle of self-government. The people and *all* the people are to learn the highest of all arts. They are to learn it through much suffering and through costly mistakes. Without one whining note Alexis de Tocqueville took his part in the great discipline. So far as his example and precept count with men, Democracy is safe. Of the things threatening which he say and prophesied, Bryce says:

*Ibid, page 245.
"Perhaps in democracies, the number of men who might be bought is not smaller, but buyers are rarely to be found; and, besides, it would be necessary to buy so many persons at once, that the attempt would be useless."—"Democracy in America," p. 287.

"Of these clouds one rose till it covered the whole sky, broke in a thunderstorm and disappeared. Some have silently melted into the blue. Some still hang on the horizon, darkening large parts of the landscape."

What these remaining shadows are we shall see in the chapter on his peer and successor, James Bryce.

X. Other French Visitors

THE first French books that follow the Revolution are full of geniality and even flattery. It was long the custom to quote these genuine aristocrats "who knew what manners were," as an offset to the snubbing we received at the hands of the English writers. A good example of this extreme amiability is in three volumes of travels by Brissot de Warville. As so many of the early English confess that their object in coming was to discredit us, this young aristocrat comes to study our social and political conditions for a purpose which glowingly appears in his preface as follows:

"O Frenchmen, who wish for this valuable instruction, study the Americans of the present day. Open this book. You will see here to what degree of prosperity the blessings of freedom can elevate the industry of man; how they dignify his nature, and dispose him to universal fraternity. You will here learn by what means liberty is preserved; that the great secret of its duration is in good morals. It is a truth that the observation of the present state of America demonstrates at every step. Thus you will see in these travels, the prodigious effect of liberty on morals, on industry, and on the amelioration of men."

He lands in Boston:

"With what joy, my good friend, did I leap to this shore of liberty! . . . I flew from despotism, and came at last to enjoy the spectacle of liberty among a people where nature, education, and habit had engraved the equality of rights, which everywhere else is treated as a chimera. With what pleasure did I contemplate this town! . . . I thought myself in that Salentum of which the lively pencil of Fénelon has left us so charming

an image. But the prosperity of this new Salentum was not the work of one man, of King or Minister; it is the fruit of liberty, that mother of industry."

The Bostonians unite simplicity of morals with that French politeness and delicacy of manners which renders virtue more amiable. They are hospitable to strangers, and obliging to friends. They are tender husbands, fond and almost idolatrous parents and kind masters. Also "neatness without luxury is a characteristic feature of this purity of manners; and this neatness is seen everywhere at Boston, in their dress, in their houses, and in their churches."

This is not observation, it is rhapsody. It is in so high a strain that this courtly gentleman moved and spoke among us in those homespun days. There are recorded compliments in the same key by the two Dukes,—de la Rochefoucauld and de Liancourt. The latter says of the President's balls, that the "splendor of the rooms and the variety and richness of the dresses did not suffer in comparison with Europe." De la Rochefoucauld was much in Philadelphia society, of whose assemblies he writes, "It is impossible to meet with what is called a plain woman." No suspicion attaches to this gallantry; but when Max O'Rell told a few years ago that he traveled six months in the United States without seeing one of these plain women, we remember that he was looking for lecture engagements.* There is much of this benevolent myopia in the whole group of French critics during the entire generation that followed the Revolution. The French had helped us largely because of their intense hatred and fear of the English. The French became our literary champions as naturally as they defended us with their ships and arms. This impulse to vindicate us against the English shows itself as late as de Tocqueville. He finds morals "very superior to their progenitors the English."†

*In "Jonathan and His Continent," p. 18.
†Vol. II, p. 249.

Of the English abuse of our manners he says:*

"The English make game of the manners of the Americans; but it is singular that most of the writers who have drawn these ludicrous delineations belonged themselves to the middle classes in England, to whom the same delineations are exceedingly applicable; so that these pitiless censors furnish, for the most part, an example of the very thing they blame in the United States: they do not perceive that they are deriding themselves to the great amusement of the aristocracy of their own country."

It is thus, with regret, that we have to put aside these first Gallic flatteries. They have precisely the same value as the ultra fault-finding of the English. They are neither more nor less to be trusted as important critics. De Tocqueville is not to be classed among these over-zealous friends. He sets the note of the discriminating but sympathetic student which continues through Chevalier until our own day, when it has become a fashion among the French to make flying trips to this country. They begin to write on the steamer coming out; take their first impressions as a finality, giving them literary form so rapidly that the book is on the Boulevards soon after their return. Even if the chapters totter with mistakes, they are likely to be more racily entertaining than English and German books of serious merit.

One wonders, nevertheless, why so many of them should be destitute of the slightest critical values.† I put this question to a professor of French in Harvard College. He replied that "they either had no real knowledge of English, or knew it just enough to deceive them into thinking they knew it—which was worse." Not a few of these latter day writers are so slovenly and inaccurate that they serve admirably as books of humor. It is an ancient observation that the French

*Vol. II, p. 249.

So Sara Bernhardt, coming to fill her coffers, never lands in New York without assuring the American people through the reporters that "no country touches the *heart* like America." At her last landing, she delights in the increase of gracious and delicate manners.

†The one exception in the most superficial of them is their comment on our theater.

care so little about other countries, that they rarely learn to spell correctly the commonest names. There is such tenacity in this habit that it finally surprises the reader if now and then they get the word right. To avoid extremes, here, for instance, is a new book by a highly educated man who has been at least eight years in this country. He was given every chance to correct his proofs. A few of the spellings are these: "Lettery; New Hawen, Coan, for New Haven, Conn.; Boss Crotker; Tessenden for Fessenden; Cark Schurtz." Arnold's first name is now Mathew and then Matthew. Thus far the case is extremely mild. "My Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Long-Fellow" (by one who had visited the poet), "Athlantic Monthly;" the poor White House seriously turned into "Execution Mansion;" "Howard College," for Harvard; the City of Churches transformed into "Broakline;" the Nutmeg State into "Conettocutt," and "New Jersia," fairly represent the new spelling. "Teatotlar" is so often used that it obviously conveys the idea to the writer that tea was the adopted substitute for rum and thus gave the name to the party. "Washington Irwing," "Rock-Chair," "Wahash," for Wabash, "Huddson River," the "Poet Wittier," and proud Chicago tortured into "Chicorgua;" the Mohawk, "Mohuwek," and the "*La cofoco* party" are others in the same kind. These are a driblet in the main torrent of misspellings. Even present day philosophers write "Williams" James. I had long believed that they were merely typographical errors, but there is authoritative proof that they represent, for the most part, indifference or sheer carelessness of observation. The quality which helps account for this is stated with great frankness by M. Blouet (Max O'Rell):*

"Ask the first hundred Frenchmen you meet in the streets of Paris what is the name of the president of the United States; you will find ninety-nine of them unable to tell you. The Frenchman is exclusive to the point of stupidity, and that which is not French possesses no interest for him."

This is the stark provincialism for which Paris has long been noted.

*"Jonathan and His Continent," p. 137.

No small part of this literature is by journalists who have in mind the group of French readers for whom they write. To entertain Parisians by pretty paradoxes and lively drolleries is as exclusively their aim as it was the aim of Tom Moore to amuse the English diners-out. They often follow so nearly the same route, see so nearly the same objects, and make merry with the same characteristics, that each new comer seems to have read the same books and to have taken instructions from the previous voyager. They drive to the Waldorf-Astoria, of which a minute pen-picture never fails. The device in the room by which one may order thirty things, few of which anyone ever wants, divides their attention with ice water and the price of cabs. The next step is to hunt up a restaurant which reminds them enough of Paris to make life endurable. If the heaven of the Smart Set at Newport or elsewhere is open to them, the rest of the country grievously suffers. One feels this even in so brilliant a writer as Paul Bourget.* The next dash (by way of Niagara) is for the West, where they struggle desperately with two phenomena—Chicago and the Cowboy. They are stunned by Chicago and the packing houses, but the Cowboy electrifies them. The return trip is sure to include the South for the sake of a chapter on the Negro problem. This dark enigma is the only discomfiture. They do not even make it interesting. There are at least twenty of these volumes from which one could remove the various and picturesque titles, replacing them by "A Whole Afternoon in the United States." Of some of them one would have to say that this half day was very ill spent.

One Paris exquisite, whose object was clearly to create a sensation among his friends, lands in New York, but is so instantly undone by our rude ways, that he straightway returns to Paris. *"Je n'ai pas pu supporter le coup"*—it was too insufferable. This is far better than writing his book. He spared himself that trouble, and yet gave the shock of surprise and delight to his friends.

*"Outre Mer," two volumes. It excites much curiosity, for instance, to know whether the lynching was really *seen* as described.

Between this vivacious squad of journalists* and serious inquirers like Le Play, Carlier,† Claudio Janet, the Marquis de Rousier, and Madam Blanc‡ the gap is like that between Brissot and de Tocqueville. Le Play's pioneer work in sociology has developed into an educational interest which has sent us some of the most conscientious students that have ever come. Through the service of the Musée Sociale they are making the life and institutions of this country known to France. Renan's horror of everything American has given way to honest desires at least to understand the United States.

*Much better are two books "Choses d'Amérique" by Max Leclaire, with an interesting discussion of Catholicism in the United States, and "La Femme aux Etats Unis," by M. C. de Varigny, in which we are told why women have become the equals of our men. "Flirt, amour, mariage," all get respectful attention.

†A work of extraordinary learning is "La République Americaine," by the French lawyer Auguste Carlier. This savant came in 1855, stayed two years, and formed intimate relations with men like Sumner, Benton, Quincy, Ticknor, Everett, and Longfellow. His larger work in four stiff volumes, if not in the class of Bryce and de Tocqueville, is a profound study. He had before its publication written a volume on Marriage in the United States, 1860; one on Slavery two years later; two volumes on general history, especially in relation to the Indians, 1864; and still another, "The Acclimatization of Races in the United States," 1868. Nearly a quarter of a century was given to his crowning work, "The American Republic." Carlier is very critical of de Tocqueville because of his taste for large and brilliant generalization, founded on what is thought to be insufficient evidence. He does not even let Mr. Bryce off without some strictures, chiefly because of the omissions in the "American Commonwealth." No further use is here made of Carlier because he is too exclusively for the student. The same must also be said of Le Play.

‡A brilliant exception to this troup of traveling dilettanti is Madam Blanc, writing under the pseudonym of Th. Bentzon. She was several times in this country preparing carefully such studies as "Choses et Gens d'Amérique," "Recits Americains," "Questions Americaines," "Femmes d'Amerique," and "Nouvelle France et Nouvelle Angleterre." She has an insistent purpose "to make my own people really see the Americans as they are." Writing for many years through the most distinguished literary organ, the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* no one has done more than Madame Blanc to get some elementary notions about the large facts of American life into the French mind.

From the dozen volumes that one would venture to recommend, I select a rather miscellaneous job-lot of observations that may do some critical service.

There is first the intelligent recognition that one does not get into real touch with us until one learns that to see the American at all, he must be seen in several places. This sounds commonplace, but how many travelers realize it, or act upon it in their judgments? A Dutch jurist spent some months in this country at tasks which compelled him to visit business men in their offices in the pressure of the day's work. He said, "Until I went into their homes and saw them off duty, I thought their manners outrageous. I was saved from stupid injustice by seeing them at their own tables and clubs." There is no class to which this does not apply. No perspective is true about morals, manners, or achievements that does not include several phases of the subject scrutinized. It is this same larger and more patient spirit in classifying impressions upon which Le Play laid such emphasis, that enables de Rousier to read us a wholesome lesson.

For a growing number of American families, there is excellent educational material in some of the "shocks" which these gay Frenchmen suffer; as for instance, in that enduring superstition that the moral destiny of the family is really dependent upon rigid punctuality at a common and united breakfast table.

A French scholar is staying with a well-to-do family in which no exigency of business or school appointments, no lack of domestic service or tyrannous duties of the mistress could have been given as a reason, but because a daughter was ten minutes late for the seven o'clock breakfast, "the father showed great annoyance which was all the more severe and disagreeable, because he took on a high moral tone."

The visitor finds it an iron law in that household that all members shall be as punctual as at military dress-parade.

He asks innocently why seven people should be expected to march in on stroke of the clock. The inquiry occasions great surprise. The parental explanations leave him less than ever convinced that the custom is good for this type of family. It had already gone into his docket as an American superstition, when the young lady found some opportunity to give her own exposition. "It *is* a superstition and a very immoral one. It always starts the day wrong at least for two of us. You may wake people up at the same time but you can't wake up their *stomachs* at the same time. I am hungry and therefore happy if I can eat at eight or nine or when I like, and I am glad to get my own breakfast. With this wicked punctuality, some of us are glum or irritable, and almost the only family unpleasantness we ever have can be traced straight to this seven o'clock breakfast." To this guest, the daughter's outburst came as a gleam of hope. He found us much too taciturn in our family life; far too little given to affectionate gaities of common conversation.

The one step to help this, he thinks, is "to individualize the breakfast; to allow sleep, the great healer, to deal with each one after his needs." This hygienic freedom will restore and give such nice balance to the nerves that everyone will be at his best. At the meal, (lunch or dinner) all things will go trippingly because of this sagacious and humane reform.

Many of the social troubles which we magnify are troubles, according to him, because as individuals we insist upon interpreting them solely by our temporal personal convenience. The employer complains of high wages and shortened hours, yet these are the very proofs of the industrial supremacy which these critics grant us. The mistress groans because the domestic is quick to leave; but that she *can* leave, sure always of another place and, it may be, a higher wage, is precisely what marks the economic advantage of the country. That community leads which gives

opportunity to the largest number of its population. That opportunity is here open to those classes which are elsewhere narrowly held by custom, is the very sign of that progress which includes the nation as a whole.

It is, I think, de Rousier who expresses the humorous surprise that our democracy should have become the happy hunting ground of the European nobility. As their rents fall and their castles decay, as the external symbols of class distinction become too costly to maintain, what happier resource have these titled pets than to save themselves at the expense of the well dowered American girl? "Is your democracy," asked one visitor, "to be the chief protector and preserver of these man-made inequalities in Europe?"

It is full of interest to hear a Catholic scholar speculate with great openmindedness upon the differences in the French and American ideals of the young woman's education. After many visits to the American schools he thus states his case:

"The difference is revolutionary. We in France *assume* with our young women that they are to marry and live the family life. All our conceptions of the girl's training are consciously adjusted to this thought. The American ideal seems, on the other hand, to assume that the girl is to have a life of her own; that she is to be economically independent and make her way, marriage or no marriage."

If the family were to suffer from this, he sees in that fact the condemnation of this education in the United States. He is not convinced that this evil is to be feared, because of the indications that this very economic independence, with its enlarged freedom, may result in a sexual selection of a type that will secure better offspring and even a happier marriage. "The girl that is independent enough to refuse the man who can only offer economic support may later have her reward in the husband that nature means for her." This is like Jules Huret's discovery that the larger life opened to the American woman has made her so much nearer an intellectual mate of her husband that the offspring and society at large reap the advantage. The net

energy and initiative of the country seem to him largely accounted for by this wider field of woman's activity.

Another reflection on our education, especially in the earlier grades, is that the imagination, the sense of mystery and of reverence suffer much from our too positive methods. "Information and the fact" are thought to hold such sway in our schools that the more delicate qualities of mind and heart are hardened in the process. One of these writers* has a very penetrating passage upon this point. He says our education allows far too little for the unconscious resources in the young. He is sorry to find in the youth at school so little of the naïve, so little timidity, deference, and even awkwardness. He would see more capacity to blush, more "credulous simplicity" and less aggressive, conscious intensity. He gives this as one reason why many of our finest men of poetic and unworldly nature have such slight influence in the nation;—because *"cette vie est trop voluntaire, trop consciente, trop intensive."*

It is this brilliant writer who turns many a neat phrase against us because of our lack of *"la mesure."* Balance, perspective, proportion in our thinking and in that which thought expresses, he finds deplorably lacking in our inner and outer life. This evil is so inherent that nothing escapes it. Our architecture and theater have as little harmony as our inner estimates of the spiritual values of life. We have a craze to count in vast numbers; cannot, he says, even show our new houses to strangers without insisting that they look into every room, toilet and linen closets included. The bulk of the Sunday papers is a fatal sign of this disease of "too muchness." Reckless as to quality, the editor reckons well on his public by supplying a huge and promiscuous mass of print and pictures. Our houses are stuffed too full of ornament, too much is upon walls and tables. Roses, like the American Beauty, swaggering on stems four feet long, and the modest violet packed into bouquets that would

*Paul Bourget, "Outre Mer," Vol. II, p. 135.

fill the wash bowl; the length of the dinner, the amount of food and the waste connected with it; the height of the sky-scraper; the "barbarous over-ornamenting of the Pullman car" and the last new hotel; the reckless speeding of specially advertised trains, are one and all unpleasant hints to this philosophic critic of our lack of *"la mesure."* We are the most hospitable of people, yet cannot resist overdoing it for those whom we specially care to entertain, and thus over all is this trail of the serpent—exaggeration.

We cannot deny this but it is fair to reply that the standard which he sets us—harmony and proportion for the inner and the outer life—is the highest and most difficult that ever was or can be applied to a race. We have been told often enough that only the Greeks at their highest moment ever greatly approached its realization. Before this supreme test, no nation would go without whipping. The baby act, however, we will not play. The fault, beyond doubt, lies against us. Exaggeration and lack of *"measure"* are like a taint in the blood of our civilization.

Still, these fastidious connoisseurs leave us one crumb of comfort. As we saw a change and softening of tone in the English criticism, so in the French. Their most persuasive and confident strictures against us naturally concerned the realm of art. There is no relenting about our theater. For our stage, their shafts still bear the poisoned tip. But architecture, painting, sculpture, literature, win most gracious praises from recent French guests.* Paul Adam,† in a recent volume of much charm, is unhesitating in his admiration for "the emerging best" in these arts. Sargent has "incontestable mastery." We have excellent art instruction. John La Farge is among the really great and *"la grande simplicité"* of Saint Gaudens' figures is full

*M. Alfred D'Almbert, a half century ago, in his "Flanerie Parisienne," thinks it very clever to announce a chapter on the Beaux Arts en Américque. As you turn the leaf you come upon a blank unprinted space.

†"Vues D'Amerique," Paris. 1906.

of power and genius. In much of our sculpture there is "excellent technique." He says we have become the great art buyers of the world and that our rich men use their dollars far better than the rich men of France. He roundly says to the Latin people that they should be made to understand that the spirit of art "has definitely penetrated the soul of the Yankees." "Europe must look out if she would keep her supremacy in art." It is not less complimentary that he interprets much of our higher life through the philosophy of William James. Here, too, is a great artist whose thought fascinates him like the grand lines of the Lincoln statue.

In the genial book of the Catholic professor, Abbé Klein,* we have an abandonment of appreciation for the spiritual tolerance which seems to that writer a sure solvent for many gritty obstacles, not alone on our shores, but for the future of a much larger world in which the races must more and more live as in one common country.

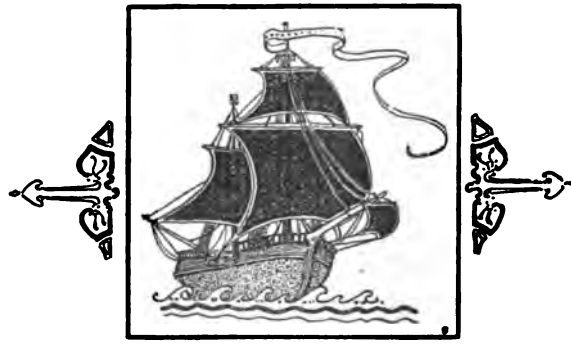
There are few exceptions to the blank bewilderment of the abler French reporters, that the negro should excite the excess of feeling which they find in the North and South alike. This surprise is not in the least confined to those who have had no contact with the African and can therefore be said to know nothing about it. It is the same astonishment that the present Governor General of Jamaica expresses. He has had long and intimate relations with negroes in various administrative capacities. That we should so *incessantly talk* about it, that we should so force the issue into the fierce light of controversy and debate; that reticence and self-control should be so rare, are what appear to him among the

*"Au Pays de la Vie Intense." Though we say these things ourselves, it is more quickening to hear a large minded French Catholic thinking aloud about the niggardly uses to which the great average of Protestant churches are put. That such a vast equipment throughout the land should have a leisurely Sunday morning opening with a possible prayer-meeting in the week, and then be locked tight as in fear of thieves! He finds multitudes of these costly structures used hardly more than half the hours of a single day, during the entire week.

least excusable causes of the trouble. We act, he says, as if we were set upon creating two or three times as many difficulties as there are.

This is the tone of the most intelligent French observers. "If it is an uneasy ghost," asks one, "why can the Americans give it no rest? Why must they always assume the hair by which the sword hangs is so soon to snap? Why do they shout so loudly that it must snap?" He is told by many best people in the South, that if the tongue of the politician should be struck by temporary paralysis whenever he appeals to this race feeling, the greatest obstacle to race improvement would be removed.

These sins appear to him, however, slight as compared to the "magnificent abandon" with which North and South alike are giving themselves to the education of the colored race. And thus we pass from the unchecked elation of Brissot at the closing of the eighteenth century to the more discriminating cordiality of these last writers who find it worth while to see us at our best rather than at our worst.



XI. Democracy and Manners

THAT democracy is to deprive social relations of all delicacy and charm, is either taken for granted by many of the older critics, or they attempt to prove it by elaborate illustrations. "Democracy everywhere," says one, "has no soft words, no suppleness of forms; it has little address, little of management; it is apt to confound moderation with weakness, violence with heroism." As a democracy must be built up through trade and commerce in which the entire people takes part, no class remains to teach manners to the busy masses. This filled many of our observers with anxiety. If all must earn their own livelihood, how could they ever attain the ease and refinement of good behavior?

That those who produce the wealth upon which all must live could ever learn the gentilities in and through their work was not to be thought of. Enough of this has nevertheless come to pass that we see something of these rare values slowly emerging from the very jaws of the industrial monster. We have begun to see that manners are an excellent business asset. As business has lost its isolated and individual character; as it has come more and more to depend upon associated and corporate forms; in a word, as it becomes *socialized,* manners in the larger sense rise in value. To manage large bodies of men has come to require the kind of knowledge that includes manners of some sort. As for the general public and the greater corporations that depend upon its good will, manners are coming to rank with ability. We have now to supplement the familiar formula "land, labor and ability" by land, labor, ability and *manners.*

It was this larger use of the word that President Hadley had in mind when he said, "A large part of the railroad difficulties could be settled simply by good manners." That noble citizen, W. J. Baldwin, Jr., was also thinking of rail-

road problems when he said, "We shall be in hot water until we train up a set of men who know how to behave to each other and to the public." It has long been evident that a large part of our labor troubles spring from a lack of manners if the word is used in its larger sense. The best work brought about by arbitration has been through devices which enable the good manners of those most concerned to get effective expression. An American business man many years in Mexico gave this bit of his own history:

"I was for months checked in my plans because I knew nothing of Mexican manners. My letters, my calls, my business propositions all seemed to freeze up the men with whom I wished to do business. A friendly Mexican to whom I appealed for help told me I was too abrupt. 'They don't understand you any better than you understand them. You must make a formal call and a leisurely one, before you say a word about your business proposition. You are beginning to use the telephone, but you offend people by not spending a minute first in careful inquiries as to health, etc.' Then he showed me all the flourishes that must adorn my letters and slowly, and with great loss of time, I got onto a perfectly friendly footing with my Mexicans."

This common ignorance of customs and traditions among another people accounts for a part at least of this sad tangle over the question of manners. A certain rare and occasional type of visitor brings the gift;—is it knowledge, imagination, sympathy, or a unifying of all these?—a gift at any rate which carries its happy possessor through every vexation of the journey, apparently without discerning that anybody has bad manners.

Almost exactly one hundred years ago John Bradbury, F. L. S., traveled one thousand miles in the United States. In his own words, he "never met with the least incivility or affront." We see the reason for this in a warning he gives to travelers from Europe. They must first *understand the character of the society to which they come,* especially if they have been in the habit of treating servants haughtily. "Let no one (in the United States) indulge himself in abusing the waiter or hostler at the inn," for these

feel that they are citizens and are performing useful work.* De Tocqueville is, except now and then, just as philosophical. Even very ungracious differences in behavior interest him:

"There are many little attentions which an American does not care about; he thinks they are not due him, or he presumes that they are not known to be due; he therefore either does not perceive a rudeness, or he forgives it; his manners become less courteous, and his character more plain and masculine."†

With the large majority of these early travelers, our manners find no favor. Isaac Weld gives about the average acidity to his summary, "Civility cannot be purchased from them on any terms; they seem to think that it is incompatible with freedom."‡ Even the great ones discipline us, especially when we are caught out of our own country. In Lockhart's Life of Scott, we find the great story teller thus commenting on the Americans that sought him out, "They are as yet rude in their ideas of social intercourse, and totally ignorant, speaking generally, of all the art of good breeding, which consists chiefly in a postponement of one's own petty wishes or comforts to those of others. By rude questions and observations, an absolute disrespect to other people's feelings, and a ready indulgence of their own, they make one feverish in their company, though perhaps you may be ashamed to confess." This is mildly spoken compared to Tennyson's outburst against the steady stream of Americans that tried year after year to waylay him in and about his home by the sea. Another benignant Englishman says the first thing an American does when he arrives at a London hotel, is to demonstrate his inferiority to the waiters. He is so ignorant of the fine art of tipping, that he gives a shilling where he should give a penny, and to the man who should get twopenny he donates two shillings. "The consequence is that he is always in difficulties." The growing insolence of English waiters he attributes wholly to the low-bred familiarity of the American tourists! This Lon-

*"Travels in 1809, 10, and 11;" Liverpool, 1817, p. 355.
†"Democracy in America," p. 209, Vol. II.
‡Travels, p. 37.

doner says it is a common sight to see the entire business of a restaurant cease while the man from Indiana loudly disputes the extra price charged for bread, because "out in Indiana they do not have such charges. Everybody can have all the bread he wants. It's thrown in."

"Why," asks the English journalist, "is the American so well-behaved at home, but such a consuming terror in Europe?" He was given the well-worn answer. "The noisy or conspicuously silly American fixes attention upon himself. You English do not notice the far greater number of quiet and decent people for the very reason that they are well-behaved." The American then asked, "Why can't you understand that some millions of people in the United States have the traveling habit; that thousands of them, from the humblest origin, go to Europe as soon as they get money enough. In no country in the world does this class sacrifice to see the world, often with their families, as do Americans. That among these, large numbers should make themselves officious and disagreeable is inevitable." This is true, but it is also inevitable that a very small minority of loud and objectionable folk from any country, should set a common stamp on the entire people. Again and again, we see in our critics that they brought with them the idea of our manners from what they had already observed of American behavior in Europe.

We have good evidence that this offensive chip-on-the-shoulder attitude has disappeared from some classes of Americans. But for our continued shaming, a noisy and undisciplined contingent carries on the work of discrediting our country. On ship, in miscellaneous hotels and *pensions* in Europe this plague still rages. A veteran conductor of Americans through Europe says, "I have my chief trouble with this informal lugging of America along with them. I practically never get a party without some few who stir up bad blood by loud talk about 'the way we do things in the United States,' and the women are as bad as the men.

The Italians and Swiss are good-natured about it; the English despise it, and if they can, avoid us altogether; the French shrug their shoulders and say, 'What can you expect? they are Americans.'" He adds, "I have often seen both French and English, when inquiring for rooms at *pensions* or small hotels, turn away upon learning that Americans were there."

An American who had to spend some years in Italy admits that he changed his *pension* three times because he couldn't stand "so many kinds of *bragging* about his country. Four out of five of us can hold our own in decent behavior with other nationalities, but there is always that awful fifth to make mischief." In one *pension* from which he felt himself driven he says, a mother came with her three grown daughters. On their first entrance into the parlor in which several persons were reading or writing, one of the daughters said, as if no one were in the room, "Did you ever see such absurd ways of heating a house? It's almost as bad as those stuffy English grates. Why in America!" "I didn't stop for the rest of the sentence, I hurried out to find some place where I should be free from this most intolerable way of making ourselves disagreeable on our travels."

Our task is, however, with that larger general public of which our critics are mostly writing. Especially in the first half of the century they rarely attempt any discrimination among different kinds of Americans. A French lecturer says, "He (the American) would be afraid of lowering himself by being polite. In his eyes politeness is a form of servility, and he imagines that, by being rude to well-bred people, he puts himself on a footing with them, and carries out the greatest principle of democracy, equality."* For

*Jonathan and his Continent, p. 278.

Hamerton speaks of certain classes among the Scots who show "a sort of repugnance to polish of manner, as if it were an unmanly dandyism, a feeling that answers to a plain man's dislike of jewelry and fine clothes."

more than half a century, we get almost unbroken chastisement, especially from the English. The French so far champion us to say that, of all people, the English have the least qualification as instructors or censors of manners. But as this French view may arise from envy of the English, we will not take advantage of it.

It is, nevertheless, very vital to know as much as possible about the temper and idiosyncracies of the critic. I have seen a good many Germans in that country (especially men classically trained) who had come to the United States, but for some reason failed to win their way. They returned embittered to the Fatherland. Henceforth it was a vocation to abuse American character and manners. But the root of this abuse was in their remembered disappointment. If we add to causes like these, all sorts of personal bias, misadventure, and injured vanities, we shall account for a good deal of the harsher comment on our manners.

There is no better illustration than Mrs. Trollope, who is selected because our manners were her special theme. It was these which gave the title to her book. Wherever she journeys, her eye seeks evidence of our ill breeding. She was standing by General Jackson when a good American thus accosted him:

"'General Jackson, I guess?'

"The General bowed assent.

"'Why, they told me you was dead.'

"'No! Providence has hitherto preserved my life.'

"'And is your wife alive, too?'

"The General, apparently much hurt, signified the contrary, upon which the courtier concluded his harangue by saying, 'Ay, I thought it was one or the t'other of ye.'"*

She says, "The total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable that I was constantly endeavoring to account for it."† She is telling the truth for the most part, but she needs one correction. We are quite certain that her own peculiarities were so unyield-

*Page 201.
†Page 64.

ingly different from those among whom she lived, as to be a constant irritant. She was sturdily "sot" in her English ways; was very brusque and could not adapt herself to the life about her. She wishes to hire a domestic "by the year," as she did in England. She thinks it very absurd to hire by the month. The custom should be corrected; but she gets this response from the astonished maiden:

"Oh Gimini!" exclaimed the damsel, with a loud laugh, "you be a downright Englisher, sure enough. I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! I hope I shall get a husband before many months, or I expect I shall be an outright old maid, for I be most seventeen already."

That the ways of men were rough and uncouth among the average folk with whom she had to do, was as natural at that time as that pigs should run in the streets, roads should be bad, houses built "like shells," and that there should be "a deplorable lack of sidewalks." We have to take her own conduct into account because manners are not alone the affair of the individual, they are a social relation. When Captain Marryat, who follows Mrs. Trollope, finds a group of Americans, jolly and companionable, it throws even more light on *him* than on the Americans. It is instant proof that the jovial author of "Peter Simple" was himself a lover of good fellowship; that he could "mix" with any company. This is a human approach that creates its own response.

Alexander Mackay, a few years later, says:

"An American can be as reserved as anybody else, when he comes in contact with one he does not understand, or who will not understand him—and this is the reason why so many travelers in America, who forget to leave their European notions of exclusiveness at home, and traverse the republic wrapped in the cloak of European formalism, find the Americans so cold in their demeanor, and erroneously regard their particular conduct to themselves as the result of a general moodiness and reserve."*

This explains Mackay's fine temperamental equipment as a traveler. He will not insist upon hiring a domestic

*Page 126.

by the year, if that is not the custom. He will not insist upon the same* vocal intonation or openly rejoice, as one of his friends did, that our Hall of Representatives at Washington was perfect because you couldn't hear a word that was spoken in it. One Frenchman never sees a public official that was not coarse and brutal in his manners. Without defending all our officials, we yet know that about this same Frenchman there were peculiarities which, if we knew them, would qualify his sweeping judgment.

De Tocqueville, for example, shows us as in a mirror, in this little paragraph, what kind of a "mixer" he was: "A public officer in the United States is uniformly simple in his manners, accessible to all the world, attentive to all requests, and obliging in his replies."†

Sir James Caird was sent to this country by the English Government to report on the feeling of our people after the affair of the Alabama. He told me that on one of our trains he thought he had lost some luggage. He sent for the conductor, saying to him rather gruffly that his luggage must be looked up. "I assumed," said Sir James, "that your conductors were like the 'guards' on an English train. I at once found my error. The tall Yankee took out his glasses and looked down at me with great deliberation, saying finally, 'Who in ——— are you?' I lost my temper, saying to him that I was a 'Member of Parliament, commissioned by my government,' etc., etc. To all of which the tall Yankee listened grimly till I had finished. He then said, as if examining a specimen, 'Well—I'll be ——— if you don't look just as I expected a member of Parliament to look. Good day.' He returned in a moment and said, 'If you go and ask the baggagemaster, perhaps he'll look after your trunk.'" Sir James added that he had never known before what degree of rage he was capable of. After some days he learned that the conductor was rather like the cap-

*"The Western World," 1846, p. 126. See also p. 283.
†"Democracy in America," p. 263. Vol. I.

tain of a steamer and in no way like the guard of an English train. "I finally saw that I had made a fool of myself and after that never had the slightest trouble." This kindly English gentleman could, of course, have had that same circus every day of his stay in the United States, if he had not dropped that tone and air. His own misreckoning created the situation, just as thousands of Americans in Europe create all sorts of awkwardnesses and ill feeling because in some moment of misunderstanding they have no key to the situation. They are in unwonted conditions where they have not learned the human approach.

As jovial a nature as Dickens certainly had not learned it on his first journey to this country. He had a great weakness for playing the dandy in his dress. He was much bejeweled and we have only to picture him, with his buttonhole bouquet, walking about in a town of the Mississippi valley in 1842. Every ultra effect of his person was bound to create among those rustics all manner of "impertinent curiosities." The gods could have not have protected him. When, on his second trip, he said nothing would induce him to write another book, we see that he had learned something. Even so little a thing as the single eye-glass of Sir Charles Lyell explains some of the irreverent remarks that he did not like in that Western world.

Difficult as it is, there must be some understanding as to what is meant by manners. Renan says that no fact weighs so much in our human relations as manner. He is not asserting that manners are the highest or best in character, but that they practically count for more than other gifts among men. This has no more emphasis than in Emerson, who says that "the creation of the gentleman" is the most conspicuous fact in modern history. "Chivalry is that, and loyalty is that, and, in English literature, half the drama and all the novels from Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Walter Scott paint this figure." As we face the many charges that American manners are bad, what standard

are we to have in mind? Has any nation as a whole good manners? We hear this said of some Eastern peoples, but in our Western world are German or French or English manners good as totals of behavior? Or must we deal with a selected class or classes in each nation? We should find in every class of all of those countries gracious and most ungracious manners. In each community we should have to do with individuals. It is not likely that many more persons deserving the name of gentleman or lady, would be found in one nation than in another. But the question in Europe as well as in the United States will be one of ratios. The general statement that American manners are bad is like saying, "the American is fat or temperate, or easily embarrassed." I heard an Englishman in London, who did not like us, say that he never failed to spot an American, because he had "a wolf's face." I saw what he meant, but he was depicting only a portion of his enemies. That Europeans knocking about among our loosely settled communities, as did Fearon, the two Halls, and scores of others, should be concerned about our lack of manners, is like their solicitude over our want of cathedrals, castles and good pictures. The slow reaching out of our people toward the West with all the burdens and hardships incident to pioneer life, was no school for outward graces. Our popular conception of liberty and equality unquestionably added their touch of swagger to much of our behavior. The hat-in-hand deference observable among common folk in many parts of Europe could not thrive in our atmosphere. That deference was made in older countries by all sorts of forced subserviency. It is sweet to those who receive it, and we often hear among us a toadying valuation set upon the obsequious and bated homage of foreign servants. This is called good manners. It is said, they "knew their places." But we cannot continue to have those masks, and at the same time have the best social manners.

As most of the early attacks on our ill-bred ways as-

cribe them to democracy and equality, this charge has to be met. There is happily illustrious authority to which we may appeal. As great a man as Goethe declared that really good manners could only come with equality; not an inane literal equality, but an equality of native and achieved power; a social ranking according to social service, without any artificial aid of class flunkeyism. Many of the earliest critics insist that our theories of equality spoil manners. Our imperfections were very real, but they were not owing to any theory of equality, unless blatant exceptions here and there are to decide. We can appeal to the very highest authorities for this. In respect to our manners, James Bryce says, "Americans have gained more than they have lost by equality."* Then follows this admirable passage:

"I do not think that the upper class loses in grace, I am sure that the humbler class gains in independence. The manners of the 'best people' are exactly those of England, with a thought more of consideration towards inferiors and of frankness towards equals. Among the masses there is, generally speaking, as much real courtesy and good nature as anywhere else in the world. There is less outward politeness than in some parts of Europe, Portugal, for instance, or Tuscany, or Sweden. There is a certain coolness or off-handness which at first annoys the European visitor, who still thinks himself 'a superior;' but when he perceives that it is not meant for insolence, and that native Americans do not notice it, he learns to acquiesce."†

"The second charm of American life is one which some Europeans will smile at. It is social equality. To many Europeans—to Germans, let us say, or Englishmen—the word has an odious sound. It suggests a dirty fellow in a blouse elbowing his betters in a crowd, or an ill-conditioned villager shaking his fist at the parson or the squire; or, at any rate, it suggests obtrusiveness and bad manners. The exact contrary is the truth. Equality improves man-

*American Commonwealth, p. 609.

†See de Tocqueville, "Democracy in America," Vol. II, p. 214. De Tocqueville puts this in more theoretic form: "The more equal social conditions become, the more do men display this reciprocal disposition to oblige each other. In democracies, no great benefits are conferred, but good offices are constantly rendered; a man seldom displays self-devotion, but all men are ready to be of service to one another."

ners, for it strengthens the basis of all good manners, respect for other men and women simply as men and women, irrespective of their station in life."

Mr. Bryce admits that forty years ago the influence of equality may have impaired manners, but denies that this is any longer true. He says:

"In those days there was an obtrusive self-assertiveness, among the less refined classes, especially towards those who, coming from the Old World, were assumed to come in a patronizing spirit. Now, however, social equality has grown so naturally out of the circumstances of the country, has been so long established, and is so ungrudgingly admitted, that all excuse for obtrusiveness has disappeared. People meet on a simple and natural footing, with more frankness and ease than is possible in countries where everyone is either looking up or looking down."*

The spirit of all this accords with Hamerton's judgment that the French are "at once a very polite and a very rude people." He says the uses to which the upper class put their politeness is to defend themselves against the intimacies of people whom they do not want to know. He says his own countrymen, the English, do not care in the least about a reputation for politeness. They defend themselves against intimacies by *"roideur* and dignity."

That democracy is to deform all life's graces is a kind of faith with the older writers. The most unrelated annoyance is sure to be traced to this source or to some supposed derivative, as for example, "woman's rights." That charming story-teller, Anthony Trollope, has his fling in this passage:

"The woman, as she enters, drags after her a misshapen, dirty mass of battered wirework, which she calls her crinoline, and which adds as much to her grace and comfort as a log of wood does to a donkey, when tied to the animal's leg in a paddock. Of this

*Sir Charles Lyell on his recent visit is struck by the advantage which the United States has over England in allowing men to take humbler business positions with no loss of social prestige. So many "younger sons" are driven from England by "aristocratic prejudice" as to what is genteel. "North America," Vol. I, p. 20.

she takes much heed, not managing it so that it may be conveyed up to the carriage with some decency, but striking it about against men's legs, and heaving it with violence over people's knees. The touch of a real woman's dress is in itself delicate; but these blows from a harpy's fins are loathsome. If there be two of them, they talk loudly together, having a theory that modesty has been put out of court by women's rights."

De Tocqueville, in his chapter on the Relation of Democracy to Manners, says, "Equality of conditions and greater mildness in manners are, then, in my eyes not only contemporaneous occurrences, but correlative facts."* He opens the chapter with these words, "We perceive that for several centuries social conditions have tended to equality, and we discover that at the same time the manners of society have been softened."

Matthew Arnold deserves a place among these witnesses of the higher rank. In his "Impressions of America," this prince of critics pays merciless attention to some of our imitations and vulgarities. He does it in a tone of too much conscious ascendency over our poor humanity. This often rasps the soul. But no book ever written about us has, it seems to me, more truth that we need to know, packed into small space, like gold in the vein, than this little volume. Note the reason he gives why some of our women have better manners than English women of the same class.

"I have often heard it observed that a perfectly natural manner is as rare among Englishwomen of the middle classes as it is general among American women of like condition with them. And so far as the observation is true, the reason of its truth no doubt is, that the Englishwoman is living in presence of an upper class, as it is called—in presence, that is, of a class of women recognized as being the right thing in style and manner, and whom she imagines criticising *her* style and manner, finding this or that to be amiss with it, this or that to be vulgar. Hence, self-consciousness and constraint in her. The American woman lives in presence of no such class; there may be circles trying to pass themselves off

*"Democracy in America," Vol. II, p. 198.

as such a class, giving themselves airs as such, but they command no recognition, no authority."

I do not quote this because of the tribute in it but to show his spirit toward manners as related to organized social snobbery. The manners that come from class subserviency we do not want. Even if long in the making, we desire the deportment that is not "humbled into shape" by artificial class distinctions.

To put this demeanor into a word or definition is at least as hard as to define religion. The paragon of manners would have that first indispensable requisite—delicate consideration of the feelings of other people. He would also have the graces of external carriage and behavior. If he were the paragon, he would show these gifts of sensitive regard to others, clothed in the outer charms of bearing, at all times and to all sorts of people. He would not show them in spots or upon occasion only. The Germans speak of "a street angel and a home devil"—a man very popular in public, but a churl in his own family. In one of Cherbuliez's novels some swell of noble lineage is made mayor of his commune. A lot of miscellaneous citizens come to him with some request. He stands before them with the polished and smiling exterior moulded by his traditions. But while they are petitioning, the Mayor says to himself, "I wonder what this vulgar mob would think, if they could look into my mind and see this minute, just how I am despising them?" This is the cad, yet he was some percentage of a gentleman. He had still the lacquered shell of one.

I was once on a very trying stage drive of several days in the West. More passengers than could be decently accommodated had to get through. A woman of the party had won every heart at the journey's end by a kindness and tact which prevented minor quarrels over the most desirable seats or rooms at the hotel. It was all done with entire unconsciousness. Yet she would openly chew gum by the hour, use the knife long and industriously upon her finger nails, and, after each meal, elaborately remove the food

from her teeth with her hat pin. One of the party, who would not speak to her on the first day, said at the end, "That is the most naturally *kind* person I ever saw. She carried us in her heart the whole way."

What are we to do between the French mayor with the human feeling all gone, and this woman with little besides human good will? He is not a gentleman in spite of inherited gestures and grimaces and, what is more, there is no alchemy by which he can be made into a gentleman. And the woman who "carried us all in her heart," making rough ways smooth, neither is she quite a lady. But she has this greatly in her favor, that the most indispensable of all gifts were hers for the making of the lady. It is here that Harriet Martineau comes to our aid. She has heard of our imperfect ways and her decision is this, that as far as extreme good will, consideration and intelligence to help others are concerned, "they have the best manners I have ever seen." This at least is better than the most varnished shell.

Where the outer and inner perfection are united, we have the Paragon, but Emerson says this rare flower is seen "but once or twice in a lifetime." If an entire people is considered, this combination of outer and inner graces is extremely rare in all Western nations. Latin peoples censure the manners of all Northern races; but Eastern folk, India, China, Japan, are as critical of the brusque and discourteous ways of France. It is all so relative as to save something of our pride.

So far as improvement and right direction are concerned, the later critics give us gracious encouragement. It comes not alone from the new English Ambassador. The historian Freeman, though he says, "No one teaches you your place so well as the American hotel-clerk," says of our outer life, "I have never, on land at least, fallen in with the pushing, questioning, fellow-traveler, a dim tradition of whom we are likely to take out with us. As for the Ameri-

can hotel, it is not an inn, but an institution." And of our home manners, "In private life, the American strikes me as, on the whole, more ceremonious than the Englishman on this side of the ocean. I do not profess to know how far this may be owing to the absence of acknowledged artificial distinctions, but it seems not unlikely that the two things may have something to do with one another. It certainly did strike me on the whole that, among those with whom I had to do in America, there was not less, but more attention paid to minute observances than there is in England."*

*"Impressions of the United States," 1883, pp. 235 and 203.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US" WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE BACK OF THIS MAGAZINE.

End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for February.

THE EDITORS REGRET TO ANNOUNCE THAT, OWING TO THE ILLNESS OF MISS EDWINA SPENCER, THE CHAPTER OF "AMERICAN PAINTING" ANNOUNCED FOR THIS MONTH MUST BE DEFERRED TO A LATER ISSUE.

Some Great American Scientists*

V. Samuel Pierpont Langley

By William F. Magie

Professor of Physics in Princeton University.

THE life of the subject of this sketch, like the lives of most men of science, was marked rather by achievements than by events. In its main outline it may be briefly told. Samuel Pierpont Langley was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, August 22, 1834. He was educated in the Boston Latin School and the Boston High School. He did not go to college but prepared himself for civil engineering and architecture, the two kindred professions to which he was led by the strongly marked features of his mind, scientific ability and artistic interest and taste. He practised these professions for several years in Chicago and St. Louis, but finally abandoned them to devote himself to science. After two years spent as assistant in the Harvard Observatory, and a year spent as assistant professor of mathematics and director of the observatory in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, he was called to the professorship of astronomy and physics in the Western University of Pennsylvania at Pittsburg and to the directorship of the Allegheny Observatory. There he remained until, twenty years later in 1886, he became assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. In August, 1887, after the death of Professor Spencer Fullerton Baird, the second secretary of the Institution, he was appointed to succeed him in the secretaryship. In this post he remained until his death on February 27, 1906.

The limits of this sketch forbid the notice of the minor

*The first article of this series, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September; the second, "John James Audubon," by Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, in October; the third, "Simon Newcomb," by Prof. Malcolm McNeill, in November; the fourth, "Louis Agassiz," by David Starr Jordan, in December.

discoveries and inventions of Langley made during his long and active scientific career, and restrict us to the consideration of the main lines of work with which his name will always be associated. These are three in number: the study of the solar surface and of radiant energy; the development of the work of the Smithsonian Institution; and the study of the problem of aerial navigation.

Before entering upon these topics, mention should be made of the great practical service rendered by Langley in the introduction of a uniform system of time for the railroads of the country. When he went to the Allegheny Observatory he found there a fine telescope, but no accessory instruments or appliances to render it useful in scientific work. The observatory did not possess even a suitable clock. He conceived the idea of obtaining these necessary instruments by interesting the managers of the great railroads which converge in Pittsburg in the question of standard time. By his persuasive insistence he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. The railroads adopted his plans for the dissemination of standard time by signals from his observatory, and furnished him the equipment by which these plans were realized. The splendid time service of our present railroads is thus in a large measure Langley's creation.

The first few years of Langley's life in Pittsburg were devoted to the careful study of the solar surface. In those days the modern methods of dry-plate photography had not been invented, and for various reasons it was difficult, if not impossible, to apply the old wet-plate process to recording astronomical phenomena. Records were made by careful drawing based on visual observations. In making these records, especially of such appearances as those presented by sunspots, there was needed not only great accuracy of vision and skill in delineation, but a high degree of scientific sagacity to enable the observer to discriminate between the occasional, or as they may be called, accidental

phenomena presented by the particular object under observation, and the typical or universal features of it. Langley possessed the necessary qualifications for this sort of work in the highest degree, and the diagrams of the typical sunspots which he prepared are now, and perhaps will long remain the best delineations of the essential characteristics of those mysterious appearances.

The energy which comes to us from the sun and which we recognize as the sun's light and heat, is transmitted through space by waves in the luminiferous ether. Just as in the case of the sound waves coming through the air from an orchestra or from a piano, the waves which transmit the tones of different pitch differ in length, so in the case of the light and heat from the sun, the waves which transmit it differ in length. If a narrow beam of white light is received on a prism of glass or of some other transparent substance, some of these waves are absorbed in the substance of the prism, and the rest are variously deflected by it, so that after emergence the narrow incident beam is spread out into a long band of radiance, the visible part of which exhibits the well known colors of the spectrum. By far the largest part of the radiance, however, is transmitted by waves which lie outside the range of visibility for the human eye. It is a question of the highest scientific importance to determine the extent of this invisible part of the spectrum, and especially to measure the proportion of the solar energy which each portion of the spectrum transmits. Most of the years which Langley spent at the Allegheny Observatory were devoted to the study of this question. At the outset of the investigation, it became necessary to invent an instrument by which the requisite observations could be made. What is needed is a receiving instrument which can be placed in the spectrum, so narrow that it is affected by only a small group of waves of nearly equal length, and sufficiently sensitive to indicate and to measure the radiant energy which falls upon it. Langley supplied

this need by his invention of the bolometer. The receiving part of this instrument is a narrow straight strip of the thinnest sheet iron or of platinum foil, which is joined up with wires in an electric current in such a way that its electric resistance can be measured. As the spectrum is usually formed, the light from the source comes through a narrow vertical slit, and is spread out by the prism into a long horizontal band. The strip of metal of the bolometer is set vertically somewhere in this band, and being narrow, receives upon its surface only the radiance caused by a small group of wave lengths. It is coated with lamp black so as to absorb practically all the incident energy. It thus becomes warmed and its electric resistance changes. By measuring this change in electric resistance, the amount of energy absorbed by the bolometer strip is determined.

With this instrument Langley made a systematic study of the distribution of energy in the solar spectrum. He found, as a principal result of his inquiry, that by far the largest part of the solar energy, ninety-nine per cent. in fact, is transmitted by waves too long to be visible, and he was able to determine the relative amounts of energy transmitted by waves of different wave length. He traced the spectrum from the dark red at the end of the visible spectrum for which the wave length is about 0.7 thousandths of a millimeter, to the wave length of 5.3 thousandths of a millimeter. He further studied the effect of atmospheric absorption on the light from the sun. This robs the incident light of about 30 per cent. of its energy, when the sun is in the zenith, and of about 75 per cent. when the sun is on the horizon. The absorption is selective in character, and one of the curious facts about it is that, in the visible spectrum, the violet and blue rays are proportionately more absorbed than the yellow and red rays, so that, if it were not for the effect of the atmosphere, the color of the sun would appear distinctly bluish.

It would be impossible to describe in the limits of this

article, the various special researches to which Langley applied the bolometer. He advanced it to such a degree of sensitiveness that a change of temperature of one hundred millionth of a degree Fahrenheit could be detected. With this sensitive instrument he studied the radiation from the moon, from sunspots and other celestial sources, and mapped the spectrum of the heat radiated from a block of ice.

While in the full tide of success in these researches, Langley was called to the secretaryship of the Smithsonian Institution. His distinguished predecessor in that office, Joseph Henry, once said of himself, when he was asked to accept it, "If I go, I shall probably exchange permanent fame for transient reputation;" and Henry's successors, each in turn, have been forced to face that issue. Langley's sense of duty was too strong to allow him to decline the post which was offered him, but he could not bear to break off entirely from his purely scientific work, and so endeavored for awhile to maintain an active connection with the Allegheny Observatory. He soon found it impossible to do this, but by his success in obtaining a grant for the Astrophysical Observatory at Washington, he was enabled to push on, under more favorable conditions, the work which he had so much at heart. His principal task, however, from the assumption of his new office in August, 1887, was to conduct the activities of the Smithsonian Institution along the course already marked out by his predecessors, and also to enlarge those activities in other ways in harmony with its general plan of organization.

The Smithsonian Institution is one of the most notable agencies in the world devoted to the promotion of science. It was founded upon a bequest by James Smithson, an English gentleman, interested in science, who was an original contributor to the science of chemistry, and a member of the Royal Society. He bequeathed the whole of his estate to the United States to found at Washington, under the

name of the Smithsonian Institution, "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." This bequest, amounting to $500,000, was received by the United States in 1838. For the time, this was a really magnificent foundation. Harvard College was the only educational institution in the country which was so liberally endowed.

For several years Congress was occupied with the consideration of plans for the organization of the Institution. It was variously proposed to found a university, an agricultural school, an astronomical observatory, a library, course of public lectures, and other institutions more or less compatible with the expressed intent of the donor. The act which finally passed in 1846 fortunately left the details of administration somewhat indefinite, thus allowing the first secretary to interpret the phrases of Smithson's will, declaring the purpose of the foundation, in the broadest and most liberal way. The "establishment" consists of the President of the United States, the Vice-President, the Chief Justice and the members of the Cabinet. Its business is conducted by a Board of Regents, consisting of the Vice-President, the Chief Justice, three Senators, three Representatives, and six citizens, two of whom must be residents of the city of Washington. The Regents appoint the Secretary, upon whom the administration of the affairs of the Institution practically falls. Their first appointment was a most fortunate one, and determined forever the lines along which the Institution has developed into a most beneficent organization for the support of scientific investigation and the dissemination of scientific knowledge.

Joseph Henry, first secretary, was professor of physics in Princeton. He was distinguished as an original investigator. The improvements which he had made in the earlier forms of electro-magnets, and his studies of the proper construction of such magnets to be used with effect in long circuits, made possible the practical establishment of telegraphy. His discoveries in connection with the induced current, while they did not attract the same notice as the contemporary

work of Faraday, were equally fundamental and important. He was a man of a lofty and unselfish nature and of a serene temper. He was besides profoundly convinced of the importance to mankind of the increase of scientific knowledge, even when its practical relations are not immediately apparent. Bearing in mind the two-fold purpose expressed by Smithson in his will, he proposed a plan of organization by which these purposes have ever since been carried out. He proposed to "increase knowledge" by stimulating men of talent to make original researches, by offering suitable rewards for memoirs containing new truths, and by appropriating a portion of the income for particular researches; and to "diffuse knowledge" by publishing a series of periodical reports on the progress of the different branches of knowledge, and also separate treatises on subjects of general interest. The publications which have been issued according to this plan, in the Smithsonian contributions to knowledge and the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, consist of important original memoirs and admirable reports on the progress of science, made by recognized leaders in the respective branches of science. All branches of natural and physical science are sustained and assisted by the funds of the Institution. As was natural and proper, particular attention has been given to collecting and preserving everything of interest connected with the life of the aborigines on our continent, and the collections, made under the direction of the Institution or acquired by it for the National Museum, to illustrate the life and the past history of the American Indian are the most important in the world. The Institution also publishes memoirs and reports under grants from Congress in connection with the National Museum, the National Herbarium, the Bureau of Ethnology, and the Astrophysical Observatory. By a thoroughly organized system of exchange the memoirs of all important scientific societies the world over have been collected in the library of the Institution, now deposited in the Library of Congress.

In fact, any scientific work or any publication which can be better undertaken by an endowed institution than by private effort comes within the province of the Smithsonian Institution and may be undertaken by it. Among these enterprises may be mentioned the inauguration, by Henry, of systematic and extensive observations of the weather for the purpose of weather prediction—the work now carried on by the weather bureau; the development, by Baird, of the National Museum; and the establishment, by Langley, of the National Zoological Park, and of the Astrophysical Observatory. The expense of these various undertakings is far greater than could be borne by the income of the original endowment, and is met by Congress by special appropriations.

The mere executive work demanded of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution is a sufficient burden for any man to carry; but Langley found time and energy to supervise the work done in the Astrophysical Observatory, and also to conduct important investigations in the field of aerial navigation. That a heavy body can be sustained in the air by the pressure of moving air against extended surfaces, is plain to anyone who has ever watched a hawk or buzzard soaring. The problem is to discover the conditions which make such flight possible, and to realize them with mechanism which can be constructed and controlled by man. Langley proceeded to investigate this problem in a thoroughly scientific way, by making elaborate experiments on the lifting force and resistance offered by plane surfaces of various shapes and set at various angles, when whirled rapidly through the air by means of a great whirling table. After ascertaining a number of facts and of general laws that are of importance to anyone attempting to secure artificial flight, Langley put them into application. He constructed four model "Aerodromes," or flying machines, two of which made many successful flights. One of these was furnished with two pairs of broad planes as wings,

set outward from a central framework, somewhat as the wings of a soaring bird are set, and separated from each each other by a space in which was placed the motor and the propeller. The motor was a steam engine of wonderful lightness and efficiency. It gave between one and one and a half horse power and weighed only five pounds. When the machine was successfully launched, it sailed away in great curves, ascending higher and higher, until the motor stopped because of the exhaustion of fuel. It then settled down so gently that it was not in the least injured by the shock, but was ready at once for another trial. The distance covered in the longest flight was about 3,000 feet. After demonstrating in this way the possibility of artificial flight, Langley was content to consider his work done, and laid the subject aside; but he was induced to resume it again in 1898 at the request of the Board of Ordnance and Fortification of the United States Army. It was considered by that Board that a flying machine which could carry a man might be useful in time of war, and a grant of $50,000 was made for experiments directed toward the contruction of such a machine. To this thankless and unremunerated task, Langley gave the last years of his life. The machine which was at last constructed, after many difficulties had been surmounted, failed to leave the launching platform properly, and was twice wrecked without really getting into flight at all. These failures, which were nothing more than the ordinary failures which occur in the course of the development of any complicated invention, were made the ground of adverse comment by the public and by speakers in Congress; and no further funds were supplied after the original grant had been expended. The experiments thus came to an end, but there is no good reason to doubt that, if they had been continued, the first self-propelling, man-carrying flying machine would have been due to Langley.

Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers from President King, Oberlin College.

Professor George E. Vincent,
Chautauqua Institution,
Hyde Park, Chicago.

My Dear Professor Vincent:

I do not see how the colleges and universities can help rejoicing in the success of such popular educational movements as the Chautauqua Reading Course. For myself I cannot doubt that they make some steady intellectual growth possible to many who, without them, would have no such opportunity; that they rouse in others the ambition for a wider and more thoro education; and that they have not been without their service to college graduates, also, in helping them to keep up some lines of their college study. It is much that one may be able to believe that thru these means thousands of lives have been made plainly richer and happier. The colleges certainly may believe in these movements, both as supplementing their own efforts, and as tending to produce a people with increased intellectual and educational interests.

Sincerely yours,

Henry Churchill King.

The Finns As American Citizens

By W. Frank McClure

IN spite of the restoration of Finland's freedom from Russian oppression, the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy of Finland are still emigrating at the rate of nearly two thousand a month, a recent estimate for the year 1907 placing the total number at twenty thousand. The unique feature of this emigration is found in the fact that it is now, and for a decade past has been, almost exclusively to the United States. So great has been the influx of these people that those now present with us number more than two hundred and fifty thousand and their reception and success as citizens of the new world is a decided incentive to a continuance of this immigration.

The most important feature of the coming of the Finns to the United States is that they are desirable citizens. Physically they are strong. Thousands of them own their own homes. One-half the American population are church members and among few nationalities is the cause of temperance growing more rapidly.

Industrially the Finns in America are filling a most important niche. Some twenty thousand of them in the Masaba Iron Range alone are digging out the ore that is giving America her prestige in the production of iron and steel. Thousands more are rehandling this heavy product at the harbors of Lake Erie where it is transferred from ten-thousand-ton ships to fifty-ton railroad cars, en route to the furnaces of the Mahoning Valley and Pittsburg. In so doing they are performing a kind of hard labor for which it is very difficult to engage our English speaking workmen.

Out in Wyoming again the Finnish laborers are digging coal. In Colorado they are helping to uncover the nation's gold. At Astoria, Oregon, we find them extensively engaged in the industry of salmon fishing. Altogether there are more than four thousand Finnish people in As-

toria. There are also good sized Finnish settlements in California, Washington, Utah, Montana, South Dakota, and Nebraska. Not all the Finns in the United States, however, are at the lake ports and in the West. In Massachusetts there are thousands more, three thousand of whom are at Fitchburg.

Not only are these people an important factor in our American industrial life but in very many places their influence is felt in the civic and political life of the community in which they live, and this influence is usually for good. Substantial illustrations of this fact have been afforded at Ashtabula, O., harbor, the world's greatest iron ore-receiving port. Here are located several thousand Finns, three Finnish churches and two large temperance halls. In the city are one hundred saloons. With a view to driving out these grog shops not long ago a local option election was held. The result was close and the issue was defeated but, to the everlasting credit of the Finns, a survey of the situation disclosed the fact that the proposition was lost in the best residential section while the Finnish territory carried overwhelmingly "dry."

A few years ago it was not an uncommon thing for laborers on the lower lake docks to carry liquor with them to their work. The first nationality among these handlers to make a move in the direction of total abstinence was the Finns. Twenty-two years ago a temperance society was established among the Finnish people of Ashtabula harbor. Year after year the sentiment grew. Finally it crystallized among those who were employed upon the docks belonging to the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna. The Finns and the Swedes united in the movement and it was not long until the fact was widely heralded along the lakes with an immediate and decided influence for good. At that time the Finns at this port possessed no temperance hall. Mr. Hanna therefore erected for them a plain frame building for a reading room, gymnasium, and meeting place on an eminence overlooking the docks.

Incidentally, Ashtabula harbor holds a unique place among Finnish settlements. It is the doorway through which many thousands of Finns have passed to the Northwest. Large numbers of these people on their arrival at New York proceed at once to Ashtabula and are met by relatives or friends who have preceded them by perhaps several years. Here they remain a year or two until they become accustomed to American ways and learn to speak some English. They are then ready either to select some other part of the country as their home or to begin in earnest the pursuit for homes of their own and a livelihood in the immediate vicinity.

Once naturalized and full-fledged residents of a city or town, it is not uncommon for them to be selected for offices of public trust. At both Ashtabula and Conneaut in recent years, Finns have been elected to the city council. In the state legislature of Minnesota there is a Finn who is serving his second term. Another is a member of the legislature of Wyoming. At Longville, Idaho, the postmaster is a Finn. At New York Mills, Minnesota, another occupies the office of justice-of-the-peace. In Houghton county, Michigan, Finns have held both the offices of county prosecutor and treasurer.

As already inferred, the Finns are a decidedly religious people. The church of the motherland is the Lutheran Church and the majority of the Finns in this country are still its adherents. Most of the ministers in the United States who are serving Finnish pastorates were ordained in Finland. It is difficult to find a Finnish settlement, no matter how small, without a meetinghouse of some kind and many of them are quite large. The first of these churches was built in 1873 at Calumet, Michigan, which is one of the oldest settlements in the United States.

About five years ago, a new church movement was inaugurated among the Finns in this country looking toward the abolishment of many of the forms and ceremonies of

the church as conducted in Finland. This church was known as "The Finnish Independent Evangelical Lutheran Church of America of the Kansan Synod." The first meeting was held at Ashtabula harbor and was attended by delegates from settlements in Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Since then the church has been growing in many sections of the country. At a subsequent national meeting, plans were laid for the establishment of a theological seminary in connection therewith.

Some important features of the new church may be summed up as follows: The length of the ceremonies is greatly shortened and more time given to the sermon. The mass required in the motherland is not obligatory but at the same time is not abolished, the matter being left to the option of the different churches of the synod. In Finland those who do not partake of the communion in ten years are in a sense ostracised, while under the regime of the new church this distinction is largely obliterated.

There is also a comparatively small portion of our Finnish population connected with the long-established evangelical churches of this country. There are twenty Finnish Congregational churches in the United States. Most of these are in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. The first one, however, was established at Ashtabula harbor some fifteen years ago and this was the only one for some five years.

The temperance societies of the Finns at their inception carried out simply the literal or liberal meaning of the word "temperance," making moderation the chief requirement. Today temperance with the Finns means total abstinence. The temperance halls, some of which cost as high as ten thousand dollars, are used for temperance meetings Sabbath afternoons but week days often are utilized for the presentation of Finnish dramas or for social events. Not a few of them are fitted up with a large stage and scenery. At the Sabbath afternoon meetings it is not un-

common for one of the members to be called publicly to account when he is known to have broken his temperance pledge.

Realizing the desirable qualifications and stability of Finnish immigrants various other parts of the world have sought to interest them from time to time, but with little success. The Canadian Northwest, for example, in its notable campaign for new settlers a few years ago did not forget the Finns. In response, a few hundred of them have taken up claims. The Finns usually make successful farmers. South Africa has attracted some and there are perhaps a hundred families in Cuba who are following agricultural pursuits. Aside from the financial inducements, however, the educational opportunities and religious freedom offered by the United States, and the fact that such large numbers of their countrymen are already here, appeal to them above anything else.

The greatly augmented emigration from Finland in the last few years was largely due to the oppressive attitude of the Russian government in its dealings with Finland and the dark future which Finns beheld. Finland, it will be recalled, came under Russian control with the conquest of Sweden in 1809. At that time, the Finns were promised that they might retain their different forms of national life. These forms included their systems of education, their constitution, their language and their postage and currency. Under this regime everything went well for nearly a century.

In 1899, a Russian manifesto aimed to make Russian edicts law in Finland irrespective of the approval of the Finnish legislative bodies. Subsequently, under the despotic rule of Governor General Bobrikoff, the constitution of Finland which had been so long preserved was overridden at every turn. The press was muzzled and public meetings, called in protest against the situation, were suppressed. The Russian language was forced on the schools. Finnish post-

age was abolished and Russian officers were placed in command of the armies. Nor was this all. The removal of Russian authorities from office was made subject to the Tzar's will. Five hundred Finns, galling under this turn of affairs, went in a body to St. Petersburg to present their cause to the Tzar but he declined to see them.

Later Governor General Bobrikoff was assassinated, and, about a year and a half ago, the constitution and liberties of the Finns were restored and, in addition, some concessions made which were not enjoyed before. Conditions have naturally improved throughout Finland with the restoring of confidence in the people.

While the recent cloud hung over the motherland the most intense interest was manifested among the Finns of the United States. Public indignation meetings were held, resolutions were passed, and arrangements made to assist in every way the immigrants coming to the new world. Relatives, especially, sent money to their kinsfolk in Finland to help bring them across the Atlantic.

Very few Finns who come for admission to this country are sent back. They are splendidly developed. This is said to be due in part to the coarse bread and other plain food which they eat and to their steam baths. Even the farms in Finland are equipped with bath houses. The one disease which sometimes bars these people from coming into the United States is "trachoma," a disease of the eye.

Since the bettering of conditions in Finland, a few Finns from this country are returning to the motherland. Quite a goodly number went back during the strike of the ore handlers at Duluth last Spring. The number, however, in no way compares with those who are coming into the United States and not a few of those who went to Finland in the Spring or early Summer are now coming back to America.

Typical Home and Neighborhood Gathering of well-to-do Finns in the United States

Finnish Athletic Society

Finnish Temperance Hall at Conneaut, Ohio

Photograph Taken at National Meeting of New Finnish Church Synod at Ashtabula Harbor

Finnish College at Hancock, Michigan

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

ONE of the most able and brilliant of the preachers whose names are to be honored as the pages of American Church History are turned for the centuries to come is Horace Bushnell. He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, April 14, 1802, and died February 17, 1876. He graduated from Yale in 1827, and was a tutor there from 1829-1831. He studied both law and theology and was pastor of a Congregational Church in Hartford from 1833 to 1859. He wrote several strong books. He was an original and vigorous thinker, progressive and profoundly spiritual, and wielded a fascinating pen. Like Robertson of Brighton, he commanded the reverent attention of both scientific and philosophic minds. Perhaps his greatest book is "Nature and the Supernatural."

Our Vesper reading for the current month is from his sermon on "The Capacity of Religion Extirpated by Disuse," from Matt. 25:28, "Take therefore the talent from him." In this sermon Dr. Bushnell establishes two propositions: (1) That the capacity for religion is a talent—the highest talent we have—and (2) that this capacity is one that, by total disuse and the overgrowth of others, is finally extirpated. He sets forth the deforming power of sin; insists that there is no genuine culture, no proper education which does not include religion. He closes this vigorous discourse as follows:

"Let no one comfort himself in the intense activity of his mind on the subject of religion. This is one of the things to be dreaded. To be always thinking, debating, scheming, in reference to the great questions of religion, without using any of the talents that belong more appropriately to God and the receiving of God, is just the way to extirpate the

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

talents most rapidly, and so to close up the mind in spiritual darkness. And no man is more certainly dark to God than one who is always at work upon His mystery, by the mere understanding. To be curious, to speculate much, to be dinning always in argument, battle-dooring always in opinions and dogmas, whether on the free side of rationalistic audacity, or the stiff side of catechetic orthodoxy, makes little difference; all such activity is cancerous and destructive to the real talents of religion. What you do with the understanding never reaches God. He is known only by them that receive Him into their love, their faith, their deep want—known only as He is enshrined within, felt as a divine force, breathed in the inspirations of His secret life. The geometer might as well expect to solve his problems by the function of smell, as a responsible soul to find God by the understanding. How little does it signify, then, that you are always thoughtful on religious subjects? That, by itself, will only be your ruin.

"Make as little of the hope that the Holy Spirit will sometime open your closed or consciously closing faculties. It requires a talent, so to. speak, for the Holy Spirit to entertain or receive him. A rock cannot receive the Holy Spirit. No more can a mind that has lost, or extinguished the talent for inspiration. The Holy Spirit, glorious and joyful truth, does find a way into souls that are steeped in spiritual lethargy, does beget anew the sense of holy things that appeared to be faded almost away. But when the very faculty that makes His working possible is quite closed up, or so nearly closed that no living receptivity is left for Him to work in, when the soul has no fit room, or function to receive His inspiring motions, more than a tree, half-dead, to receive the quickening sap of the spring, or an ossified heart to let the life-power play its action, then, manifestly, nothing is to be hoped for longer from His quickening visitations. The soul was originally made to be dwelt in, actuated, filled with God, but finally this high talent is virtually extirpated; when,

of course, there is nothing to hope for longer. It may not be so with you, and it also may.

"The truth we are here bringing into view wears no look of promise, in regard to the future condition of bad men. If we talk of their final restoration, what is going to restore them, when the very thing we see in them here is the gradual extinction of their capabilities of religion? Their want of God itself dies out, and they have no God-ward aspiration left. The talent of inspiration, of spiritual perception, of love, of faith, every inlet of their nature that was open to God, is closed and virtually extirpated. This is no figure of speech that merely signifies their habitual obscuration, it is fact. By what, then, are they going to be restored? Will God take them up, as they enter into the future life, and re-create their extirpated faculties of religion?

"There is another hope, viz., that bad men will finally be themselves extirpated and cease; that the life of sin will finally burn them quite out, or cause them literally and totally to perish. But the difficulty here is that no such tendency is visible. It is only seen that the talent for religion, which is the higher and diviner side of the soul, is extirpated. The other parts are kept in some kind of activity, and are sometimes even overgrown by the stimulations of worldly or vicious impulse. If we sometimes look on a poor, imbruted mortal,—one who walks, looks, speaks, not as a proper man but as the vestiges only of a man,—asking in ourselves what is there left that is worth salvation?—as if there were nothing; still he lives, and, what is more, some of his quantities, viz., his passions and appetites and all his lowest affinities are even increased. His thoughts, too, run, as rapidly as they ever did, only they run low; his imaginations live, only they live in the style of his passions. It is not, then, annihilation that we see in him. Nothing is really annihilated but the celestial possibilities. And so it is with every soul that refuses God and religion. A living creature remains,—a mind, a memory, a heart of passion, fears, irritability, will

—all these remain; nothing is gone but the angel life that stood within them, and bound them all to God. What remains, remains; and, for aught that we can see, must remain; and there is the fatal, inevitable fact. How hopeless! God forbid that any of us may ever know what it means!

"Finally, how clear it is that the earliest time in religion is the best time. If there be any of my hearers that have lived many years, and have conscientiously not begun to live unto God, they have much to think of in a subject like this. How well do they know that God is further off than He was, and their spiritual apprehensions less distinct. They have felt the sentence—"Take therefore the talent from him" —passing upon them in its power for many years. And how much further will you go in this neglect of God before the extirpation begun is fatally complete? My friends, there is not an hour to lose. Only with the greatest difficulty will you be able, now, to gather up yourself and open your closing gates to the entrance of God and His salvation.

"Here, too, is the peculiar blessing and the hopeful advantage of youth. The talents which older men lose out, by their worldly practice and neglect of God, are fresh in them and free. Hence their common readiness to apprehend God and the things of religion. It is not because they are green, or unripe, as many think, but because they have a side of talent not yet eaten out by sinful practice; because God is mirrored so clearly in the depths of their nature, and breathed so freely into the recesses of their open life. Hence their ready sensibility, their quick perception, their ability to feel out, in experiment, what reason cannot master,—God, Christ, the inspiring grace, the heavenly peace, eternal life. Hence, also, the fact that so great a share of those who believe, embrace Christ in their youth. And this, my young friends, is the day therefore of privilege to you. Oh, that you could see the bright eminence of your condition. The holy talent now is yours. In a few selfish years it will be shortening, and before you know it, will be quite

taken away. The best, highest, most glorious talent of your nature is now calling you to save. Make, then, no delay in this first matter of life, the choice of God. Give Him up thy talent, whole and fresh, to be increased by early devotion and a life-long fidelity in His service. Call it the dew of thy youth, understanding well that, when thy sun is fairly up, it will, like dew, be gone."

Jane Addams

AT the time of the political crisis in Russia three years ago when widespread indignation was aroused in this country at the massacre of peaceful men and women by the Russian soldiery a mass meeting was held one Sunday afternoon at the Auditorium in Chicago. Miss Jane Addams of Hull House had been asked to preside. Stirring addresses were made by friends of Russian freedom and the great audience of four thousand people, a large proportion of whom were of foreign birth, listened with intense interest. Finally one speaker carried away by his own zeal and the sympathetic quality of his audience, so ardently advocated unmeasured violence toward the Tzar and his advisers that the mob spirit latent in most great crowds was distinctly felt throughout the gathering. Then an interesting thing happened. Miss Addams rose quietly and in her gentle, convincing manner reminded her audience of the immense superiority of moral over physical force. She cited incidents from recent Japanese and Russian history to show that among us all are great reserves of moral power which we too often fail to utilize because in times of disturbance it is so easy to lose sight of them. The transformation of the audience was magical. One moment men and women swayed by excitement were seething with the spirit of hatred, the next they were settling back quietly and murmuring audibly "She's right, she's right."

It was in itself a wonderful illustration of moral power made possible by clear insight into the real conditions of a given situation. It is this rare gift of insight which perhaps more than any other has made the work of Miss Addams as the founder of Hull House so deeply influential in the development of the social settlement movement in this country. Studying as she does at first hand, the vital currents of the life of our time her writings have a penetrating quality which at once makes itself felt, whether she is dealing with the perplexing subject of domestic service, the housing problem in Chicago, a crisis in trade union morals, or the immigration situation. As experience has developed her powers she has made important contributions to the economic literature of our day, contributions which are shaping the thought of a whole generation of college men and women. Her two books, "Democracy and Social Ethics," and "Newer Ideals of Peace" have been characterized by men of discernment as "epoch making."

But the secret of Miss Addams' power is not merely in the intellectual expression of her ideas, but in her human sympathy which endows the most ordinary activities of every day men and women with an abiding significance. It is through her contact with her neighbors of the Hull House district that she has been able to study the relation of humanity to law and to aid in shaping laws so that they may minister to human need. So the problem of the sweat shop, child labor, housing of the people, sanitary conditions, the municipal court, etc., are subjects which she has submitted to the closest scrutiny and pressed upon the attention of thinking men and women.

Hull House has from its foundation been a center for the discussion of social questions and practical contact with actual conditions. Miss Addams herself became garbage inspector in the early years of the settlement and alludes humorously to the shock which the foreign born women of the Nineteenth ward experienced at such an innovation.

They were sure it was not a "lady's job." Nevertheless as Miss Addams says, "the spectacle of eight hours' work for eight hours' pay, the even-handed justice to all citizens irrespective of 'pull,' the dividing of responsibility between landlord and tenant, and the readiness to enforce obedience to law from both, was, perhaps one of the most valuable demonstrations which could have been made." She adds: "The careful inspection combined with other causes brought about a great improvement in the cleanliness and comfort of the neighborhood, and one happy day, when the death rate of our ward was read before the Hull House Woman's Club, and the ward was found to have dropped from third to seventh in the list of city wards, the applause which followed recorded the genuine sense of participation in the result, and a public spirit which had 'made good.'"

From Hull House also in this early day came the careful studies into factory conditions which brought a special commission from the Legislature to examine into the matter and resulted in the first factory law for Illinois dealing with the sweat shops, child labor, and limiting the hours of work for women in factory and sweat shops, to eight per day. Mrs. Florence Kelley became the first factory inspector with a deputy and twelve inspectors to enforce the law.

Perhaps in no one respect has the influence of Hull House been more marked than in its attitude toward the immigrant. Miss Addams says that one of the reasons for the existence of Hull House was "A conviction in the words of Canon Barnett that the things that make men alike are finer and better than the things that keep them apart and that these basic likenesses if they are properly accentuated easily transcend the less essential differences of race, language, creed, and tradition." So it happens that the Italian and Bohemian and Greek and Pole and Russian are all found at Hull House and that every latent talent among these "neighbors" is sure of friendly encouragement. An art gallery with exhibitions three or four times a year re-

vealed the fact that the Italian visitors to Hull House were surprised to find that in America people enjoyed pictures! They thought the Americans cared only for dollars. Efforts to provide food for underfed and overworked people led to the establishment of the Coffee House. The need for a public hall which could be secured for social festivals and which would not be an adjunct of a saloon made the gymnasium a thoroughly appreciated element in the neighborhood at the very outset. The shower baths of Hull House were an argument for public bath-houses, the first of which was in time built on a neighboring street. The Labor Museum has been a very successful attempt to illustrate primitive methods of industry with many of which the residents of the district are familiar. These immigrants assumed a new importance to their families and to the neighborhood when they gave impromptu exhibitions of their crafts, and it proved possible to secure a sufficient number and variety of implements to illustrate processes from their earliest forms to the factory methods of today. As the immigrant contributions to industry are in this way adding to the social interests of Hull House and its neighborhood so its Music School has rendered the folk songs of other countries, sometimes gathering up and harmonizing old melodies which have never had a musical setting. Amateur dramatics have also been a prolific source of pleasure and education for the community. The Greeks have given the "Ajax" of Sophocles—to their minds, as Miss Addams says, "showing forth the glory of Greece to ignorant Americans." Some Italian plays have also been presented and Shakespeare is a constant favorite.

Although Hull House has gradually become the center of an almost bewildering number of activities there is no desire on the part of its leaders to make it an Institution. It has been a part of its policy to pass over to the city itself such activities as the residents feel sure will be properly administered.

In this way the city has been educated in its sense of responsibility for the well being of its citizens and Hull House has been left free to originate and develop new enterprises. If the settlement movement has done nothing else it has revealed to college men and women of today the need and opportunity for the exercise of their highest powers. Miss Addams' own life illustrates very strikingly the closing sentences of her article on "The College Women and Christianity."

"Jesus alone of all great teachers made a masterly combination of method, aim, and source of motive power. He alone taught that out of broken human nature continually springs the great moral power which perpetually recreates the world. The mystic life of the common people may at last touch the learning of the college woman and fuse into one her method and her aim. She will then for the first time be equipped to devote her powers to the adaptation of Christianity to Social needs and to fulfill her obligations."

Josephine Shaw Lowell

EVERY now and then Providence sends among us gifted men and women so richly endowed that the intellectual and spiritual life of a whole generation is quickened by them. Such a personality was that of Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell whose death two years ago revealed the surprising range of her activities and the rare qualities of her character. As Felix Adler said of her, "A lofty personality, so near as to be near the lowliest, so high and strong as to be above the strongest and most competent."

The tragedy of the Civil War left Mrs. Lowell a widow at twenty-one and her only brother, Robert Gould Shaw, immortalized in Saint-Gaudens' beautiful "Shaw Memorial," was killed a year earlier. Sorrows which would have crushed many young lives only deepened her sympathies and stimulated her humanitarian efforts for the men and women who stood in need. She was the founder and guide of the Charity Organization Society for nearly a quarter of a century and the first woman appointed on the New

York State Board of Charities. Among the activities to which she gave all the strength of her remarkable powers were the separation of charities and correction, the state reformatories for women, the care of adult idiots, state asylums for feeble-minded women and adult girls, abolition of police lodging houses in New York, the establishment of municipal lodging houses for men and the provision for matrons in police stations. The Consumers' League and many related movements for bettering social conditions are traceable directly to her influence. She wrote more than forty papers dealing with the results of experience in the various reforms in which she was engaged and these have proved to be state documents of the highest importance.

During the disastrous winter of '93 when the clearing of East Side streets in New York City was proposed as a measure of relief she skilfully guided the undertaking so that the hours and wages of the three thousand men employed might be adequate and yet so nicely adjusted as not to demoralize other industries. The streets of New York had not known such a thorough cleaning in a decade and later when Colonel Waring took charge of the department he adopted instead of the gang system the block method which had proved so effective in this experiment. Cleaning and whitewashing cellars and tenements was another emergency expedient adopted at this time, but when it was over, Mrs. Lowell's grasp of the situation led her to counsel the adoption of a resolution condemning such methods lest other cities might be tempted to try similar plans and rest content with measures which her clear insight showed were far from meeting the real conditions.

The confidence which she inspired among all classes of people was illustrated in the garment cutters' strike in which manufacturer, sweater, and sweated alike came to her for sympathy and counsel. Her ability to see and appreciate the situation from every point of view enabled her to bring the struggle to a successful issue.

The addresses at the Memorial Meeting held in New York at the time of her death showed in how many ways her fine nature had impressed itself upon the men and women who were privileged to work with her. Jacob Riis, whose efforts for better conditions on the East Side were so closely associated with hers, alluded to various trying political situations in which they were both involved where her large point of view or delightful sense of humor prevented a crisis, and he recalled reverently his last talk with her shortly before her death when as she gently referred to his own recent bereavement she added "but think of waiting for my husband forty-one long years, forty-one years."

At the Boston Symphony concert soon after her death, the Heroic Symphony of Beethoven and the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert were rendered as a tribute to the greatness of her character.

Mrs. Lowell's life and work are to be commemorated in a beautiful memorial gateway to be erected at one of the footpath entrances into Central Park. Hon. Seth Low, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, says of the proposed plan:

"Any appropriate memorial of Mrs. Lowell must be one in which the community as a whole will have a part. The Park is used by all and there is perhaps no other place in the city at which a memorial would come under the observation of so large a body of the people. It is a pleasant thought, also that the memorial to Mrs. Lowell's brother, Colonel Shaw, is on the edge of Boston Common, as it is proposed to place Mrs. Lowell's memorial on the edge of Central Park. Thus sister and brother alike, one in one city and the other in another, will constantly remind those who pass to and fro that the life of service is the life of highest honor."

Anecdotes of William Morris Hunt

ONE of Hunt's pupils, Miss Helen M. Knowlton, has gathered together under the title "The Art Life of William Morris Hunt" a considerable number of his letters which, with some anecdotes and other literary material, give a very illuminating view of the artist and his work. In our series of studies in American painting allusion has been made to Hunt's enthusiastic championship of Millet in the days when neither France nor America had recognized his genius. Some of Hunt's letters quoted by Miss Knowlton show how greatly he profited by his intercourse with Millet, the younger artist's joyous and sympathetic nature in turn exercising no small influence upon the master:

"His pictures have infinity behind them. Couture's have a limit. I am grateful to Couture for what he taught me, but it is well that I left him. When I came to know Millet I took broader views of humanity, of the world, of life. His subjects were real people who had work to do. If he painted a hay-stack it suggested life, animal as well as vegetable, and the life of man. His fields were fields in which men and animals worked; where both laid down their lives; where the bones of the animals were ground up to nourish the soil, and the endless turning of the wheel of existence went on.

"He was the greatest man in Europe. I give you his poetical side; but he was immense, tremendous,—so great that very few ever could get near him; knew Shakespeare and Homer by heart; and was like Abraham Lincoln in caring only for a few books. He loved 'Hamlet;' and I once found him laughing over the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes. It was splendid to hear him read the Bible.

"'*Now the famine was great throughout the land.*' 'What a description that is!' he would say. 'What a breadth there is in it.

It could be expressed in no other way.' And yet people say that the Bible cannot be translated into French! And to hear him read from the Book of Ruth! He saw it all from a painter's standpoint. He is the only man since the Bible was written who has expressed things in a Biblical way.

"When I first saw his pictures in Paris I was walking through the exhibition with one of my friends, and we were delighted with them. No one else cared for them. They were called *des tristes affaires*. I was in Couture's studio at that time. He cared nothing for them. I went to Barbison, where Millet lived, stayed there two years, and was with him all the time. I found him working in a cellar, three feet under the ground, his pictures mildewing with the dampness, as there was no floor.

"I bought as much of his work as I could, and after a while the idea was started in Paris that a rich Englishman was buying up all his pictures. The people in the city were alarmed, and began to come to Barbison and get from him what they could. It will give you some idea of the low price at which his work was then sold to know that for 'The Sheep Shearers,' the most expensive picture of his which I bought, I gave ninety dollars. He never touched any of the money. The man from whom he bought his colors had written that he must either send him some money or a picture; so he set to work to complete this painting. When I saw it I knew that I must have it; so I paid the man ninety dollars, and took a receipt for his bill. When I thought that the picture was done,—when anyone would have thought so,—he was still dissatisfied with the girl's left hand, which pulls back the fleeces from the shears. He thought that it had not the right action; so he kept it ten days longer. Whenever I went to see him he was still at work upon it. I asked him why he put no wrinkles or markings into the girl's cap. He said because he was 'trying to make it look like a tea rose leaf.' And that was the man whom the critics called 'careless and slovenly:' I wouldn't let them see my Millet drawings. Their dry eyes would burn holes right through them."

Miss Knowlton gives many interesting anecdotes of Hunt's experiences in portrait painting and his sensitiveness to his surroundings. When he was painting his famous portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, he refused to let Mrs. Shaw see it, saying in defense, "I was painting the Judge for the Essex Bar and not for the family. Mrs. Shaw would not have liked it. Had I listened to her my impression of the

man as I had seen him would have been changed, perhaps weakened. I wanted him to look as he did in Court while giving his charge to the jury." She comments further:

"The interest which he took in a portrait was the interest which he felt in living human nature. The sensitiveness which he brought to his work was so great that the slightest friction disturbed him. He worked most rapidly and successfully whenever he found a like sensibility in his sitter.

"It is much to be regretted that he could not have completed his portraits of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The latter came for a sitting which he said must be short as he had an engagement in Cambridge.

"'How long must I sit?' inquired the doctor as he took his seat upon the artist's platform, and looked anxiously at his watch.

"This threw Hunt off at once. He began, however, and was progressing with his usual rapidity and vim when the question was repeated and the watch once more consulted. Again he was thrown off, and it became a mental and physical impossibility to go on with the work. The distinguished sitter was dismissed, and another appointment was never made.

"In like manner Mr. Emerson took the chair unwillingly.

"'For myself,' said the great philosopher, 'I do not care to be painted. I sit to oblige my family and friends.'

"'This remark,' said the artist later, 'deprived me of the enthusiasm necessary for my work, and it was a wrong view for Mr. Emerson to take. As a man of genius and historic fame he should have felt that he ought to be painted.'

"The sketch that was made showed that a fine portrait would have resulted had it been possible for him to go on with the work. He greatly admired Emerson, and was enthusiastic over an opportunity to paint him. The incident gives a clue to the history of the painting of many of Hunt's portraits. Some great men he could not paint; of some lesser men he made striking and artistic portraits.

"A lady asked him: 'Would you paint Mr. A. if I could persuade him to sit for his portrait?' and Hunt replied:

"'I don't like persuaded sitters. I never could paint a cat if the cat had any scruples, religious, superstitious, or otherwise, about sitting.'

* * * * * * * * *

"When he painted Mr. Francis Gardner, Master of the Boys' Latin School in Boston, 1871, he was waited upon by a deputation from the school, of whom Hunt remarked:

"'The boys said that they could only raise three hundred dollars; but I was so pleased with the idea of their wanting a portrait of their master that I agreed to do what I could for them at that price. At first thought I felt that he ought to be painted with a Latin grammar in one hand, and a ferule in the other; but when I came to see the man I knew that he should be painted for himself alone.'

"In three days the portrait was done, and was so veritable a presence in the studio that Hunt himself confessed to having been startled by it as he entered the room, the morning after its completion, and thought that Master Gardner had come to see him and was awaiting his arrival.

* * * * * * * * *

"After long continued periods of what he called ceaseless 'digging' on portraits, a street-waif perhaps would appear; and in two or three hours Hunt would produce a rapid and masterly sketch, in which he found both rest and enjoyment. He seemed at times to almost live at his easel. Early and late, as long as the power lasted he would work unceasingly. When he broke off from his work it was in self-preservation; thrumming a guitar; trying his violin, once owned by Balzac,—from which came sometimes music of unearthly mystery and sweetness; or telling a story, and acting it out as he talked,—with his inimitable mimicry and rare sense of dramatic action. Many of his sitters had amusing accounts to give of the way in which they had been entertained while posing."

When Hunt was twenty-two years of age his brother had sent him the following translation of a Persian poem, describing a Persian nature goddess, "Anahita:"

"Enthroned upon her car of light, the moon
Is circling down the lofty heights of Heaven.
Her well-trained coursers wedge the blindest depths
With fearful plunge, yet heed the steady hand
That guides their lonely way. So swift her course,
So bright her smile, she seems on silver wings,
O'er reaching space, to glide the airy main;
Behind, far-flowing, spreads her deep blue veil
Inwrought with stars that shimmer in its wave.
Before the car an owl, gloom-sighted, flaps
His weary way; with melancholy hoot
Dispelling spectral shades that flee
With bat-like rush, affrighted back,
Within the blackest nooks of caverned Night.
Still hours of darkness wend around the car,
By raven-tresses half concealed; but one,

With fairer locks, seems lingering back of Day,
Yet all, with even-measured footsteps, mark
Her onward course, and floating in her train
Repose lies nestled on the breast of Sleep,
While soft Desires enchain the waists of Dreams,
And light-winged Fancies flit around in troops."

Miss Knowlton shows how his imagination was stimulated by the suggestion and how the artist ultimately gave it a local habitation:

"The subject at once took possession of Hunt's mind and continued with him nearly through life,—until he had opportunity to give it expression. Numberless studies and sketches were made in all these years, and the theme was never long absent from his mind. A general idea of the composition was settled upon at first, and many sketches from life and from memory were made as opportunity occurred. The Goddess was represented seated upon a rolling cloud, nude to the waist, with her right arm extended in an attitude of power and propelling force. With restless energy and a heroic mien, she drove three horses abreast. In color they were black, bay, and white, and their action was varied and superb. The lines of the picture were diagonal, from the upper right hand corner to the lower left. The Goddess came near to the top of the picture. Her lines of movement were finely heroic, and she seemed more than equal to the task of guiding her magnificent steeds, and without the trammelling details of reins, harness, or wheels. Of the three horses the middle one was black. Tossing his proud head backward, and rearing high upon his hind feet, he made a splendid foil for the beautiful white horse in the foreground which seemed to fly, as if his uplifted mane and tail were wings. The bay horse, more remote, yet still abreast with the others, was held in check by a swarthy male attendant who carried an inverted torch, symbolizing the force of medieval resistance to the dawn of enlightenment. At the left of the goddess, and nearer the left hand foreground of the picture, was a sleeping mother and child lying in a cradle-like cloud, its fleecy canopy screening their slumbers, and held by a cherub who filled his little part in the grand, sweeping movement of the whole."

Hunt's opportunity to embody his dream in a manner worthy of the subject at length came to him in his commission to decorate the new Capitol Building at Albany with two great mural paintings:

"Hunt was deeply impressed with the importance of the work, and undertook it with the utmost seriousness. No feeling of elation

seemed to possess him. Instead he seemed like one awe-inspired. He avoided all society, except that of the few who could help him in his work, shutting himself up in his Boston studio, wholly engrossed in the task before him. Two subjects were wanted for the wall spaces at the ends of the Assembly Room.

"His first idea was to make one of the paintings a representation of Niagara Falls, but the authorities preferred that each of the great panels should be filled with a composition embracing figures rather than scenery alone.

"In early manhood, probably while studying composition with Couture, he had wished to paint his idea of Columbus crossing the dark ocean, attended solely by Faith, Hope, and kindred spirits. A pencil drawing is in existence, showing his first conception of the subject. It was decided to embody the story of Columbus, and to paint the figures of colossal size to fit one of the great panels, each to be 16x40 feet. The other space was to give him an opportunity to paint the 'Anahita,' and it was decided to call it 'The Flight of Night.'

* * * * * * * * *

"The final working studies for the pictures were eight feet and a half long by five feet and a half wide. On the night of the 18th of October, 1878, he began his work by throwing upon the walls of the Assembly Chamber, with the calcium light, his studies of 'The Discoverer' and 'The Flight of Night.' On the next evening he drew the outlines of one of the pictures, using again the calcium light, and working until nearly three o'clock of the next morning. On Sunday noon he returned to the Capitol, climbed up to the staging and examined the outline,—that of 'The Flight of Night.' With fresh eyes he saw that the drawing was not large enough to properly fill the space allotted. Hastily conferring with Carter, his assistant, he resolved to destroy it and make another one. No sooner said than done. Sponges and water were sent for, and with haste the drawing was wiped out. That night the picture was again drawn in. On the next afternoon, shading in charcoal was added. At night, with the calcium light, 'The Discoverer' was thrown upon the opposite wall, and in its turn shaded with charcoal."

Letters to his friends at this time show how exhilarating the work was to him:

"I can tell you, it is like sailing a 'seventy-four,' or riding eight horses in a circus. It fills one's lungs to breathe in front of such spaces. The figure of Columbus, or 'The Discoverer,' is eleven feet from his crown to the boat where his shins disappear. His hand is broader than this page is long. The scaffolding is spacious, and

the bridge connecting the two is about seven feet wide and seventy feet long; so you see that everything is in proportion, and it is delightful to work forty feet from the floor. It will be a great mortification if we don't succeed. Just think of a twin mortification, forty-five by sixteen!"

"My dear Friends:—I received your note of warning, not to paint all night, and I follow your advice to the letter, for I paint all day, and should be only too thankful, I think, to have a light of any kind these dark days. As you may imagine, a scaffold of ten feet wide throws quite a shadow, when there is light enough to throw anything. We have been obliged for the last week to use torches when we want to see our work clearly, and we begin about nine o'clock A. M., and come away about six o'clock P. M. Lunch on board.

"Now you needn't pity us a bit, and this apparent whining is merely a form of brag, or something that we are rather proud of, and something of an excuse to sing about if the things look ill when the staging comes down.

"It is good, steady, long-winded work, and enough of it,—that's just what it is. Immensely instructive, I can tell you; and I can conceive now why those old fellows were not idiots or nigglers in their business, after they had passed a life in front of walls, and painted over every large room they had ever lived in."

At one time it seemed probable that the scheme of decoration for the building would be much enlarged and Hunt's imagination was greatly stimulated by the possibilities which it presented:

"The men who cut the stone, who carried the bricks and mortar, and laid them all together, appeared to Hunt like personages fit to be commemorated on the walls they carried up; and he wanted to make the structure alive with the thought and labor that had erected it. He selected the characters which he wished to use, and framed them into a mental composition. He said:

"'That's the man I want for the center of a group of workmen in repose. Here's a rousing old head for which I shall have a place. There's a man I want. He is going up a ladder, with his hod. Look at that group. Isn't it ready to paint? Figures go together well when they are interested in a purpose. Doesn't that old boy take you back to the early frescoes? You see that type everywhere.'

"Standing upon the scaffolding in the Capitol, he said to a visitor:

"'Do you see that old Irishman? He is the chap that I spoke

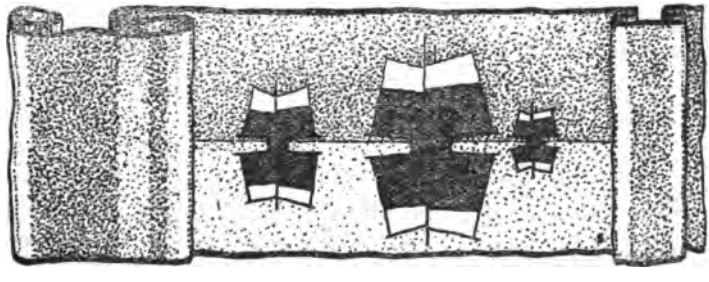
to you about. I'll put him where he will "tell," for he has more character than an entire Congress. See how big his movement is! Doesn't he handle that hoe with the dignity of a king? But here: There's a man I want you to look at when I get to work, and you begin to stroll around to pick up your sympathies among the crowd. It is the humanity here which makes this place interesting. Here you will find every type and temperament.'

"Hunt said that he had never received such encouraging sympathy as he did from the workmen who came up to the scaffold to ask if they might see the pictures; and they said that while they were proud to be working on such a building, they were prouder still to see his work going on.

"'I tell you,' he said, 'that I never felt so big in my life as I did when they asked me if they could come again: They didn't come around to grumble in Greek, but to help me along; and that is what I want.'

"Looking down forty feet from the scaffolding to the floor below, upon the hundreds of workmen, he exclaimed, with feeling:

"'I never before felt what a big thing a great building is! Think of the crowd of varied interests that are represented in this room! Think of all those men, and their families, thinking and working, year in and year out, all to one end,—the making of this Capitol! People grumble and whine about the money which is "thrown away" upon it; but I tell you that it is an immense work, and worthy of any state or nation.'"



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It is an interesting study in our own personal psychology to note with the opening of each year the changes in our attitude toward life. A brief chapter in the experience of a Chautauqua reader of the early years sums up with gentle humor the beneficent effect of "the years that bring the philosophic mind."

"Years ago I spent a day in the art galleries of an exposition at Cincinnati, Ohio. Wearied with paintings, heroic in size, loud in color and bold in outline, all day it had grown upon me to buy and possess a 12x14 soft mellow picture with a taking atmosphere. I do not know why it should so have interested me—there was little to it, only a man, a barrel and dog. Toward night I decided to make the purchase if they could change a ten dollar bill. I was informed at the desk that the study was "Diogenes and his Tub" and the price was $1,500! Knowing little of the subject and far less of art, my eyes were opened and have never since been closed. As for Diogenes, some richer woman has kindly cared for him these forty years to our mutual satisfaction—I do not need him—he is mine without him. Once seen he needs not to materialize in order to be and to abide."

Doubtless we shall always cling quite tenaciously to the idea that "to have and to hold" is a desirable state of being, but some things that we unwillingly let slip from our grasp, oddly enough come back to us in new forms. And this metamorphosis which occurs with every year of life seems to suggest many a fascinating possibility in that mysterious future which gently lures us on.

CHAUTAUQUA TOPICS FOR SUNDAY SERMONS.

Members of a Chautauqua Circle in one of our large churches whose activities were manifold, used sometimes to comment upon the fact that the Sunday sermon seemed often to touch quite pointedly upon subjects which they were studying. There was some difference of opinion as to whether this was an evidence of the pastor's omniscience or of the broadening of their own horizon through the influence of the Chautauqua Course. Whichever conclusion was the true one, it is certain that the C. L. S. C. Course offers many suggestive topics which might be made the basis of most profitable sermons. If the members of a Circle should occasionally proffer a request for a sermon on some phase of a subject which interests them, it is more than likely that the preacher would be encouraged to act upon the suggestion, in view of this assurance of a responsive audience. In a church in Hartford, Connecticut, where there is a wide-awake circle, announcement was recently made of a sermon on "The Making of an Immigrant into an American." In another community, a country region, where a poet might easily find inspiration, the pastor of the church observed Bryant Memorial Day by a special sermon on Bryant, laying emphasis upon his strong, human qualities and his sympathy and interest in men and affairs. These recent incidents may suggest to the circles greater possibilities for a clearer relation between pulpit and circle to the great benefit of the entire congregation.

OUR FEBRUARY STUDIES.

In the third week of February we begin our study of "Newer Ideals of Peace." This is one of the most important books of the year and if circles will take pains to reserve space in the programs for the careful discussion of the topics brought out, they will be well repaid. A very able critic has said that each chapter of this book is "packed with new and

constructive thought." Those who study the book carefully will find themselves mentally stimulated by its suggestions. Perhaps one of the best ways to get the united wisdom of the circle to bear upon it is to assign certain paragraphs in a given chapter to different members and let each see what he or she may find in the way of illustrative material either from her own reading or from personal observation.

THE CLASS OF 1908.

The Chautauqua program for next season is already well under way, and it will be of interest to members of the Class of 1908 to know that their president, Dr. S. C. Schmucker, is to give a course of lectures during Recognition Week, August 16-22. Class committees are working enthusiastically at the pleasant tasks assigned them. The committee on artificial roses has made a careful study of colors and selected a shade which is rich and beautiful and will be very effective for decoration. The chairman of the committee, who is a member of the science staff at an eastern university, is reported as feeling "as gay as a school girl" when she thinks of all the pleasant possibilities of the class graduation next summer.

An individual reader in Massachusetts who has never chanced to meet a member of her class writes in response to a letter from the Class Secretary:

"Your letter made me feel that there *was* a *real* 1908 class. I enjoyed so much also the news with regard to the class gatherings, etc., and Alumni Hall with its arrangements. I am going to send you one dollar now and hope to send you more before next summer. I am very glad to have a part in the finances of the class, and wish I might contribute more. I cannot be sure now of coming to Chautauqua to graduate, but hope I may be able to. I am very busy and get behind frequently, and some times am nearly discouraged but so far I have kept up. And I do want to meet some of my classmates face to face, and learn to know them. And I want to see the buildings and get the inspiration of being at headquarters."

Another member also from Massachusetts whose wife graduated many years ago does his reading aloud while she "plies the needle." While she is adding a seal to her diploma he will be winning his parchment. He adds:

"Personally the reading for the three years past and for this final year have been very pleasant as well as profitable to me, and no doubt will lead to reading in new lines to a greater extent than would have been thought of before beginning this course."

A CIRCLE'S GREETING TO 1911.

"The local C. L. S. C. of Rison Ark. sends greetings to the Class of 1911. Our membership is small but a more interested body of Chautauquans would be hard to find. We are well up with the regular reading. A special program for Milton Memorial Day is being prepared. Our circle is studying Longfellow, expecting to suggest a class motto."

ECHOES FROM THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS OF '82.

CLEVELAND, OHIO: After many years without any direct C. L. S. C. work I am now reading the 1906-7 course.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO: That course of study was a great delight and profit to me and my children, a boy and girl who were at the time in the High School.

UNIVERSITY PARK, COLO.: I have always been so thankful for what the Chautauqua idea brought into my life. It made life more ideal to me.

NEWTON CENTER, MASS.: The C. L. S. C. stands as one of the greatest and most uplifting movements in the world's history. The suggestion to become one of the "Pioneers" was to me an event of a lifetime.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: Had time added as much to my wisdom as to my years,
I might be a credit to the class of "Pioneers."

CLEVELAND, OHIO: Yes, we hope to be in Chautauqua for a few days at least during the anniversary time. The 27th of August of this year is our Golden Wedding anniversary.

NEW YORK CITY: My dear mother, who was sixty-four years old when we passed through the "golden gate" is now eighty-nine, without doubt the oldest member of the class. She joins with me in sending loving greetings.

PORTLAND, OREGON: This year I expect to be in attendance at a Chautauqua gathering near this city and think of the parent and the class of '82. We like to get as near Chautauqua influence as possible, and imbibe the enthusiasm existing at such assemblies.

PARIS, KENTUCKY: Chautauqua means so much to me. If I could express my inmost feeling I would rather be a member of the C. L. S. C. of '82 than of anything else that has ever come in my life. I love the work all the way from "Green's History" down through the list that followed.

TOULON, ILL.: I shall never see the beautiful Hall unless Chautauqua shall continue to be so helpful to humanity that our Father will preserve it for all eternity as a memorial for what it has done in brightening the lives and educating the minds of so many of those who love him.

TROY, PA.: My study was interrupted by the increasing demands of a large family, but the educational work has gone on, my eldest son completing his course at Yale this, our anniversary year.

JANESVILLE, WIS.: Well do I recall the morning of '78 when our names were enrolled for the first class of the C. L. S. C. in the Pavilion with the rain and hail beating joyous music upon the canvas.

WASHINGTON, PA.: I send a hearty greeting to you on this anniversary day and would gladly be with you and join in your festivities, for at the age of four score and six years my enthusiasm for Chautauqua and love for our Alma Mater are not in the least abated.

PITTSBURG, PA.: "One ship drives east
And another west
With the self-same winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales,
Which tell us the way to go."

THE NEW ATHENIAN WATCH FIRES.

The view of the Hall of Philosophy here given shows the form of the new Athenian Watch Fires which are being placed at suitable points outside the Hall, at the corners of the balustrade and at the foot of the stairway. The effect of the flaring lights as the chief feature in the illumination of the Hall is very striking. The idea was one of those early devices suggested by Chancellor Vincent for giving a classic atmosphere to this part of the grounds and even in the rude form in which the watch fires were perpetuated for many years, they were a picturesque sight. Now they have become one of the permanent decorative features of St. Paul's Grove and various C. L. S. C. Classes have claimed the privilege of raising the necessary two hundred and fifty dollars to provide one of these lights. In this way the classes are adding to the beauty and effectiveness of the Hall.

Scenery in South Kiang-Si

Scenery in South Kiang-Si

Hall of Philosophy at Chautauqua, Showing Tripods for Athenian Watch Fires

A MEMBER OF 1908 IN CHINA.

Perhaps the term isolated reader can apply with no greater fitness to any member of 1908 than to one who writes from the China Inland Mission at Wanan Ki, China. It is probable that those of us whose acquaintance with China is limited to book knowledge can appreciate but faintly what "grim backgrounds for study" this member has experienced:

"My reading these few years has had of necessity to be done in spare moments, while on journeys in Chinese inns, etc., many of which made grim backgrounds for study, and not congenial for concentration, but the work has been done, none the less thoroughly. Much has been refreshed, much fresh knowledge gained, and some lonely moments have been cheered. Of the three years the classical year was by far the best. 'Ideals of Greek Literature' and 'History of Greek Art' were very interesting.

"The articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN have been good and have been enjoyed. The new form of the magazine is especially good and suitable for those of us who live abroad, as previously I got the magazines minus covers, etc., whereas this year's have all arrived in perfect order.

"The district in which we are the only foreigners is roughly 70 miles square, our nearest foreign neighbors either north or south are over 50 miles away while east or west there are no foreigners for over 100 miles. In this district we have three churches and quite a few places wherein as yet there are no church members but services are held more or less regularly. Attention to this growing work which is so scattered prevents our having very much spare time for extra study and the want of libraries (which are so plentiful at home) cuts off all means of reference. So that one feels much further behind those who read at home.

"Regarding photographs, I am not the happy possessor of a camera else I could give you some fine views. But I herewith enclose two small ones taken with a pocket kodak. They illustrate two different modes of building farm houses and belong to different parts which though only separated by about 100 miles are as diverse as can be. They were taken in this region. No. 1 a few miles northwest and No. 2 a few miles southeast of our district. If you reproduce them 'Scenery in South Kiang-Si' will suffice.

"I must close with kindest regards, and all good wishes to all our class members especially to any who like myself are reading alone. Yours truly, CHRISTIAN BUNTING."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY — November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY — January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY — May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY — August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR FEBRUARY.

FIRST WEEK—JANUARY 28-FEBRUARY 4.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us," Chapter IX, "Higher Criticism."
In Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter V, National Era, History, Oratory and Nature Studies.

SECOND WEEK—FEBRUARY 4-11.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us," Chapter X, "Other French Visitors."
In Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter VI, National Era, Adventure, Humor and Pathos.

THIRD WEEK—FEBRUARY 11-18.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us," Chapter XI, "Democracy and Manners."
In Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter VI, National Era, Mystery, Idealism, Realism—in part.

FOURTH WEEK—FEBRUARY 18-25.

In Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter VI, National Era, Mystery, Idealism, Realism—concluded. "Newer Ideals of Peace," Chapter I, Introduction.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Roll Call: Reports on paragraphs in Highways and Byways.
2. Review of Chapter IX in "As Others See Us."
3. Readings: Side Lights on the work of Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. See *Charities*, 15:96, 309-35, 334-5 and 701-2 (Oct. 14, Dec. 2, '05, Jan. 27 and Feb, '06). *Charities* 16:228-9, May, '06; *Outlook* 81:397-8 and 974 (Oct. 21 and Dec. 23, '05); *Critic* 48-9 and 74-5; *Century* 72:138 (May, '06); *Current Literature* 19, '06.
4. Biographical studies of the historians Motley and Prescott. The aim in these should be to make the men living personalities to the Circle. Let two members be assigned to each author, one taking the facts of his life, illuminating them by anecdotes, by his relations to other men of his time, etc. The

other should make a character study of the author. (Each member of the Circle should agree also to bring some interesting item to add to the discussion. There are many magazine articles on these two men, which may be available where books are not.)

5. Book Review: Thoreau's Walden.

SECOND WEEK.

1. Roll Call: A list of ten rather unusual words selected from the required readings of the last two months should be placed on a blackboard and each member requested to write a paragraph using these words correctly. Ten minutes may be allowed for this exercise.
2. Review of Chapter X in "As Others See Us."
3. Discussion of article on Langley with additional side lights on the subject. (See the *Outlook* 82:540, Mar. 10, '06; *Current Literature* 40:549-50, May, 1906; *Popular Science Monthly* 68:377-8, April, 1906.)
4. Book Review: Prue and I. George William Curtis.
5. Studies of Irving: Assign to each of three groups of two members each, one of the following works, or others if the members are familiar with these: Irving's "Knickerbocker," "Bracebridge Hall," and "Conquest of Granada." Let each group read the book assigned and at the meeting these six members make oral reports of their impressions of Irving. Aside from these let each member agree to read a part at least of one of the three books assigned so that a general discussion may follow the reports of the six leaders.

THIRD WEEK.

1. Reading: Some experiences in the life of William M. Hunt. (See the Library Shelf.)
2. Roll Call: Quotations from Poe's works.
3. An evening with Poe: Poe is universally regarded as a writer of distinct genius. Try to get a clear idea of why this is so. Select from his stories some of those which are least horrible and assign them to different members who have not read them. Many persons would be glad to avoid such tales as "The Black Cat," "The Fall of the House of Usher," etc., "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" is a painful story yet possesses interest as the ancestor of the Sherlock Holmes tales. "A Descent into the Maelstrom" and "The Unparalleled Adventures of One Hans Pfall" show Poe's great ability in describing natural scenery and the effects of distance. Assign also some of his poems—"The City in the Sea," "The Haunted Palace," "Ulalume," etc. Then while each member makes a special study of his own particular story or poem let one be appointed to look into general works of criticism upon Poe and sum up the estimate made of him. In this way the Circle will feel not only his personal impression upon them but how he strikes the critics who have had large literary experience, and who assign him a high place. (There is an interesting article on Poe by F. W. H. Myers in the "Warner Library of The World's Best Literature." THE CHAUTAUQUAN for

May, 1900, contained an article on Poe's "Ulalume." Histories of American literature and special works on Poe will show the critics' point of view. See also story in February Library Shelf.

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll Call: Quotations from Bishop Williams' article on "Men of Vision" in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
2. Study of Introduction to "Newer Ideals of Peace." See paragraph in Round Table.
3. Reading: Sketch of Jane Addams in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, with additional reports by several members regarding phases of her work. (See her story of Hull House in the *Ladies' Home Journel* for 1906.)
4. An evening with Hawthorne: Assign to each member some short story or selection from Hawthorne's works which he or she has not read. Let each member look up the period of his life when the story was written and note its relation to his development. Note also what qualities of the author make themselves felt in the story. The program committee who assign the stories and selections should call for these brief reports in chronological order. Or if preferred, the Circle may take some novel and study it together, the several chapters being asigned to different leaders. (See lives of Hawthorne and other available books, also "Literary and Social Addresses" by G. W. Curtis for Hawthorne at Concord.)

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON JANUARY READINGS.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. Michael Chevalier born at Limoges, France, in 1806, died at Montpelier, 1879. A noted French political economist. His works include "Letters upon North America," "The Material Interests of France," "Essays upon Industrial Politics: Liberty in the United States, several on Mexico. 2. A contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* Her *non de plume* is TH. Bentzon. A contemporary French novelist. 3. On his unexpected accession to the presidency it was found that his Democratic State-right convictions placed him hopelessly at variance with the Republican majority in Congress on the question of reconstruction. The quarrel with Congress came to a head on his attempting to remove Edwin M. Stanton from the secretaryship of war without the consent of the Senate, contrary to the tenure-of-office act passed over his veto March 2, 1867. He was impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, but was acquitted (by a vote of 35 to 19, very little short of the two-thirds vote necessary to conviction) after a trial lasting from March 23 to May 26, 1868. 4. He wrote among other works "The English Constitution," "Literary Studies," "Economic Studies," and "Biographical Studies." 5. "The Invisible Man," "The War of the Worlds," "Anticipation," "When the Sleeper Wakes," "The First Men in the Moon." 6. An Italian writer of travels. He fought in the war for the liberation of Italy, then retired to devote himself

to literature. He has written "Constantinople," "Holland," "Spain and Spaniards," "Morocco," and "Cuore, the Heart of a Boy," besides a number of works not translated into English.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AMERICAN PAINTING."

1. Sully. 2. Alvan Fisher. 3. Chester Harding. 4. Ibid. 5. In 1826.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS ON FEBRUARY READINGS.

CHAPTER IX—"HIGHER CRITICISM."

1. What were the chief events in the career of de Tocqueville? 2. With what attitude of mind did he write of America? 3. Why has his "Democracy in America" great value? 4. What is the nature of his quotation from Madame de Sévigné? 5. What does he think of the humanizing influence of democracy? 6. Describe his view of slavery. 7. How does he characterize us as a nation? 8. What striking present day illustration of this national quality does our author point out? 9. What other sources of national wealth besides the forests have we allowed to slip from national control? 10. What is our danger point as de Tocqueville saw it? 11. What is his opinion of the "Press" in the United States? 12. Why is de Tocqueville hopeful of us in spite of much that he saw in our actual conditions to frighten him? 13. Why did he fear possible disunion? 14. What misgivings had he regarding war in America? 15. What evils did he fail to foresee? 16. Why did he consider our national spirit likely to remain weak? 17. What does our author consider is the the highest value of these volumes by de Tocqueville?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. What caused the French Revolution of 1830? 2. Who was Madame de Sévigné and when did she live? 3. What claims to distinction have de la Rochefoucauld and de Liancourt? 4. What has Max O'Rell written? 5. What was the "Salentum" of Fénelon? 6. What is the Musée Sociale?

CHAPTER X. OTHER FRENCH VISITORS.

1. Give illustrations of the attitude of Frenchmen towards us just after the Revolution. 2. How is this accounted for? 3. What is the character of much recent French criticism and why? 4. What importance has the work of LePlay? 5. What were some of the "shocks" which our French critics suffered in this country? 6. What may be said as to the significance of our industrial and social troubles? 7. What comments are made upon the education of French and American girls respectively? 8. What very true and pointed criticisms are made of our love of bigness? 9. In what respects has our development in art received more favorable judgment in recent years? 10. What two opinions are expressed as to our attitude toward the negro race?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "NEWER IDEALS OF PEACE."

CHAPTER I—"INTRODUCTION."

1. What two lines of appeal have been used by the advocates of peace in creating public sentiment against war? 2. Why is the term "non-resistance" hardly suitable to express the newer social forces which are making for peace? 3. By what better method than preaching can virtue be promoted? 4. How does the author make very vivid the meaning of her phrase "the juvenile propensities to warfare?" 5. What is the essential difference, if any, between our common law and our international law? 6. What opportunities do our cities offer for the expression of both a national and an international spirit? 7. How have our immigrants in general been affected by their experience of parting from home and kindred? 8. How are the hopes and dreams of these immigrants a prophecy of the future development of city government? 9. How rabble" itself? 10. What striking thought does she illustrate from does our author think we may be saved from war by the "fighting the figure of a Gothic Cathedral? 11. What movements illustrate the new form of heroism which we are coming to admire more than that connected with warfare and destruction? 12. What do we mean by "humanity" today as compared with the "natural man" discussed by the 18th Century philosophers?

CHAPTER II—"SURVIVALS OF MILITARISM IN CITY GOVERNMENT."

1. How did our early lawmakers show their distrust of the people in the nature of the laws which they made? 2. How does our attitude toward the immigrant show that we have not adapted our theories of government to these new conditions? 3. How does the immigrant suffer from exploitation of various kinds in his journey to this country? 4. How does our attitude of contempt for the foreigner influence the second generation of immigrants? 5. What classes of people come most directly in contact with those of our government officials who have to do with restrictive measures? 6. Why are the police of our cities so often become allies of crime? 7. How do the corrupt politicians on the one hand and the overzealous reformer on the other show the inadequate nature of our methods in dealing with evil? 8. What proportion of the people are reached by the repressive measures of government compared with those who ought to find in the government a means of promoting the needs of the community?

CHAPTER III—"FAILURE TO UTILIZE IMMIGRANTS IN CITY GOVERNMENT."

1. With what class of people who represent the majority of the community must government eventually deal? 2. What qualities of the immigrant frequently find no place in our industrial system and why? 3. How is our lack of adaptability shown in our attempt to promote farm life in the American way? 4. How have our Anglo-Saxon ideas been baffled by the Russian Dukhobors? 5. What striking object lesson is occasionally presented by the orthodox Jews of Chicago? 6. What are the natural con-

nections which the immigrant makes with the machinery of government in this country? 7. Show the necessity for an appreciation of the immigrant's own past in establishing sympathetic relations with him. 8. How is the lack of the protective element in municipal government illustrated by the long delayed development of the Juvenile Court? 9. What important activities are now undertaken by these courts? 10. Why does the immigrant often feel that the country is not doing all it should for him? 11. How does our attitude toward the sick poor illustrate our fear of trusting government too far? 12. How does America compare with England and France in representative city government? 13. Compare our government's care of the people with that exercised by Germany.

CHAPTER IV—"MILITARISM AND INDUSTRIAL LEGISLATION."

1. Through what agency do many immigrants get their first lesson in self government? 2. What fact of great social significance was connected with the Chicago Stock Yard's strike in 1904? 3. What remarkable action of the United States government in connection with the anthracite coal strike was brought about by aroused public sentiment? 4. How did the element of warfare in this strike prevent what might have been a step forward in the government's care of the people? 5. In what strange position were the twelve hundred police in the stock yards' strike placed as regards the protection of crime? 6. What example did this strike offer of a national appeal subordinated to that made in the name of labor? 7. What dream of genuine internationalism is cherished by workingmen? 8. What do we mean by the standard of life? 9. What seems to be the reason that untrained workmen are the ones entrusted with the task of industrial adjustment? 10. What point of view was expressed by a Chicago judge as to the method of applying common law to industrial problems? 11. From what old forms of local government might our democracy today learn valuable lessons?

CHAPTER V—"GROUP MORALITY IN THE LABOR MOVEMENT."

1. What two tendencies seem to prevail in the two groups into which our industrial society is divided? 2. Show how it is difficult to judge a contemporaneous movement. 3. How are older unions hampered by young ones? 4. Why are these younger organizations difficult to control? 5. Why has arbitration fallen into disuse in Chicago? 6. Why did the public acquiesce in the teamsters' strike? 7. Could the Courts have dealt with the situation if appealed to? 8. What aspect of this strike might be ascribed to "militant youth?" 9. How is class feeling intensified by such a struggle? 10. How is race animosity promoted? 11. How does it strengthen a materialistic spirit? 12. What is the educational effect upon children? 13. How are unions affected by such a struggle? 14. How does the present factory system promote unnatural conditions? 15. Why have these been permitted to develop?

CHAPTER VI—"PROTECTION OF CHILDREN FOR INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY."

1. How does the United States compare with England and Germany in its provision for the needs of its laboring class? 2. What explanation can be given for this condition? 3. How many

illiterate and how many working children are there in this country according to the census of 1900? 4. Why has child labor become the evil of this modern age? 5. What connection has been traced between child labor and the tramp habit? 6. What effect does it have upon parents? 7. How does the nation suffer from this premature use of the young? 8. What protest against militarism is making itself felt in Germany? 9. What experience is England having with debased products? 10. How does our country fall short of getting the best results from its public school system? 11. Why should child labor be treated as a national question? 12. What qualities of his nature demand that a child should have the full period of youth for development? 13. What social possibilities does the factory offer? 14. What educational possibilities have city playgrounds?

CHAPTER VII—"UTILIZATION OF WOMEN IN THE CITY GOVERNMENT."

1. What are the chief problems of the modern city? 2. Why have the cities failed as yet to deal satisfactorily with these conditions? 3. Why has woman so small a share in these activities? 4. How do present conditions of women's work in general differ from those of a generation ago? 5. What is true of the ages of women workers in this country? 6. How is England far ahead of America in relation to the work of women? 7. Illustrate the need for protection in industry by the case of the Special Order Tailors. 8. How has the domestic problem been affected by the changing conditions of immigration? 9. What has been the attitude of many women toward industrial changes in the household? 10. For what two results may we hope from the activity of women in municipal life?

CHAPTER VIII—"PASSING OF THE WAR VIRTUES."

1. How has warfare in the past done much to bring men together? 2. Why do we need other methods of opening the channels of human sympathy? 3. How is our patriotism often too much a thing of the past? 4. What weakness do we reveal when we insist that war virtues are necessary to patriotism? 5. If the charge of "obtaining negative results" can be brought against militarism what can be claimed for industrialism? 6. What causes may make war seem justifiable even to a democratic nation? 7. What has been the influence of the Doukhobors? 8. Show how their doctrines could be made effective in making war impossible. 9. Contrast "War" and "Labor." 10. What manifestations of "cosmic patriotism" do the immigrant quarters of our cities reveal? 11. What were to be the fundamental qualities of the peace foretold by the prophet Isaiah?

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"I'm really quite submerged in the immigrant question," jocularly remarked a member of the Round Table as she replaced a loose leaf in her note book. "I've been making an investigation of the foreign community in our little town to find out who lives there; I've had some rich experiences. Our little fruit dealer, Mr. Kopulous told me of several Armenians in his section of the town and actually one Turk! Think of it, the Eastern question right here in our midst. We have no Circle and I'm too busy to start one, but I thought a mild investigation on my own account might be worth while and you see the result. I feel as if I must brush up on my Greek literature in order to be really neighborly, but just what course to pursue with Turks and Armenians is a matter of grave concern."

"I shall never forget," commented Pendragon, "the sense of despair which came over me when I was once confronted in Chicago by an immigrant who asked the way to a street and number some distance from my locality. I had to communicate with her by signs and when I asked if she was from Italy she shook her head and said 'Arabia!' I couldn't help wondering what this child of the desert was going to find to compensate her for coming to Chicago."

"I think you'll agree that we have a rare combination of nationalities," said the delegate from Barker, Texas. "You asked about the 'local color' of our community. It is not thickly settled. The old settlers live along the bayou, farming, but chiefly caring for their large herds of cattle which are branded and then turned loose on the range. Cotton is king here, but a great many are planting rice and some are putting out orange groves. There are German and Bohemian settlements close to us and we have Italians and Mexicans who come seeking employment in the busy season. Then there is a Japanese colony living on a large rice plantation about fifty miles from here. It hardly seems necessary to mention the fact that we have the negro everywhere. We are going to have reports from these different nationalities at our meetings and as our Circle is small, we can easily move into the different neighborhoods. We have very interesting meetings and expect to take Chautauqua into the homes around us. We are only twenty miles from Houston and its Carnegie library."

"The nonchalant way in which you refer to your library 'only twenty miles away' is very impressive to us," laughed a member from Providence, Rhode Island. "Our Circle meets *in* the Edgewood library and we often wonder how other Circles manage

without our privileges. Our name is the Lotos Circle and our motto 'It is what we think and what we do that makes us what we are.' Many years ago there was a very strong Circle here which finally merged into a progressive woman's club. Last year we reorganized once more for C. L. S. C. work. We enjoyed the English course greatly and this year's work we feel is going to give us a broader and more perfect idea of just what our country means to us. As the majority of our members belong to the 1911 class and Longfellow is their patron saint, we are making rather an extensive study of his personality and poems."

"At this point, let me remind you," said Pendragon, "of the fiftieth anniversary number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1907. If you did not chance to see it, by all means look it over. The men and women whose names are household words to us, figure once more in its pages as one and another of the men and women who worked with them recall incidents and anecdotes of the past."

"This combination of the new and the old in American literature which we are getting this year interests me tremendously," said the delegate from the Edelweiss Circle of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. "Our members looked up their ancestors for a recent meeting and we found that in just our small group of Americans, England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Sweden, Portugal, and France all had a share. Then one of our members discussed the 'yellow peril' from a somewhat optimistic point of view. She was a Californian, and in her skilful treatment of the subject we saw the Japanese, neat, attentive, polite, and earnest as she had seen them at school. The heathen Chinese laundryman, a Chesterfield in his manners, compared with his white brother. Alaskan and Filipino also showed conspicuously in the racial competition for good manners and her Mexican 'peril' was a reference to the Mexican laborers who sang as they worked and who most courteously asked the privilege of using the author's hydrant, whereas the white laborers never asked permission, never replaced the hose, and were appallingly profane."

"Perhaps it's because we're so far away from California," rejoined the next speaker who was from Niagara Falls, "that we were able to get up a good deal of sentiment on the 'yellow peril' that wasn't optimistic, for we certainly had a very live debate on the Chinese expulsion law. We've been gathering statistics of the race elements at the Falls and their location, and we have had papers on the public institutions of this section, jail, poorhouse, blind asylum, and many others. There are thirty of us who are reading, and we are most enthusiastic."

"Our Circle made an excursion to Hungary to look up some of our fellow countrymen," said the next speaker, who represented the Robert Browning Circle of Warren, Ohio. "We had a most delightful map talk, showing the geography of Hungary and where our immigrants come from. We also had a very lively discussion as to how far the foreigners' plane of living had been raised by coming to America. It certainly seems 'up to us,' if you'll excuse the expression, to help make it better. We also had a most interesting scientific paper by Judge Deming upon the discovery of mammoth and mastodon bones at the Blue Lick Springs in Kentucky."

A member from Westfield, New York, the famous grape region, was the next to report. "We have an Italian colony," she said, "and we have been thinking seriously about how we can express our neighborly spirit toward them. It has been suggested that each one of our twenty members might do something in the way of teaching embroidery to the young girls and so cultivate their artistic talents while we also learn to know them in a friendly way. We've nothing definite to report yet, but there may be something later."

"Down here in Maine," commented a member from Belfast, "our 'local color' seems to be manufacturing, farming, and ship building. Our twenty-five members have done some first hand work on their ancestry, on the nationalities in our city, and some beginnings of map making. Just how successfully we shall work out our maps, time will show, but the attempts are interesting experiences for us and we have never before made such a study of our community as we are doing this winter."

"Here is a capital plan," said Pendragon, "which many of the Circles might adopt to the advantage of the community. You will notice in this clipping from the Sedalia, Missouri *Sentinel* that the Circle members publish before each meeting the review questions upon the chapters to be discussed. This strikes me as a remarkably good way to make known the nature of the work of the Circle. Many people who are not members will read these questions out of curiosity, and in many cases will be sufficiently anxious to know the answers to take up the course, even if they don't join the Circle. A little paragraph in the paper each time calling attention to the books of the course and to the possibilities of individual membership for those who find it inconvenient to join a Circle, would help to clinch the matter."

"Perhaps you will let me report what is surely an innovation in our town," said a member from Minersville, Pa. "I felt sure that there was an opportunity to form a men's Circle and you may like to know that my efforts have resulted in a membership of thirty-nine. It includes business and professional men and others who stand for progress in the community. I suppose it is a somewhat unique thing." "I wish it were less unique," laughed Pendragon, "but there have been a number of such circles and every new one makes the experience less rare. Minersville is to be congratulated and I might suggest that since nothing stimulates sturdy growth quite so much as a little opposition, you prevail upon some of your townswomen to form a rival organization and see which succeeds in developing the longest life. I can see in my mind's eye no small benefit to your community from the influence of such a circle as yours.

"You will notice that new circles in all parts of the country are reënforcing our ranks. We have, for instance, a fine organization of thirty members at Litchfield, Illinois, and they are already planning for special exercises at their neighboring assembly next summer. This is an important step, for every Circle which connects itself with a local Chautauqua lends strength to the Assembly, is able to communicate its enthusiasm to others and is, in turn, inspired by its effort to exert a wider educational influence. A new Circle at Reno, Oklahoma, calls itself the Hawthorne, and has taken as its motto, 'No reward without labor.' This card catalogue of new members indicates that the class of 1911 is growing rapidly. Its membership is well up in the thousands."

"I'm glad to see," he continued, "that the Circles are acting upon some of the program suggestions and making use of occasional book reviews of important works. The Tarentum, Pa., Circle has been reviewing 'Aliens and Americans,' a most valuable book. Circle members can, in this way, get an intelligent idea of books which they haven't time to read, but of whose contents and character they should know something. This is a 'proxy' method of reading which wouldn't apply to many kinds of books but with works of this kind it is very legitimate. You will be glad to examine the two year books. The progressive C. L. S. C. of Creston, Iowa, you see in addition to its regular program, indicates certain 'Special Days.' On Chautauqua League Day the 'Hall in the Grove,' 'Cosmopolitan Circle' and all Chautauquans in the city unite with the 'Progressives' in carrying out the program. This plan of union meetings is utilized in a good many places and our new Circles will do well to take notice of this pleasant feature of Circle life.

This booklet from Canandaigua, New York, with its tasteful little cut, in color, of the American flag, is most attractive. You will notice in the last program a feature which some of you may like to adopt. Your own ingenuity will suggest the best way to work it out: 'Who am I? A Visit to an American Portrait Gallery.'"

Several other Circles brought copies of their new year books which were eagerly examined by the rest. The Gunsaulus Circle of Kansas City had introduced its circle color, green and white, and flower, the carnation, very effectively in a color design of green with a white carnation in one corner. The book included a full list of the officers and members for the year, topics for each meeting and the Constitution and by-laws with a quotation at the end, indicating the convictions of the Circle:

"The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenue, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings, but it consists in the number of its cultured citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character; here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power."

"The Chautauquans" of Lima, Ohio, chiefly graduates, showed their plan of Shakespeare study for the year embodied in a tan colored booklet bound in dark blue gray and lettered in gold. Miss L. C. Brown, the delegate from the Fort Scott Circle of Kansas, presented a dainty white and gold program of the exercises of the Fort Scott Federation of Clubs held late in October when the Chautauqua Circle was Master of Ceremonies. "There are two significant emblems on this program," said Pendragon. "One you will all recognize as a nineteenth century symbol, the C. L. S. C. monogram on the cover. The other, as many of you know, is the Swastika which goes far back into the dawn of civilization. It seems to be much in vogue in these days for decoration and has an interesting history worth looking up. It is very fitting in its suggestion of Chautauqua's recognition of our debt to the past. But we must have Miss Brown's account of the meeting. It was an important meeting."

"Our Fort Scott Federation of Clubs," explained the delegate, "is composed of some eight different clubs. Once in two months the Federation meets, transacts business, listens to a prearranged program and enjoys a social session. It is the duty of the different clubs in turn to provide the program. Heretofore the meetings have, with one exception, been held in private houses but the membership is now so large that we decided to secure the parlors of the First Baptist Church. For decoration we used immense branches of the hard maple which was in all its glory of autumn coloring and these in contrast with the walls and ceil-

ing of white, and delicate green were more beautiful than you can imagine. The platform we decorated with ferns and palms and behind it hung an immense American flag in honor of the 'American Year' of the C. L. S. C. You will see from our program that the topics were purely American, even the musical numbers being by American composers, illustrative of a very discriminating paper on this subject. 'American Art and Artists' also formed the topic of an admirable paper and you will see that in still others we emphasized 'The Educational Value of Club Work,' 'The C. L. S. C.' and 'Careful Work.'"

"In closing let me once more remind you to get acquainted in this American year with some new author or some new work by an old author. Have a bulletin board somewhere to which you can attach an occasional quotation which strikes your fancy, and which you can glance at now and then during the day. It is said that on the walls of W. M. Hunt's studio might always be found quotations from Emerson written large and with a blunt piece of charcoal. We all have our 'studios' of one sort or another where we do our creative work. Let us be sure that they furnish all the inspiration possible."

Talk About Books

THE FUTURE IN AMERICA. By H. G. Wells. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1906.

"Does this magnificent appearance of beginnings which is America, convey any clear and certain promise of permanence and fulfillment whatever? Much makes for construction, a great wave of reform is going on, but will it drive on to anything more than a breaking impact upon even more gigantic uncertainties and dangers? Is America a giant childhood or a gigantic futility, a mere latest phase of that long succession of experiments which has been and may be for interminable years—may be altogether until the end—man's social history?"

* * * *

"These people might do anything. They are the finest people upon earth—the most hopeful. But they are vain and hasty; they are thoughtless, harsh, and undisciplined. In the end it may be, they will accomplish nothing. I see I have noted in its place the great forces of construction, the buoyant, creative spirit of America. But I have marked, too, the intricacy of snares and obstacles in its path. The problem of America, save in its scale and freedom, is no different from the problem of Great Britain, of Europe, of all humanity; it is one chiefly moral and intellectual; it is to resolve a confusion of purposes, traditions, habits, into a common ordered intention. Everywhere one finds what seem to me the beginnings of that—and, for this epoch it is all too possible, they may get no further than beginnings. Yet another Decline and Fall may remain to be written, another and another, and it may be another, before the World State comes and Peace."

In such fashion Mr. H. G. Wells in his aptly named book "The Future in America" sums up the impressions and questionings which remain with him at the conclusion of a seven weeks' trip through portions of the United States.

Seven weeks, would at first thought, seem all too short a time for any Englishman, however well prepared, to devote to a study of American conditions. Yet in the case of Mr. Wells, gifted with remarkable insight and free from all insular prejudice the time is sufficient to make clear to him those serious problems upon the solution of which the future of America—and perhaps the future of civilization—depends.

The problem in America, as Mr. Wells sees it, is much the problem of all nations: the development of a conscious social purpose, the formulation of a State ideal, which shall transcend all minor, selfish, individual ideals. In other words the American problem and the world problem is the formation of a socialistic rather than an individualistic society. America by reason of its natural wealth, its freedom from aristocratic repressions, its generally diffused desire for education offers the best hope of such a state.

On the other hand America is at the present moment hedged about with the gravest dangers. The political machinery, the product of theory and compromise, has proved itself inadequate to meet the demands of a modern state for a central federal control of diverse social elements. Excessive individualism has worked its own destruction and the equality of economic opportunity of which Americans vainly boast exists only to a limited and constantly diminishing degree in the face of industrial consolidation.

Americans are awaking to the dangers of the present situation, as the vast body of confessional literature recently attests. Investigation of every sort is the rule, and popular opinion is crying for a remedy for the abuses revealed. But will the reform movement prove itself strong enough not only to break down but to reconstruct? Have Americans the organized disinterest to remould their institutions, substituting national welfare as an ideal in place of individual gain, creating a patriotism which involves sacrifice in the service of the state, an enduring, sane patriotism which will reorganize society on better, more altruistic lines.

The qualification which Mr. Wells imputes to our patriotism must come home to the unprejudiced American as largely deserved. Our patriotism is of the emergency sort rather than of the laborious, self effacing, commonplace kind. And yet without this hum-

bler, more useful patriotism, America cannot maintain a leading place as a civilized state.

Of the reconstructive problems which face this new, still undeveloped patriotism, the political reformation. is the most imperative. But other equally grave problems are also crying for solution: the assimilation of immigrants; the negro problem; the creation of a new ideal of individual liberty; the reform of vicious child labor conditions. These are questions of the gravest import and every American who reads Mr. Wells' book will be stirred to a new realization of the dangers which our national indifference or carelessness involves.

Perhaps the greatest American defect is over optimism—a belief in America's "luck." Mr. Wells believes, and those who read his book must believe with him, that luck is no satisfactory genius for a nation. Nations are what their citizens make them, the product of a free will theology, rather than of predestination. When we as a nation grasp this fact and meet our problems squarely we may do much.

Mr. Wells does not conclude his book in utter pessimism. He wavers between hope and doubt, not knowing how great faith to place upon the patriotism, altruism, and morality of the average American citizen upon whom, in a democracy, the national welfare must largely depend. All we know now is that the average citizen is waking up and looking about him. We must hope that he will not relapse and that he has not already slept too long.

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CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1908

COVER DESIGN

Thomas Alva Edison ..... Frontispiece

Highways and Byways 301

The President and the Nomination. The Currency and Readjustment. Oklahoma the New State. The Demand for Waterways Development. Socialism and English Politics. The Philippine Assembly. Has the German Constitution Been Changed? In Russia Still an Autocracy? Note and Comment. With Portraits of Gustave V of Sweden, Oscar II and Lord Kelvin.

As Others See Us ..... John Graham Brooks 321

XII. Our Monopoly of Wit. XIII. Our Greatest Critic.

American Painting ..... Edwina Spencer 350

V. Development of Landscape and Marine Painting.

Some Great American Scientists ..... George Hes 389

VI. Thomas Alva Edison.

The Story of a Bohemian Pioneer ..... Emily G. Balch 397

The Vesper Hour ..... Chancellor John H. Vincent 404

Albert A. Michelson 411

Gifford Pinchot 412

Greeting from President James 414

Library Shelf 415

The Unclaimed Letter.

C. L. S. C. Round Table ..... Conducted by Kate F. Kimball 428

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THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

(See "Thomas Alva Edison," by George Iles.)

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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PERSISTENT agitation of the question of forcing President Roosevelt to become a candidate for the next Republican nomination for the chief magistracy, or of securing a tacit promise from him to accept the nomination if tendered without opposition in his own party, has constrained him to reiterate his famous and voluntary—and absolutely unequivocal—declaration with regard to a third term. He had been accused of a "game of hide and seek" with the people on that question; politicians—some sincere supporters of Rooseveltian policies, and others professing such support for selfish reasons—had been circulating all sorts of rumors on the subject; national committeemen had been frankly expressing uncertainty as to the situation; correspondents were saying that as Mr. Bryan was the only Democratic candidate, Mr. Roosevelt simply must be named by the Republicans "to defeat him," since no other man could; and the Democrats had offered a resolution in Congress, similar to that which was adopted with little practical dissent during the second term of General Grant in the White House, declaring the anti-third-term tradition to be as binding, necessary and as salutary as ever. In view of these and other things Mr. Roosevelt felt that the time to speak once more, and with equal emphasis, on the question, had come. He will not be a candidate, and under no circumstances will he accept another nomination for the presidency. It is impossible to say more than Mr. Roosevelt has said and, to the great majority of citizens, unnecessary to say anything more.

But there are certain third-term "boomers" who have not been silenced and will not be. They are still saying that a command from the party, from the whole party, as represented by the national convention, to serve the people will override every consideration or objection based on consistency, personal honor, inclination, and so on, and compel Mr. Roosevelt to accept another nomination in spite of two, ten, or a hundred unqualified and earnest statements to the contrary. There is no possibility of meeting this sort of prophecy or speculation, and doubtless Mr. Roosevelt will ignore it henceforth. Serious advocacy of his renomination by men of weight and loyalty to him is out of the question, however, and this is the view generally taken in the press.

The immediate effect of the President's reiteration is to strengthen materially the candidacies of those Republicans who are most likely to continue the Roosevelt policies. The Taft candidacy has been helped to some extent, as has that of Gov. Hughes of New York, whom his followers and admirers continue to regard as a candidate for the presidential nomination, though not one word from him is expected on the situation. The "field" is still free, however, and the soberest observers believe that no candidate can afford to "rest on his oars" and assume that the fight for the nomination is won.

The Currency and Readjustment

On the surface there are few traces of the financial crisis which was precipitated in October. The business interests have been remarkably calm, and the banks of the country have had little to complain of on the part of their depositors. The monetary stringency was practically over by the end of December. The imports of gold from abroad, the Treasury measures of relief, the sound condition of the country banks, especially west, had all contributed to ease the situation. The payments of currency by the great banks

of the centers was gradually resumed, and the various certificates and substitutes for "lawful money" that had been issued in many places were called in as the supply of currency and specie increased in the country's circulation.

But two serious problems have remained as a legacy of the crisis, and they are not easy of solution. One is the revision of our banking and currency laws in the light of recent experiences so as to provide reasonable assurance against the recurrence of the same troubles. Congress, the bankers, theoretical students of finance are now wrestling with this question, and the widest differences of opinion as to the remedies needed have been revealed by the discussion. All agree that the currency system as it stands is irrational, unprogressive, inelastic, unscientific, a thing of shreds and patches. It is different from any European system, or from that of Canada, and is the survival of the civil war era to a large extent. But even those who are most outspoken in the denunciation of the existing system; like Professor Sumner of Yale, become very cautious and uncertain when suggestions of radical changes therein are proposed.

Of such proposals two are particularly prominent: Several leading bankers and statesmen advocate the establishment of a Bank of the United States, such bank to be the fiscal agent of the government, to keep its funds and to have a monopoly of the note issue. It is true that our experience with banks of the United States has not been pleasant, and the fight of President Jackson on Biddle is still vividly remembered. But it is held that the conditions today are different; that the Treasury is obliged to be in politics far deeper than the Biddle institution ever really was, and that the abuse of the power and influence of the proposed central bank could be prevented by effective legislation and proper control.

Strong arguments are made in favor of this solution, and the practice of Europe affords an impressive object

lesson. Yet no one believes that there is any possibility of legislation creating a bank of this kind and taking away the privilege of the national banks to issue notes based on government bonds. The alternative radical solution is to leave the banking system undisturbed but to authorize "asset currency," that is, notes secured not by government bonds, but by the general assets—securities, commercial paper, etc., of the banks, the government to guarantee these notes and to maintain a fund for their redemption out of the proceeds of a tax upon the banks. Such a currency would be elastic —would rise and fall with the expansion and contraction of trade and commerce—and it is insisted that it can be made absolutely safe as well.

It is not likely that Congress will adopt this solution in preference to the other. The probability is that nothing radical will be attempted in dealing with the currency, and that the outcome of the whole discussion will be a simple measure authorizing the issue of "emergency currency" in seasons of special need, such as the crop-moving period. Such currency is issued in Germany, in France, and elsewhere, and it prevents stringencies and disturbing fluctuations in the interest rate. It is proposed to tax emergency notes 5 or 6 per cent., in order to insure their retirement at the first favorable moment and thus do away with the danger of inflation and an oversupply of money, which invariably breed speculation and unsound business enterprises. The emergency notes would be secured by bonds other than governmental at a certain prescribed percentage of their face value.

The other problem which the crisis has left the country to solve is that of a business readjustment, of restricting production in some direction and lowering prices. It is admitted by all that undue expansion of trading and manufacturing, largely on borrowed capital, had much to do with causing the crisis, and that too much encouragement had been given by the banks to doubtful business ventures. Busi-

ness readjustment is necessarily a slow process, but it need not be excessively painful, and the hope is that it will be effected this year without wholesale discharges of labor and wage reductions.

Oklahoma the New State

In November, President Roosevelt issued his proclamation declaring that Oklahoma had complied with the congressional enabling act, had adopted a constitution that provided for a republican form of government, and was therefore entitled to admission into the sisterhood of states. Since then she has elected two Senators, her first legislature has met, and she has been exercising the rights of independent statehood.

Oklahoma is the forty-sixth state in the Union. Her population is estimated at 1,350,000, of whom only 40,000 are negroes. Her natural resources are varied and opulent, her degree of culture high, her industries well developed, and her future extremely bright. Her percentage of illiteracy is as low as that of proud and old Massachusetts, and her population energetic, intelligent and advanced. Her constitution is "radical," but if it errs, it errs on the side of public advantage and public protection. Her anti-monopoly legislation, her referendum, her safeguards against boss and machine rule, will be watched with sympathy and interest by many older states. The day which saw her entrance into the sisterhood also saw the establishment of prohibition within her boundaries.

Utah was made a state in 1896, and since then no star has been added to the flag till now. Only two Territories remain as candidates for statehood, New Mexico and Arizona and their admission, agitated for years, may be postponed on account of the controversy over the desirability of forcing them to consolidate and apply for statehood as one commonwealth. There is a strong opposition to such union, and as Congress is reluctant to create two new states, the

settlement of the question may take time, though the President, for his part, has decided to waive the demand of union as a condition of admission.

Alaska and Porto Rico will in due time give us difficult problems to solve, but at present neither thinks of statehood as a possibility. The Philippines are too distant, and are in Asia, not in America. Independence, it is now freely admitted, is far more probable in their case—or perhaps something like "Canadian autonomy"—than statehood and membership in our Union.

The Demand for Waterway Development

There has been a remarkable revival in the country of the movement for improving and developing the great American rivers and waterways. The people of the west, far west and southwest have taken hold of the question with intense earnestness and enthusiasm, and the demand as formulated by them is for a waterway from "the Lakes to the Gulf." Two conventions have recently been held to promote this great project. The first expected result of the agitation is a 14-foot channel from Chicago to New Orleans. The Chicago drainage canal, which has already cost about $40,000,000 and which is by no means completed—for important extensions and improvements are projected—is to serve as the first link in the great chain of deepened and widened channels and rivers that is to enable the Mississippi Valley to use its waterways as Europe is using hers for the development of trade and commerce.

For decades the railroads have monopolized the traffic at the expense of the water facilities, being cheaper and more convenient and progressive. But a reaction has naturally come about in consequence of the admitted inability of the railroads to handle all the traffic with their present inadequate track mileage and terminal facilities. There has been great difficulty in getting capital for railway extensions, for double tracking, and for replacing antiquated rolling

stock; and while opinions differ as to the causes of this phenomenon—some alleging "radical" agitation and legislation to be the main factors, others believing that capital is scarce at present, while still others accuse the railroad managers of misdeeds and blunders that could not fail to undermine confidence in their securities—it is plain that for many years to come the farmers, the manufacturers, the merchants and all others will suffer delay and loss on account of the backward condition of the railroad industry. Hence, apart from theoretical ideas as to the value and usefulness of rivers and canals as promoters of trade, a great practical necessity has arisen for waterway development.

A commission created by Congress is at work on the great problem, and there is no disposition to commit the government to enormous expenditures in advance of the most expert scientific investigation into the question.

The gigantic Mississippi improvement project is only one of many river-and-canal development schemes that have been launched or revived. In the east and south the "inland Atlantic Coast waterway," an unbroken passage from Boston to Beaufort, N. C., is being actively promoted. A convention at Philadelphia, at which seventeen states were represented, enthusiastically indorsed it. And it is worthy of note that great railway builders and managers are supporting instead of opposing these projects. They believe that the country cannot safely depend on railroads alone, and that the growth of our trade and industry is such that there will be traffic for all carriers. Mr. James J. Hill has been one of the most earnest advocates of waterway development.

There is a conservative element in the country which holds that "one great project at a time" is a sound motto, and that we ought to complete and open the Panama canal before putting hundreds of millions into waterways at home. To what degree this sentiment will influence Congress, remains to be seen. But the movement has "a future."

Immigration and Emigration

The months of October, November, and December witnessed an extraordinary increase in the number of departures of aliens from the country. The movement was spoken of as a veritable exodus, and agents of steamship companies estimated that about 500,000 immigrants would be shown to have returned to their homes during 1907. The exodus is attributed by many to the business reaction in the United States, for the tens of thousands of laborers whom the railroads, mining companies, and manufacturing concerns "laid off" in the weeks immediately following the financial crisis preferred, it is believed, to spend the winter in Europe, where prices are lower and the standards of living more modest. Many of them are expected to come back in the spring, especially if industry and commerce should revive by that time. It is well known that the majority of the aliens carried away comfortable sums of money, representing the savings of their stay with us. Some estimates place the amount of money thus taken out of the country at over $100,000,000.

However, Europe is decidedly alarmed over this return of so many of her laborers, and fears that large numbers of them will soon be destitute and in need of public relief or private charity. In the parliaments of Germany and Austria and Italy the question what to do for these returned emigrants has been raised in formal interpellations. The lesson of these facts is that the immigration-emigration problem has assumed an international character and that it may be found needful to call an international conference to deal with it. Our present immigration law provides for such a conference at the discretion of the President, and it is reported that Mr. Roosevelt is advised to issue a call for one.

Whatever effect the business recession may have on next year's immigration, the fiscal year 1907 saw another "record-breaking" total of admissions. The number of newcomers for the year is given in the annual report of

Gustave V, the New King of Sweden.

Oscar II, the late King of Sweden.

The late Lord Kelvin, famous Physicist and Inventor.

BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG.
—Cartoon from Minneapolis Journal.

THE STANDING CRUSADER.

President Roosevelt: "Follow me!" (*or* 35,000 ***words to that effect. See President's Message to Congress***).

—Cartoon from ***Punch.***

the commissioner general as 1,298,413. Only about 13,500 aliens were rejected for one or another of the enumerated legal causes and compelled to return. The great bulk of the immigration for the year came from Austro-Hungary, Italy, and Russia. The aggregate for these countries was 883,126. Great Britain sent us 110,000 persons, Germany only 39,000, and France less than 10,000. The number of Japanese immigrants more than doubled as compared with 1906, in spite of the troubles and agitation on the Pacific Coast and the efforts of the Japanese government to restrict direct emigration to the United States.

The South made a good beginning in the direction of procuring desirable European laborers for her factories and farms, but it has been found difficult to distribute the immigration widely. Branch offices of the New York bureau of information and guidance, to facilitate such distribution, will probably be established in the larger cities.

Socialism and English Politics

In municipal elections recently held in Great Britain the Socialists suffered heavy defeats, and the Tories, not the Liberals and Labor party, reaped the benefits of this anti-socialist wave. It is contended by Tory organs that the Socialist reverses indicate likewise a reaction against liberalism, which, it is charged, has made too many concessions to radicalism and alarmed the taxpayers and the propertied classes. It is a fact that of late the whole Tory campaign against the party in power has been deliberately based on the assertion that liberalism and socialism are close allies, so that the supremacy of the former must involve greater and greater victories for the latter. The Liberal papers admit that there is a "Socialist scare" or panic in Great Britain, and that thousands of voters, in their determination to hit at socialism give the Tories the benefit of every doubt and suppress their own liberal leanings and preferences.

They believe, however, that the scare is subsiding, and that when the next general election takes place the Liberals will again attract the voters who are at heart in sympathy with them on the cardinal national and imperial issues.

The question is interesting because it is probable that the Campbell-Bannerman government will find it necessary or expedient to dissolve parliament long before the expiration of its legal term. There are those who believe that the general election will be ordered within a year. This belief is founded on the legislative situation and the consequent struggle between the Commons and the Lords. The upper house has rejected several government bills of importance, and its present mood is so aggressive and unrepentant that it is expected to use its veto just as freely next year. The government will introduce another education bill, another land bill for Scotland, and other "contentious" measures. It has carried an anti-Lords resolution through the Commons and will not submit to the dictation of the partisan hereditary chamber where it thinks it reflects the sentiment of the majority. An appeal to the electors will become necessary in such an event, and the paramount issue then will be the "mending or ending" of the upper house.

The paramount, but not the only issue. Both parties recognize that they must present constructive and advanced programs of social reform to the working people. Negative issues will not do, and political reforms alone are not sufficient. Such questions as old-age pensions, housing of the poor, employment for the involuntarily idle, industrial arbitration, and so on, must be dealt with. The Tories are promising labor quite as much as the Liberals, and neither party can accuse the other of socialism without laying itself open to the same charge. Labor, for its part, is not committed to socialism, but it favors a good deal of social legislation that has loosely been called socialistic. Even the Socialists care more for things than for labels and are willing to realize their policies piecemeal.

The Philippine Assembly

We have had so much to attend to and think about at home that little attention has been paid here to the Philippine National Assembly and its doings. Yet the convening of that popular assembly, the first since annexation, was an event of historic interest, and the work of the representatives of the civilized and pacified Filipinos is worth watching. It is giving promise of capacity and statesmanship. It was in October that the first Philippine national assembly was called to order and organized. Secretary Taft was present on that occasion and delivered a frank, practical, reassuring address to the representatives of the enfranchised Filipinos and the islanders at large. He told them that American policy in and toward the islands had been consistent and progressive; that municipal and provincial self-government had been granted first, that a native constabulary and a largely native judiciary had been established, and that the success of those steps had logically led to the grant of national self-government on a limited but substantial scale; that the government would willingly extend and increase Philippine self-government as the islanders, as voters and citizens, revealed capacity for it. With regard to the future, Mr. Taft denied that the government entertained the idea of disposing of the islands to Japan or any other power and declined to predict their ultimate destiny. Independence was a question for the future—perhaps for the next generation; it may be that the Filipinos will not wish to stand alone and will prefer real autonomy—"Canadian autonomy"—under American sovereignty. At all events, the present duty of the lawmakers and representatives was, in Mr. Taft's judgment, to avoid academic discussions and futile agitation, and devote themselves to practical legislation, to immediate needs and duties. While the majority of the assembly was nationalist and "anti-American," he hoped that they would display sagacity and conservatism in action and justify the confidence and good will of the

American people, who are criticised by European students of colonial problems for "excessive optimism" and Quixotic idealism in their dealing with "inferior races" and trusting so much to the influences of freedom and responsibility.

The president of the Assembly is Sergio Osmeno, former governor of Cebu and a young man who took no part in the insurrection. There are 81 representatives.

The two houses of the Philippine legislature—the upper one being appointive and composed of the civil commissioners—have elected two delegates to our Congress. They sit in the House, but have no votes. They are resident commissioners, with functions similar to those of the commissioner of Porto Rico. Indeed, the Philippines now enjoy a status in our system that is similar to that of Porto Rico. Before long they will doubtless secure free trade with the United States.

Has the German Constitution Been Changed

The imperial ministry of Germany is not a "responsible" one in the Anglo-French sense of the phrase "responsible cabinets." That is, its tenure does not depend on parliamentary majorities and votes. It represents the emperor and governs by his leave. But there is reason to think that recent developments have tended to modify the actual status of the German ministry, to transform it into a body responsible to the Reichstag and dependent upon the majority of that popularly elected body. Indeed, it is asserted in political circles that "a peaceful revolution" has taken place in Germany, and that the written constitution of the empire has quietly but profoundly been modified, with the knowledge and sanction of the emperor and the court, in the direction of greater popular control.

What actually happened in the Reichstag seems of no great importance. Members of the national liberal party had attacked the financial proposals of the government and indicated a disposition to oppose some of the measures it

was desirous of passing. And since the government is not on the best of terms with the Center or the Clerical party, and has no stable majority in the Reichstag apart from the liberals, radicals, and progressives of all shades, the loss of national liberal support would make it impossible for it to pass the fiscal, naval, and other measures on its program. Hence, when the imperial chancellor saw himself threatened with the liberal defection, he summoned the leaders of the parties he was depending on and informed them that unless he could command their support and their votes, he would resign his position. He was reassured, a vote of confidence was promptly given him, and the crisis was over.

But never before in the history of the German parliamentary system had a chancellor sought a vote of confidence or admitted his need of and dependence upon a majority of the Reichstag. Years ago Bismarck defiantly told the Reichstag that he could govern without its confidence, by "blood and iron." And the right of the emperor to dissolve parliament at any time and order new elections has been supposed to render the government able to dispense with parliamentary majorities. Last year, in fact, the rejection of a government budgetary proposal was made the occasion of a dissolution and an appeal to the country. And at that time all said that should the government fail to obtain a majority, it would again dissolve the Reichstag and take its chance with the electors—and so on indefinitely.

Instead, however, of threatening a dissolution, the chancellor, on the occasion in question, for the first time, admitted his inability to govern without a majority. And it is generally believed this admission was deliberate and intended to create a precedent for the future. In other words, the emperor is believed to have decided to make the cabinet henceforth morally responsible to the Reichstag and representative of the political opinions of the majority of that body. Whether this is not a highly exaggerated view

of the occurrence, time will tell. It must be borne in mind that a dissolution of the Reichstag at this time could hardly have given the government a stabler and more homogeneous majority, as there has been no change in the general political situation since the last general election, while certain military scandals have rather tended to weaken the position of the ruling classes. The reform promises of the government to the liberals and working masses yet remain to be fulfilled.

Is Russia Still an Autocracy?

The third parliament of Russia has attracted much less attention than had either of its predecessors. It is not representative in any sense of the people, and little constructive or reform legislation is expected from it. The radical and advanced liberal groups in it are weak and inharmonious, while the center, or moderate party, is inclined to coöperate with the conservatives and reactionaries on its right. Occasionally an independent speech, or a criticism of the ministry or bureaucracy, creates a little excitement, but on the whole the sessions are dull and uninteresting. The government's program is indefinite; it apparently no longer fears "the revolution" and sees no necessity for introducing the great civil and political measures which were to transform Russia into a modern constitutional state. It demands "order first," and makes the sporadic revolutionary acts that continue to occur an excuse for its own inactivity in any progressive sense. The country is still under martial or semi-martial law; arrests and executions and summary trials are still the rule.

It is true that the third douma is not constantly threatened with dissolution, as its predecessors were, but that is due solely to the fact that it has done little or nothing, as a body, to offend or alarm the court and the bureaucracy. The majority is willing to follow the ministry meekly, to

ratify its budget or proposals and its additional loan suggestions, and to leave the legislative initiative to the government.

It is characteristic of the political confusion and reaction in Russia that so absurd a question as the Tzar's autocratic power should have been stormily discussed in the douma and that the rejection of a motion to acknowledge autocracy in an address to the throne should have created a great sensation. In any country having a legislative body and a constitution, as well as a monarch, the latter is regarded as a constitutional ruler as a mere matter of course, for the very nature of autocracy is inconsistent with the idea of an independent legislature. But in Russia the ultra-loyalists and reactionaries have the hardihood to assert that the Tzar gave up nothing in creating the douma, that his will is still the only law of the land, and that he has the right to abolish the douma at any moment and revert to government by bureaucrats. The officials not only share this view, but consider it a crime for any group of men to declare Russia a constitutional country and work openly for the strengthening of the new regime.

The douma, as intimated, rejected the reactionary motion to recognize the alleged autocracy of the Tzar, and it could not have passed it without committing suicide. But, on the other hand, the moderate liberals were not courageous enough to recognize the "constitution" in the address to the throne, and the question was left where it had been for months, the reactionaries insisting that nothing has really changed in Russia, and the advanced liberals holding that it would be an act of counter-revolution, of treason to the people, for the Tzar, to deprive the douma of independent legislative functions or terminate its existence altogether.

The prime minister, strangely enough, took occasion in his first statement to the douma to rebuke the constitutionalists and indorse the claim that the absolutism of the em-

peror was not impaired by the fundamental laws and the grant of representative institutions to the Russian people. In Western Europe such self-stultification is scarcely conceivable, but Russia is a law unto herself, and no incongruity, no paradox, is too wild for her ruling circles.

Russia's reforms are still largely paper reforms. Reaction is supreme again, and the outlook is admittedly cheerless. Thus genuine liberals are pessimistic, though they have not abandoned the hope of saving the douma as an institution and of compelling the government and the privileged elements to make grudging concessions to the peasants, workmen, and the educated minority.

Note and Comment

The Citizens' Union of New York City reprinted the following lines from *Life* in aid of its attempt to secure funds for campaign purposes:

THEY.

Why don't they keep the streets a little cleaner?
You ask with deep annoyance not undue;
Why don't they keep the parks a little greener?
(Did you ever stop to think that "they" means you?)
How long will they permit this graft and stealing?
Why don't they see the courts are clean and true?
Why will they wink at crooked public dealing?
(Did you ever stop to think that "they" means you?)
Why don't they stop this miserable child labor?
And wake the S. P. C. A. up a few?
(While thus you gently knock your unknown neighbor
Did you ever stop to think that "they" means you?)

Immigration to the United States during the year ended June 30, 1907, was vastly greater than in any previous year of the history of the United States, according to the annual report of Frank P. Sargent, commissioner-general of immigration and naturalization:

The total immigration for the year 1907, which was 1,285,349, exceeded that for 1906 by 184,614, and that for the year 1905 by 258,850, or an increase over the year 1906 of more than 17 per cent., and over the year 1905 of more than 25 per cent.

Commissioner Sargent says it is of particular significance that many immigrants landed at ports in the South during the past year. The increase of immigration to the South, the commissioner says,

"is directly connected with the growing desire of the Southern States to draw a number of the better class of immigrants." Striking increases are also shown at New Orleans, Galveston, and Honolulu.

The tide of immigration from some of the countries is indicated by the following figures: Austria-Hungary, 338,452, increase 73,314; Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, 11,359, increase 6,693; France, 9,731, increase 345; German empire, 37,807, increase 243; Greece, 36,580, increase 17,091; Italy, including Sicily and Sardinia, 285,731; increase 12,611; Russian empire and Finland, 258,943; increase 43,278; Turkey, 20,767; increase 11,257; England, 56,637; increase 7,146; Ireland, 34,530; decrease 465; Scotland, 19,740; increase 3,874; China, 961; decrease 583; Japan, 30,226; increase 16,391; British North America, 19,918; increase 14,855; West Indies, 16,689; increase 3,033.

JAPANESE IMMIGRATION DOUBLED.

While the exclusion laws have rendered practically nil the immigration from China, the immigration from Japan, though relatively not great, has doubled in the last year. This increase is significant, too, because it comes in the face of regulations adopted by the American government, with the assent of Japan, which it was supposed would curtail the immigration of Japanese to this country very materially.

Commissioner Sargent presents official reports made by inspectors sent to Mexico and Canada to study the situation with special reference of the coming of Japanese to America through those countries. The reports show that thousands of Japanese landed in Mexico during the last year, and ultimately gained admission surreptitiously into this country. While the regulations concerning Japanese immigration have tended to reduce the number of regularly admitted immigrants, thousands of Japanese still are coming into the country by stealth.

Of the immigrants admitted 873,923 had less than $50 each in their possession, while 107,502 were able to show amounts in excess of that sum. The total amount of money brought into the country by arriving aliens was $25,599,893, or an average of almost $20 per person.

The aggregate number of outward-bound passengers, 569,882, was 73,145 larger than in 1906.

Commissioner Sargent strongly urges that advantage be taken of a provision of the new immigration act for calling an international conference on immigration and emigration.

He points out that adequate provision should be made for the issuance of proper passports to persons coming to America. By this means such organizations as the "Black Hand Society" could not gain a foothold.

Among the recommendations made by Commissioner Sargent, many of which are administrative in character, are the following:

That marine hospital surgeons be stationed at the principal points of embarkation abroad to examine aliens before they start for America.

That a treaty be negotiated with Mexico respecting immigration through that country; or, if that cannot be done, that the Mex-

ican border be closed to all aliens except our own citizens and bona fide residents of Mexico.

At the auction sale of the library of the late Matthew A. Stickney of Salem, recently, an engraved view of Harvard College executed on copper by Paul Revere was sold to Harvard University for $725. The other plates by Paul Revere were also sold at lower prices.

Under instructions from President Roosevelt Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux Indian, has renamed more than fifteen thousand Sioux with family names, in order to make the inheritance of land more simple and secure.

Where possible he has kept the original Sioux name of some members of a family—as in bestowing the name "Matoska," meaning "White Bear," on the family of that chief. Sometimes the combination of wife's name and husband's has made a musical name as "Winona Otana." The favorite name for woman means "she who has a beautiful home," which Doctor Eastman has anglicized in the patronymic "Goodhouse."

But by far the hardest task is in finding new names for the absurdities of Indian nomenclature. "Bob-Tailed-Coyote" was a young Indian who has come to prefer himself as "Robert T. Wolf." After a long struggle with "Rotten Pumpkin," Doctor Eastman has at last recorded the owner of the name on the tribal records under the noncommittal title of "Robert Pumqian."—*World Today.*

The first Italian Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago closed the Conference year with a membership of 100 including probationers. The Sunday school has an enrollment of over 250. This church is working in the largest of the Italian colonies in the city of Chicago, the one lying west of the river and between Taylor and Harrison streets, and numbering possibly 25,000 souls. The church is temporarily located at 98 Blue Island avenue. November 1 a building site was secured at the northeast corner of Polk and Sholto streets, a payment of $3,000 being made and a mortgage of $3,500 being given. The Italians themselves have given beyond their ability, and will give their labor to wreck the brick barn that now occupies the site when the time for building the church comes. Of necessity the larger part of this first payment has come from American friends of the work. A young Italian architect, Signor Giovanni Boschetti, of the Politecnico Milanese, is giving his services and preparing plans for an artistic Italian church. The Rev. Piero M. Petacci is pastor.

A Century of Foreign Criticism On The United States---A Study of Progress.*

XII. Our Monopoly of Wit

By John Graham Brooks

ONE of our English visitors, after traveling several months in the United States, showed concern because of our lack of humor. When he reached the Mississippi he expressed his delight because he met a new kind of American who *"sometimes understood a joke."*

"In general, I thought they had less of the frigid, uninviting formality, which characterises the Americans further to the eastward. They were somewhat gruff, indeed, at times; but they seemed to trust themselves and us with more readiness, and *sometimes understood a joke,* which I hardly ever saw exemplified on this side of the Mississippi."*

I still recall the mental agitation roused by those four words, "sometimes understood a joke." That they fitly applied to other nations, was something I had long taken

*Travels in North America, Vol. III, p. 355.

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*Mr. Brooks' series of articles will appear monthly from September to May. The September articles were: I. "The Problem Opened;" II. "Concerning Our Critics." October: III. "Who is the American?" IV. "Our Talent for Bragging." November: V. "Some Other Peculiarities;" V. "American Sensitiveness." December: VII. "The Mother Country as a Critic;" VIII. "Change in the Tone of Foreign Criticism." January: IX. "Higher Criticism;" X. "Other French Visitors;" XI. "Democracy and Manners."

for granted, but here they were fixed upon the funniest people in the world—the Americans. It proved very amusing to put this passage before friends whose patriotic pieties had never been disturbed. I had lived half a life without once asking why the Americans should have engrossed a possession so precious as the world's wit and humor. Had it come to this, that, of all the world, an English tourist was to lay rough hands on a belief so sanctified? I read the passage to one of the most amusing of our countrymen. He listened to it as if dazed. When it was repeated to him, he said, "Is that his way of being funny?" When it was shown that Captain Hall was not trifling, the American replied, "Well, what would you expect of an Englishman?" This is the American attitude. By some alchemy, nature has endowed us with capacities for humor that makes us lonely among the nations. We have all been brought up on sallies against the English for the leisurely way in which they respond to Yankee wit. Few of us have not heard at least a thousand of those merry tales to illustrate the sluggish ways of the British in "seeing" our jokes. It is, therefore, with unusual emotion that we read of Hall's late discovery,—an American who "sometimes understood a joke."

A German meant to compliment us when he wrote that he noticed an improvement in the appreciation of humor in the United States, as if there were, after all, hope for us in this respect. Edmond de Nevers is struck by "the absence of the sense of the ridiculous." He thinks we owe such prestige as we have to the Irish. Even our pleasantries against the Paddy "are mostly by the descendants of the Irish," though he makes no reference to Mr. Dooley. Dickens wrote of us, "They certainly are not a humorous people," though he admitted that we had "a certain cast-iron quaintness" in which the New England Yankee "takes the lead."*

*"American Notes," p. 206.

An American much in Oxford confesses to have told one of his most irresistible stories at a college dinner given by one of the Dons. "When I finished," he said, "there wasn't a laugh around the table. I attributed it to the habitual stolidity of the English in the presence of a good joke. I hinted as much to the man next me, who said, 'Oh, but we have been telling that ever since the Master of Trinity got it off.'" The American added, "That was my first shock. I honestly thought we had a monopoly of humor that nobody even questioned." That is probably still the opinion of most good Americans.*

Even if true, it is stiffly gainsaid by many of these foreign critics. One of the French writers makes a special study of our funny papers. After spending a good deal of time on the files of *Puck* and *Judge,* he says, "If these are supposed by their readers to be examples of humor, those who read them have that sense only in its most elemental stage of development. How can a really intelligent people think such horseplay—*des grosses plaisanteries*—witty?" Harriet Martineau says we have a kind of drollery that is neither English humor nor French wit, and Captain Marryat, who certainly did not lack humor, says, "There is no country, perhaps, in which the habit of deceiving for amusement, or what is termed hoaxing, is so common. Indeed, this and the hyperbole constitute the major part of the American humor."†

When Miss Martineau speaks of a kind of jesting "in conformity with our institutions," she throws light on this whole dark problem. I once heard a Greek scholar read

*This is like the angered surprise of an Englishman as he read the advice in an American paper, that a party just off for England should keep with their own countrymen and "so avoid the horrid English intonation." To suggest that the English people had either accent or intonation seemed to him an indignity.

An American in Austria has a kindred emotion in reading in a restaurant a placard on which was written, "English spoken and American understood."

†"A Diary in America," Vol. I, p. 8.

from a collection of Greek jokes. To the hearers, nine out of ten of these ancient humors were of such exceeding solemnity that all were puzzled to know why they should be classed among things called funny. But in the audience not six of us knew enough of Greek institutions and life to get the local color and contrasts that created the humorous element. An American, caring enough for the English *Punch* to subscribe for it, told me, "We have no wittier sheet, but the regular succession of horse and racing jokes bores me." He added, "I neither know anything nor care anything about horses," which gives us all the explanation we need. This is offset by a German who thought our *Life* the very limit of dullness, until he had lived a year in this country: "When I understood something of the inner life of the nation, its politics, industry and leading social events, I discovered why I could not at first appreciate the wit."

That hurrying travelers in foreign countries should not keep in mind a fact so elementary as this, has a grim humor of its own. A college instructor in the East, returning from his first summer tour on the continent, gravely said that among other impressions he was struck by the absence of humor abroad. This penetrating voyager had a slight Ollendorff capacity to make sentences in two or three languages. With the subtle and pliant idiom of these tongues, he had not even a nodding acquaintance. Of the current political and social happenings among these peoples, he also knew little. Yet it was his apparent expectation to be admitted forthwith among those intimacies of light and shade in national experience, that alone can give the key to wit and humor. The "Souvenirs à la Main" in the Paris *Figaro* are not explosively entertaining to one who knows nothing of what happens from day to day in the French capital.

We need not, therefore, be utterly cast down by the chilling tone of these foreigners about our own limitations. They do embarrass us about one proud and confident claim, namely, that we possess in some supreme and exclusive de-

gree the gift of being funny. That we have varieties of wit and humor peculiar to our traditions, is very generally admitted. Here, for example, is an attempt at a definition of English as against Yankee humor:

"And we must avow that in our opinion the Yankee humor has not the ruddy health, the abounding animal spirits, the glow and glory of healthful and hearty life of our greatest English. As the Yankee has a leaner look, a thinner humanity, than the typical Englishman who gives such a fleshy and burly embodiment to his love of beef and beer, so the humour is less plump and rubicund. It does not revel in the same richness nor enjoy its wealth in the same happy unconscious way, nor attain to the like fulness and play of power. We cannot imagine Yankee humour, with its dry drollery, its shrewd *keeking, shut-eyed* way of looking at things, ever embodying such a mountain of mirth as we have in Falstaff."

A visitor professes to have cut the next example from an Ohio paper. He says our bragging habits have produced a humor of "rare and special flavor." He assumes that the writer is making merry at the expense of some boasting rival editor:

"This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper, and clearer and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than steamboat captains in any other country. Our men are bigger and longer and thicker; can fight harder and faster, drink more mean whiskey, chew more bad tobacco, and spit more, and spit further than in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses, and kick up the devil generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the earth."

Earlier in the century the Yankee trader is thought

to have developed a form of humor of which this is given as an example:

"Reckon I couldn't drive a trade with you today, Square," said a genuine specimen of the Yankee pedler as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I reckon you calculate about right, for you *can't* noways."

"Wall, guess you needn't git huffy, 'beout it. Now, here's a dozen ginooine razor-strops—wuth two dollars and a half—you may hev 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your traps, so you may as well be going along."

"Wall, now, look here, Square. I'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done," said the merchant, and he staked the money. "Now," says he chaffingly, "I'll give you *sixpence* for the strops."

"They're your'n!" said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes! "but," continued he, after a little reflection, and with a burst of frankness, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't *want* them strops I'll trade back." The merchant looked brighter. "You're not so bad a chap after all," said he. "Here are your strops—give me the money." "There it is," said the Yankee, as he took the strops and handed back *the sixpence*. "A trade is a trade, and a bet a bet. Next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence, don't you buy razor-strops."

It is, however, often granted that this endowment is more widely diffused among our people than in England. Further than this, most of the critics do not go. That we have any monopoly of what is essential to the soul of wit and humor is rather cavalierly denied. An American essayist, the charm and delicacy of whose humor has such growing recognition, has recently returned from six months in England where he was in much popular demand as a lecturer.* He tells me that the response of an English audience to humor seems to him on the whole quicker than that of an American audience. This is probably also a tribute to the quality of the lecturer's humor.

Our prolific pleasantries to prove the poverty of the English capacity to "catch on" are really very amazing. Not

*Dr. Samuel M. Crothers, author of "The Gentle Reader," "The Pardoner's Wallet," etc.

to mention Shakespeare and the wits of his age, what is to be said of Sidney Smith, Charles Lamb, Jerrold, Monckton, Milnes, Thackeray, Dickens, Tom Taylor, and many others? We have not alone to think of these individuals, but to think also that England furnished the audience to appreciate them, which is even more to the purpose. Let the American set down his most patriotic list and balance them against the English wits. Can we outmatch Sidney Smith, Charles Lamb, or Dickens by any three of our most glittering names? Any summing up of the subtleties of French wit would embarrass us at least as much. I select England especially, because it has long amused us to banter her for her general density in these matters.

There is much agreement among our critics that the quality of American humor suffers chiefly from exaggeration; that the elements of contrast and surprise are put to great strain; that too little appeal is made to the imagination. William Archer gives us an illustration: A Chicago man traveling in Louisiana wrote to his sweetheart: "Dear Mamie,—I have shot an alligator. When I have shot another, I will send you a pair of slippers."*

Again. A tired traveler arrives at a country hotel and calls for a boot-jack to remove his boots. The proprietor noticing the size of his guest's feet says, "You come by the Croyden road, didn't ye?" "Yes." "Wall, you noticed that one road forked off toward Westbridge. I'm tellin' you this, because no boot-jack made by the hand of man will git them boots off. You've got to go back to the fork in them roads."

The French find most fault with this extravagance, especially as seen upon the stage. If they find it on the ranch or in a Western paper, the setting appears to them perfect. One boasts that he has discovered the essence of American fun in this exaggeration coupled with our inveterate good nature. "They show a droll solicitude not to injure anyone's feelings, even though he be an arrant scamp." This

*"America Today," p. 99.

Frenchman, staying in a small California hotel, is tricked out of a sum of money by a sharper who lived on friendly terms with everybody in the town. The victim rushes to the landlord. "But this fellow is what you call a crook. Is it not so? Is he not a thief, a thief?" The landlord, quite undisturbed, replies, "Wall, that's a purty strong word you're usin'. I shouldn't like to call him a thief, though after I shake hands with him, I do generally count my fingers."*

Another variation attributed to us is a tendency to make one's self out very vicious in order to heighten the effect. A newly arrived English prelate with much clerical excess in his appearance, boards a trolley car in New York. He is on the alert for information. Seeing what he supposes to be a vigorous working class specimen, he sits down by him with the question, "I hear you have been having very interesting political events here in New York during the last week or two." The gentleman from the Bowery turned to take a leisurely but rather consuming look at his questioner, "I don't know," was the answer, "I've been drunk the last fortnight." And the conversation closed.

Another variety is left without definition, but this French inquisitor thinks, I know not why, that it could have happened nowhere out of America. A Western paper notices the death of "our old friend and neighbor Lyman Rogers." Sympathy is expressed for the bereaved wife, followed by a tribute to the dead, and closing with the

*This guest reports an instance in still milder form. "But did you ever see a stingier old skinflint?" To which is replied, "I don't know's he's stingy exactly, but he does keep his benevolent impulses pretty well under control."

A very recent traveler, whose chief interest was the study of Christian Science, hears of some one who has abandoned his connection with this faith. The investigator eagerly seeks to know the reasons for the man's apostasy. "But why," he asks, "having enjoyed such an experience, did you give up?" "Well, to tell you the truth," was the reply, "I just got tired out being so d—d happy all the time." This was at once classed as American humor, and would be very pointless in any community which knew nothing of what is at least popularly attributed to this faith.

words, "He has gone to a better home." Whereupon the newly made widow brings instant action for libel against the editor.

One reviewer writes that the most peculiar form of American humor is the "high falutin." The following which he thinks is by Webster "is the best of its kind:"

"Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. This is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had *never* a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days NEVER had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, *go on*. No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high!"

From frontier life an Englishman quotes this as "impossible in any other country." An elderly lady from the East, with a passion for botanical studies, goes into the cowboy's country, builds a small house, and begins her work of collecting specimens. Absorbed one day at her work far out on the prairie, she sees a cowboy riding toward her as for life. When within call, he cries out, "Your house is on fire!" What the botanic lady expected in way of news is unreported, but she said to the cowboy, "Oh, is that all?" Whereupon the amazed ranchman exclaimed, "Well, God bless my soul, Madam, that's all I think of at the present moment, but I'll look round the country and see if I can find something to interest you," and rides away.

Another visitor is told by a Southern teacher, the late Dr. McIver, that our traveling salesmen—drummers—are the reservoirs of what is most peculiar in American wit. Dr. McIver added that the drummers, immediately after the Civil War, were the first real peace-makers. They went in large numbers through the Southland seeking trade. There was the never failing resource of a batch of good stories. "During these first bitter years," said the Doctor, "when the clergy, editors and politicians were fighting each other across

the line, the drummer was the real brother and neighbor, and it convinces me that the Good Samaritan was himself a drummer. You remember that the church folk came upon the poor fellow and the first said, 'This is too bad, but I have an appointment in Jericho, so I will ask some one from the Christian Association to look out for him.' The next man—probably a deacon—has to meet his wife in Jericho at five o'clock, and thinks he will telephone to the Associated Charities to take up the case. Finally comes the drummer, who is touched by compassion. He takes the poor fellow in hand, according to scripture. The internal evidence that he was a drummer is complete. He knew where the best hotel was; he was coming that way again, and he had liquor by him."

From the press an Englishman cuts out the two following as "very characteristic:" "Wanted, a servant girl that isn't above living on an equality with the family." Seeing a large number of hacks in a funeral, the traveler asks a man on the street, if some important citizen has died. "No, not very; and you know, Stranger, you can't always tell just what estimate the Almighty puts on a departed soul, by the number of hacks."

Another selects as "peculiarly American" the following from Josh Billings:

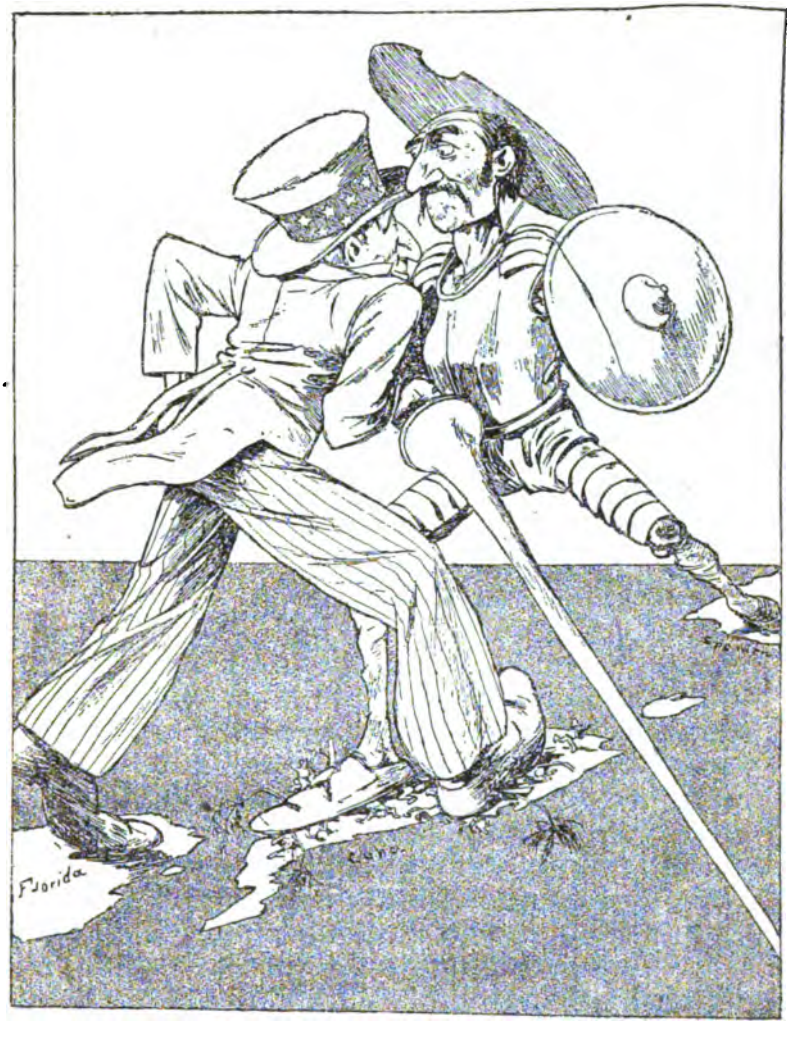
"The mule is half horse and half jackass, and then comes to a full stop, Nature discovering her mistake. The only way to keep a mule in a pasture is to turn it into a meadow adjoining, and *let it jump out.* They are like some men, very corrupt at heart. I've known them *to be good mules for six months, just to get a good chance to kick somebody.*"

"Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors, and their great descent, when in fact *their great descent* is just what is the matter with them."

"God save the fools, and don't let them run out! for if it wasn't for them, wise men couldn't get a living."

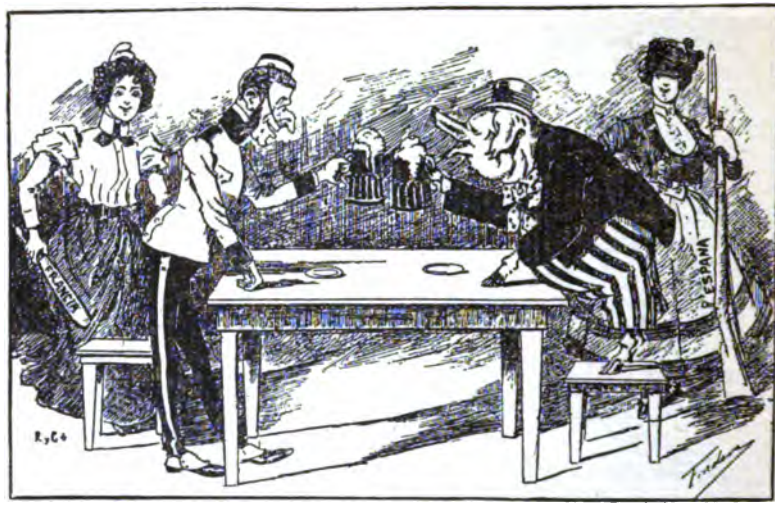
"It is true that wealth won't make a man virtuous, but I notice there ain't anybody who wants to be poor just for the purpose of being good."

It is drolleries like these that attract attention, especially



The encounter does not seem, at present, exactly a happy one for poor Cuba.

From *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) preceding the Spanish-American War.



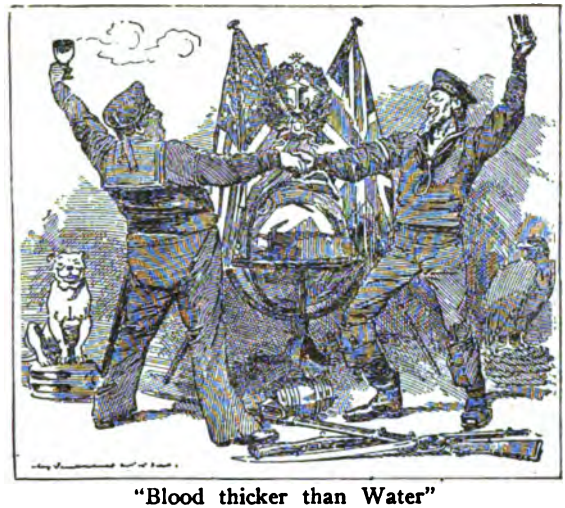
The Anglo-Yankee Alliance. Spain to France: "Hit Johnny Bull as hard as you can, and I'll take care of the pig."

Cartoon from *Barcelona Comica* (Barcelona) during early days of the Spanish-American War.

from the English. A Frenchman confesses that he "spent days trying, without success, to see why Mr. Dooley should be given such high rank." All readers of "Tartarin" know that Alphonse Daudet did not lack humor, yet he is said to have done his best to laugh over the pages of Mark Twain but always in vain.

One critic cuts from a Pittsburg paper an account of a suicide who left ample justification for taking his life in the following culmination of misfortunes:

"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, *i. e.*, my step-daughter, had also a son; he was, of course my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because



"Blood thicker than Water"

The present friendly understanding happily existing between Great Britain and the United States becomes popular on both sides the Atlantic.

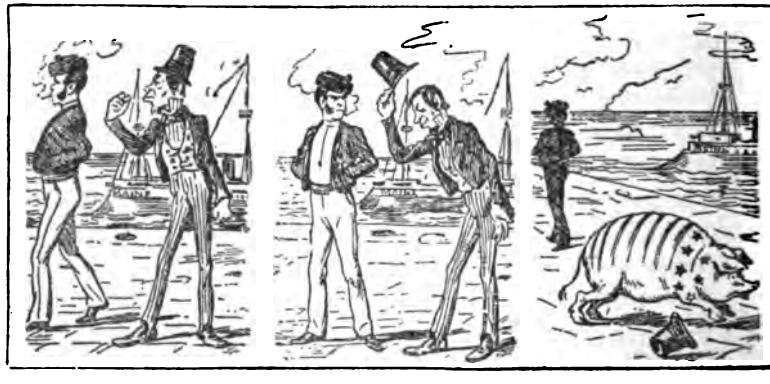
From *Punch* (London) preceding Spanish-American War.

she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

If there are shades of difference in American humor, Miss Martineau's suggestion is right, that the differences are largely traceable to whatever is peculiar in our institutions and national experience. This is the commonplace with which we began, but which very few travelers among foreign peoples appear to realize in their attempts to standardize wit.* I have heard several Americans, still cutting their teeth upon the language, insist that the German funny paper, *Fliegende Blaetter,* was very heavy and not in the least to be compared with some humorous American sheet. But how could a callow provincialism like this justify itself?

*I have heard very sniffy comments by an outsider on the merry works of Wilhelm Busch, author of Hans Huckbein, Max and Moritz, etc. It could not be compared to the "high quality" of the Frenchman Caran d'Ache, for example. But to "democratize laughter:" to add to the jollity of an entire nation decade after decade is a fact behind which we cannot go.

If there is anywhere in the world a detached and cosmopolitan genius competent to act as umpire, it is conceivable that he would declare *Life* funnier than *Fliegende Blaetter* or *vice versa*—but it is not conceivable that outsiders, such as these American students still were, should have any opinion of the slightest value on that subject. To know whether the German sheet is witty or otherwise requires an intimacy of touch with delicate phases of life and thought that only years can give. I listened to a play in Paris, which at two points brought out from the audience a tumult of merriment. I had carefully read the play and perfectly understood the laughter-provoking sentences, but it was several days before I could fall in with the gaiety. I found the explanation at last in the grotesque awkwardness in which a pompous local mayor had entangled himself. I stood quite as much in need of a surgical operation to admit the joke as Sidney Smith's Scotchman. But that need is common to all the world until it is admitted into this inner and familiar

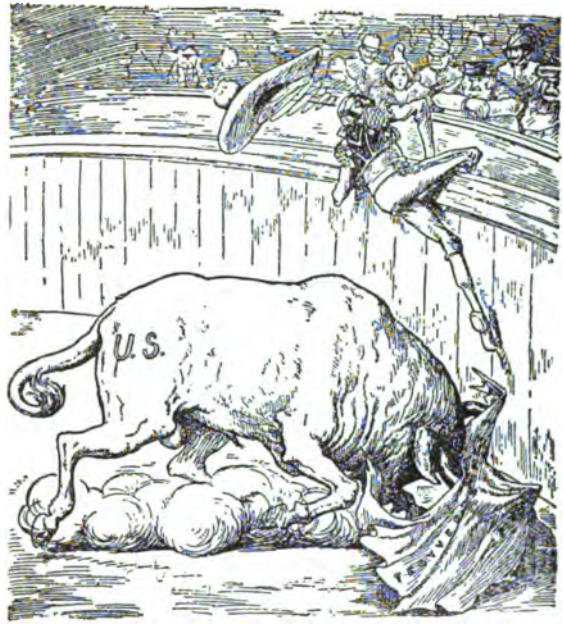


Uncle Sam: "Now that he turns his shoulder I'll give him such a lick it will be the lick of the century."

"Eh?"

"Oh, hello! I have the pleasure to salute you, Señor."

The moral of the foregoing is given in the old Catalonian proverb, "*Que amenessa y no pega per bestia queda* (He who makes a bluff and does not make it good is a dirty slob).



The poltroon Spaniard and the American Bull.
From the *Borsnem Yankó* (Budapest, Hungary) preceding the Spanish-American War.

life of a people. Not only have the general currents of national experience to be known, but also the more hidden currents of tradition, custom and prejudice as these express themselves in the emotions of the hour. It was only after several years of continuous life in France that Hamerton could get the full humor of a provincial theater.

If we are content with modest tributes, they do not fail. I asked an English author of one of the really good books upon the United States* how he would state the difference between the English and American appreciation of humor. This gentleman has lived long in this country and his book shows an admirable competence to judge. He said, "I think the difference is a real one, that the people

*"The Land of Contrasts."

of this country have a more generally diffused sense of humor than in England." Professor Münsterberg gives his judgment as follows. He has also been here long enough to give weight to his words. He characterizes the quality as "whimsical," but adds that it is a great social equalizer.

"There is only one more sovereign power than the spirit of sport in breaking down all social distinctions; it is American humor. We could not speak of political or intellectual life without emphasizing this irrepressible humor; but we must not forget it for a moment in speaking of social life, for its influence pervades every social situation. The only question is whether it is the humor which overcomes every disturbance of social equilibrium and so restores the consciousness of free and equal self-assertion, or whether it is this consciousness which fosters humor and seeks expression in a good-natured lack of respect. No immoderation, no improper presumption, and no pomposity can survive the first humorous comment, and the American does not wait long for this. The soap-bubble is pricked amid genial laughter, and equality is restored. Whether it is in a small matter or whether in a question of national importance, a latent humor pervades all social life.

"A happy humorous turn will remind them all that they are equal fellow-citizens, and that they are not to take their different functions in life too solemnly, nor to suppose that their varied outward circumstances introduce any real inequality. As soon as Americans hear a good story, they come at once to an understanding, and it is well known that many political personalities have succeeded because of their wit, even if its quantity was more than its quality."*

Mr. Bryce's experience has so much in common with our own, that we listen to him on this delicate point without pique.

"There is a difference, slight yet perceptible, in the part which both sentiment and humor play in American books, when we compare them with English books of equivalent strength. The humor has a vein of oddity, and the contrast between the soft copiousness of the sentiment and the rigid lines of lingering Puritanism which it suffuses, is rarely met with in England. Perhaps there is less repose in the American style; there is certainly a curious unrestfulness in the effort, less common in English writers, to bend metaphors to unwonted uses."†

*"The Americans," pp. 543-4.
†The American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 618.

"Pigs! Pigs! Cheap Today"
Cartoon from *Don Quixote* (Madrid) before the Spanish-American War.

Instead of *Inri* (Honor) He (Sagasta) substitutes *Paz* (Peace).
Cartoon from *Don Quixote* (Madrid) at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War.

The End is at Hand (See last chapter of "Don Quixote"). Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) near the conclusion of the Spanish-American War.

"Humor is a sweetener of temper, a copious spring of charity, for it makes the good side of bad things even more visible than the weak side of good things: but humor in Americans may be as much a result of an easy and kindly turn as their kindliness is of their humor."†

This partial analysis which our critics help us to make does not deprive us of a single jocose talent. It is not that we are lacking, but rather that others are more richly endowed than we were aware. It looks as if we had preened ourselves upon a far too exclusive possession of the "rare sweetener of life's severities." To know that our foreign neighbors have this solace, even as we have it, ought to be good news to us. To be cocksure that we are the funniest among nations would too surely bring upon us from impartial outsiders that most damning criticism, "lack of humor" on our own part.

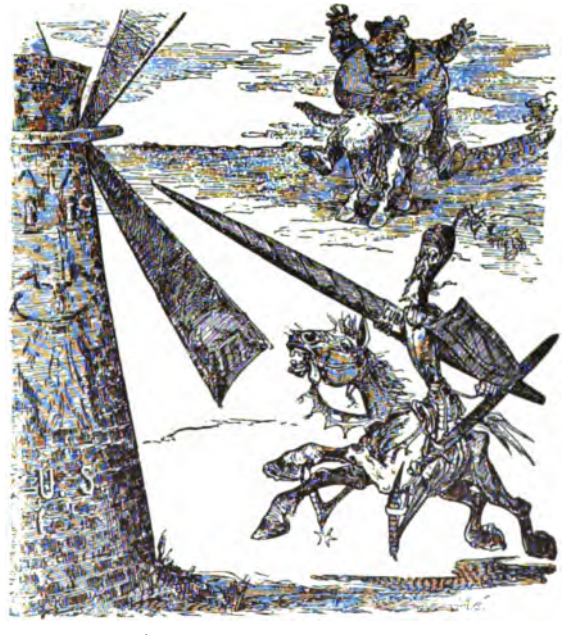
†*Ibid*, p. 666.

XIII. Our Greatest Critic

IN the Introduction to "The American Commonwealth" Mr. Bryce says, "When I first visited America eighteen years ago, I brought home a swarm of bold generalizations. Half of them were thrown overboard after a second visit in 1881. Of the half that remained, some were dropped into the Atlantic when I returned across it after a third visit in 1883-84: and although the two later journeys gave birth to some new views, these views are fewer and more discreetly cautious than their departed sisters of 1870.*

If this openness and flexibility of mind are indispensable to the critic's judgment, another qualification already noted is not less so. It is an unforced human sympathy

*Vol. I, p. 4.



The Spanish Don Quixote and the Portuguese Sancho. From the *Bolond Istók* (Budapest, Hungary) preceding the Spanish-American War.

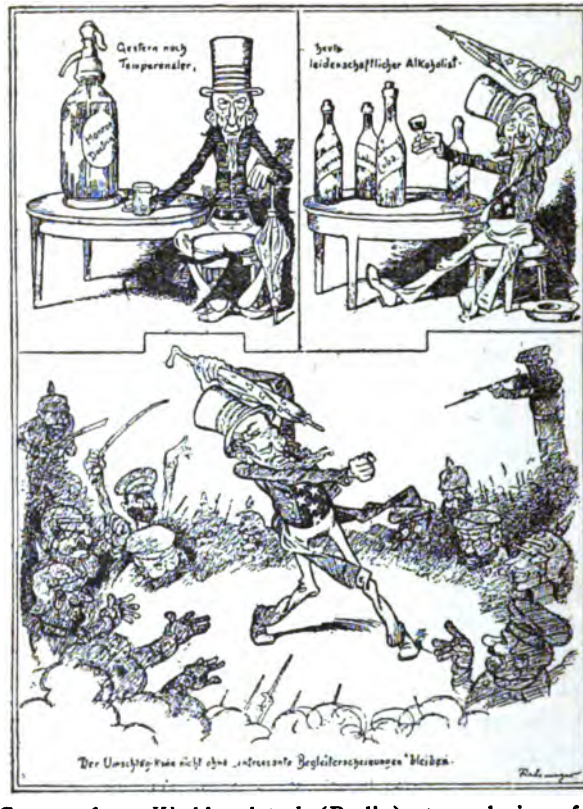
Uncle Sam Plays the Flute in these new piping Times of Peace, while his sheep enjoy the fresh Pastures He has gained.
Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) satirizing American conquests of Spanish-American War.

with one's fellowmen. I heard a snobbish American ask Phillips Brooks in Europe how he managed to avoid the crowd of his fellow countrymen. The great preacher's answer had in it an edge of rebuke and severity which the printed reply does not convey. "I do not try to avoid them, because I like them." "Because I like them!" There are not many critics who can say that without telling lies. Some subtle and clever books in my list are rich in entertainment, but one closes them with the feeling that the writers do not like their kind; that they rather fear and dislike too close contact with them.

This feeling of good will towards one's kind may be in-

stantly detected in every first-rate foreign observer. It is in Sir Charles Lyell, it is in Chevalier, it is in de Tocqueville, it is in James Bryce. There is a largeness about these men which enables them to deal with human nature in another country, at least as generously as they would deal with it in their own. If they note differences in habits, customs, and behavior, they are not merely pestered by them, but rather interested to account for and explain them. Lyell finds himself in a small town of the Middle West at a time when it was literally frontier. He is annoyed by curious and persistent questions,—but he does not pillory the whole town, like Mrs. Tlollope, as ihtolerable nuisances. He does not, like the author of "Cyril Thornton," look upon the annoyance merely as impertinence. As a man of science, even a prying inquisitiveness interests him. It is a pity that its exercise must be quite so personally directed to his clothes and glass, but the narrowness and monotony of their lives explain this. Curiosity is excellent intellectual material. When the community has more varied interests, this eagerness to know things will have its higher and more impersonal expression. To philosophize about one's kind in so kindly a temper as this, in the very midst of discomforts and awkward intrusions, is given to no man who does not like his fellows. One could quote many passages from "The American Commonwealth" to show this spirit of cosmopolitan good fellowship with which the author enters into broad human relations with Americans. In his chapter on "The Pleasantness of American Life," he says:

"This naturalness of intercourse is a distinct addition to the pleasure of social life. It enlarges the circle of possible friendship by removing the *gêne* which in most parts of Europe persons of different ranks feel in exchanging their thoughts on any matters save those of business. It raises the humbler classes without lowering the upper; indeed, it improves the upper no less than the lower by expunging that latent insolence which deforms the manners of so many of the European rich or great. It relieves women in particular, who in Europe are especially apt to think of class distinctions, from that sense of constraint and uneasiness which



Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) at conclusion of Spanish-American War, showing Uncle Sam, intoxicated by Victory, Defying the Powers.

is produced by the knowledge that other women with whom they come in contact are either looking down on them, or at any rate trying to gauge and determine their social position. It expands the range of a man's sympathies, and makes it easier for him to enter into the sentiments of other classes than his own."*

Here is none of the arch snobbery that preens itself on the exclusiveness of one's friendships. That is good which enlarges the circle. "Equality improves manners, for it strengthens the basis of all good manners, respect for other

*Vol. II, p. 663.

men and women *simply as men and women irrespective of their station in life.*" This is the inclusive kindliness which makes democracy possible. There is neither vaporing nor cant when he approves the social condition in which the shoemaker and the factory hand address you as an equal.

In the first few days Mr. Bryce confesses to the unpleasantness he felt at the brusque and careless disregard with which some officials treated his inquiries. He soon saw that this was without intended offense and it ceased to vex or even disquiet him.

The smaller critic does not forgive a wounded personal vanity. The defense of his own fussy dignity becomes at once his main concern. One of these in a western town asks a man, "who looked as if he needed a shilling," to take his valise to the hotel. The needy individual turned upon him with the question, "Stranger, does that

Cartoon from *Kladderadatsch* (Berlin) upon the Position of the United States in the twentieth century. England, as Butler, waits upon Uncle Sam, who is about to devour the world. The European "Concert" furnishes music.

pack require two folks to carry it?" "No, one person can carry it." "Well, then, I guess you'll take it yourself." The victim of this retort was incensed beyond measure; "I even put myself out a little," he says, "to do him a good turn, only to meet this brutal rebuff." Mr. Bryce would have paid money to get such a reply. He would even have stayed over a train to make the man's acquaintance. It is, however, certain that Mr. Bryce's tone and manner would never have called forth the rebuff.

I have known an American scholar to travel some weeks in Germany in a chronic state of disgust at the brusqueness of the lesser German officials. He returned for a longer stay in that country to learn, in his own words, that "I had lost half the pleasure of that first trip by being a plain—fool. I finally learned why those officials take themselves and their work a good deal more seriously than we do in our country, and I also learned that behind the manner, there is an admirable conscientiousness and willingness to take great trouble to help you out of difficulties."

It is the distinction of the first-rate critic to *assume* this good will at the start. He assumes it and acts upon it without waiting for the proofs.

In the middle of the last century a German by the name of Platenius thus comments on the American habit of sitting with the feet elevated on railings and tables. "I have not yet found the cause of this very common practice, but I am confident it is explained and justified by some physiological reason like that of imperfect digestion or circulation." This diagnosis may be at fault, but the temper is that of the perfect traveler. Mr. Bryce has this temper; he has the human good will; he has done his work of investigation with unmatched thoroughness. From life-long study and travel his grasp of "world politics" long since put him easily in the first rank of publicists. He had traveled widely enough and intelligently enough to apply the comparative method in making up a human document. If he is discuss-

ing American manners or morals, his judgment means something because he has watched manners and morals in many countries. If he deals with our asserted passion for dollars, he has had experience enough among many people to apply some intelligent test to the criticism. It is this large mastery of contemporary political and social experience which makes Mr. Bryce, not only superior to de Tocqueville, but clearly our greatest critic.

It is not only that the author of "The American Commonwealth" paid many visits to this country. It is also because here and in England he kept in the closest intellectual touch with those Americans who were competent and glad to assist him. His inquiries were so definite and so penetrating; they so touched the "livewire" issues of the time, that it was an honor and intellectual pleasure to get information for him. One of his American friends and helpers said, "We never get such good talk about our own home problems as when Mr. Bryce is present to ask questions." This gentlemanly temper, this sympathy and searching observation are not absent in a single critic who ranks with Lyell, de Tocqueville, Chevalier, and Bryce.

This is not a ranking of critics according to their good opinion of this country. The weakest and untruest things about us are often the hasty and indiscriminate praises. Lyell, Chevalier, de Tocqueville, have admonitions enough but they so stand out on a background of proper information and human good will that only the pettiest provincialism will take offence. No man has given more final tests of sincerity in his democratic sympathies than Mr. Bryce. His attitude toward Irish Home Rule and even more the moral bravery he showed during the Boer War (whatever the merits of that struggle may have been) are even better proofs than passages like this: "When the humbler classes have differed in opinion from the higher, they have often proved by the event to have been right and their so-called betters wrong." But to this inborn spirit of democratic

good fellowship and breeding, must be added a training for his task that few men living or dead have received. We have to think of "The American Commonwealth" not as a study finished in 1887, but, through its revisions and later letters, as the sustained and coherent judgment of more than thirty years. He is not in the least a mere bookworm. His academic distinction was eminent, but as a globe trotter he was as intelligently the student as in writing the Holy Roman Empire. It was these large studies, together with his knowledge of comparative politics and his arduous labor as a practical politician, that have given him a supreme fitness to report upon the political structure and social spirit of this country.

Not the least among the services of this monumental work is, that hundreds of Europeans read it as a preparation for their coming to this country. I once heard from a foreign scholar this admirable word: "To read Bryce before you leave home and then, with your own notes and memories, to read it again when you return, is the surest way to know America and to know it at its best." I have also heard one of our own scholars say that "he knew no single study that so effectively helped an American to know his own country as he ought to know it, as 'The American Commonwealth.' "*

As one looks back upon the universal touchiness to foreign comment, it is the more surprising that scarcely a protest has been raised against Bryce's strictures. In spite of the uniform cordiality and appreciation, there is a good deal of plain speaking that would have aroused resentment even a generation before the work appeared. One angry verbal protest I do remember: that "Bryce must have been blind in *at least* one eye to say that 'neither the Rocky Mountains, with their dependent ranges, nor the Sierra Nevada, can be compared with variety of grandeur and

*It is perhaps a trivial warning, but I have found that the average person is more likely to read both volumes if he begins with Part IV of the second volume.

beauty with the Alps.'" Goldwin Smith says this more strongly still and it is probably true. But Bryce refers also to our cities: "their monotony haunts one like a nightmare." He makes a few exceptions, but says:*

"In all, the same shops, arranged on the same plan, the same Chinese laundries, with Li Kow visible through the window, the same ice-cream stores, the same large hotels with seedy men hovering about in the dreary entrance-hall, the same street cars passing to and fro, with passengers clinging to the door-step."

"Travel where you will, you feel that what you have found in one place, that you will find in another. The thing which hath been, will be: you can no more escape from it than you can quit the land to live in the sea."†

Nor is this "monotony" an affair alone of externals. It appears in our mental habits, where it may be merely tiresome, or dangerous if it express itself in our political thinking. Like de Tocqueville, Bryce fears our lack of independence in politics; that there are "so few independent schools of opinion." "The structure of the party discipline leaves little freedom of individual thought or action to the member of the legislature." It is our "weak point" that free and unbiased political opinion finds such difficulty in "bringing itself to bear upon those who govern either as legislators or executive officers."‡ Outside the line of party interests, there may be the bravest shoutings and display of intellectual courage, as if to call off the attention from vital issues. So vigorous a party Republican as Congressman Littlefield of Maine has just told us in plain words, "If there is anything more cowardly than one Congressman, it is two Congressmen:"

"It is a humiliating fact that the House of Representatives is the most cowardly political body in the United States. It is not even equal to the ordinary State Legislature. The ordinary congressman, when he is elected gets the notion that there is a career before him. It is almost impossible to get any member of

*"The American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 670.
†"The American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 674.
‡Ibid, p. 288.

Congress to vote against any proposition that seems to imperil his chances of return."*

This is what Mr. Bryce points out. We have seen the same criticism in de Tocqueville. We shall see it later in other form in Münsterberg and more powerfully still in Ostrogorski.

Mr. Bryce also speaks of the "commonness of mind and tone, a want of dignity and elevation in and about the conduct of public affairs, an insensibility to the nobler aspects and finer responsibilities of national life." This is also true; but that so great a multitude of American readers should accept these and other strictures while showering praises on the author's head, is a new and extremely hopeful fact.

In the half century which separates de Tocqueville from Bryce, no one had attempted to cope with the whole theory and practice of our political life, as well as to enter minutely into questions of manners, habits, and ideas. Mr. Bryce does this in his first edition of 1888, more completely in the third edition and in the letters published in 1905, in which he reviews the changes observable in the United States between his first visit in 1870 and that of 1905. No one of our critics has given any such extensive and intensive study of political structure in this country. No one has entered more intimately into the whole spiritual life of the nation. That the net judgment of this profound study should be (I cannot help using the word) so *doggedly* hopeful; that it should be informed by a certain gaiety of good cheer and confidence that all is to turn out well with us in the United States, has of course much to do with the supreme rank accorded to Mr. Bryce's books. The serenity of the author's optimism falls in with that most persistent trait of the American character, hopefulness. Scarcely a critic fails to note this insistent American characteristic. Mr. Bryce not only gives voice to this, but he adduces an

*Reported from address before the Providence, R. I., Commercial Club, April 23, 1907.

ordered host of reasons which he believes justifies our optimism. In the Introduction he writes of the doubters who fail "to realize the existence in the American people of a reserve of force and patriotism more than sufficient to sweep away all the evils which are now tolerated, and to make the politics of the country worthy of its material grandeur and of the private virtues of its inhabitants. America excites an admiration which must be felt on the spot to be understood. The hopefulness of her people communicates itself to one who moves among them, and makes him perceive that the graver faults of politics may be far less dangerous there than they would be in Europe. A hundred times in writing this book have I been disheartened by the facts I was stating: a hundred times has the recollection of the abounding strength and vitality of the nation chased away these tremors."*

I was once asked by an English friend much in this country if there were any way in which this obstinate residuum of American optimism could be explained.

"You have men who make a bluff at pessimism. They talk fiercely against all sorts of things in their own country, but they always surprise you finally by adding 'Still it's all coming out right in the end.' Nothing impresses me in the United States more than this characteristic. But I do not understand it, nor does Mr. Bryce satisfy me. If your politics are as bad as he implies and as most of you say they are; if so much of your business is polluted, as your best witnesses insist, why does every discussion among you have the same refrain, 'Yes, it's bad, but it's sure to turn out all right in the end?'"

This seems to me to touch the one critical weakness in Mr. Bryce's volumes. Again and again he brings the reader to a yawning gulf of perplexities. We are allowed to take one frightened glimpse into the depths, only to be hurried instantly back onto high safe ground. Nothing is more momentous in the national life than the character and influence of large cities. Yet our political method appears to have failed in managing these moulding centers in our

*"The American Commonwealth," Vol. I, p. 10.

common life. The main ground of Mr. Bryce's optimism about us is our inveterate, underlying hopefulness.

From a good many wise people, I have tried to get some answer to this question, Does the *evidence* in Mr. Bryce's books justify his optimism.*

One is quick to note that the answers take the form of religious faith, rather than of a reasoned conviction that appeals to definite proofs. One of our first-rate scholars of American politics tells me, "It is very discouraging that Pennsylvania, after the moral rousing of last year, should apparently sink back helpless under the same contemptible party tyranny. But," he hastens to add, "I am sure it will all come out right." Yes, most of us *believe* that, but do the volumes of Mr. Bryce contain the evidences of these things not seen?

Thirty-five years after his first coming, Mr. Bryce reviewed the most important changes observable in the United States since 1870. His summary is the more remarkable because he had seen much of the "Shame of Cities" as it had been reported by men like Lincoln Steffens and Ray Stannard Baker. Most of this relentless inquisition into our political and business life was as truthfully as it was ably done. In spite of the direct personal character of the evidence, no important part of it has been in the least shaken by those under fire. Everywhere one heard angry and scornful denial in private. I heard a United States Senator say, "It's sewer-water,—mere sewer-water, not fit for a human being to touch." But if it is false, why not answer it, that the people may have some authentic statement? "Well," was the reply, "there is, of course, a lot of unpleasant fact so mixed up with these charges as to make it very difficult to reply." Yes, "such a lot of unpleasant facts" which no one dared to face in open public discussion. They were facts which did this service: they laid bare the whole

*In the final chapters on Progress, an attempt is made to add evidence on this point from authentic changes which our critics enable us to see and measure through the century.

organized intimacy between privileged business and politics. We had all been taught that our political corruption was in some dark way peculiar to large cities. Investigation during the last seven or eight years has destroyed that illusion. The large city merely gave concentrated and dramatic expression to evils that inhere in large business activities that depend on legislative favors.*

Public service corporations with affiliated businesses like mines and other primary natural resources have set the pace in this subjection of the politician to private rather than public interests. That these powers should have become in recent years so centered in speculative markets; that business distinction should be now largely tested by capacity to manipulate securities; that the most precious wealth-resources should be like the stake in a gambler's game, are dangers that only selfish interest or mental dullness now fails to recognize. "Bad politics" follows and reflects the deeper evils of a grossly unfair competitive business. Unfair in the sense that our excessive inequalities of wealth are known to be due largely to special favors or outright theft of public domain in mining, grazing, and lumbering. An excessive tariff is behind specific large fortunes "in iron." The tariff, together with rebates, has made several Steel Kings. Great mastery in the securing of rebates has made other vast fortunes. With a few distinct exceptions, this whole natural history of multi-millionairedom is a story, no line of which can be told apart from a political corruption which these businesses *started*. This corruption did not *begin* with the blackmailer or the people. These are developed as later and consequent evils.

Better than with oil, mines, lumber, cattle, or steel, railway transportation is that through which we may best see this evil. Dr. Albert Shaw is not an alarmist, neither is he a general scold. He knows about our railroads. With-

**Outlook*, March and April, 1905.

out wishing to do them injury, here are his deliberate opinions expressed in his *Review of Reviews.*

"The mismanagement of insurance companies has been a mere passing trifle when compared with the mismanagement of American railroad interests."

"We have a small and select population of plutocrats who control our railroads and have somehow managed to put into their private pockets some hundreds of thousands of millions of dollars through their ability to skim the cream off the country's prosperity.

"Many of those in control 'have juggled with securities, have played the stock-market up and down, have played tricks with their dividend policies, have so falsified their bookkeeping as to conceal surpluses, and have virtually confiscated the property of the confiding stockholders by the use they have made of the proxies which they themselves have solicited through the mails at the stockholders' expense.' They 'have got control of the American railroad system, have bled it unmercifully for their own benefit, and the result is that it no longer serves the practical purposes for which railroads exist.'"

Though himself seeing great objection to government management of railroads, he concludes:

"Whatever may be the objections to government ownership—and those objections are very great—it would be better than the indefinite continuance of an irresponsible and uncontrolled private management in the interest of a ring of plutocrats."

That judgment is caustic but it is not exaggerated. If we add to it, that the partnership between the railroad and iron, oil, lumber, cattle, mines, etc., has been through local and federal legislation in such dark and covered ways as to infect the very sources of our political life, we have merely a further and complete statement of the fact. This digression is only to make the question a little more intelligent: does Mr. Bryce take this evil thing *fully and fairly into account?* Seeing it all, has the bravery of his optimism good warrant?

One cannot answer it with satisfaction, because it is uncertain how far he is looking to the future rather than to the present. He seems to be saying, as he faces the evil, "Ugly as it is, you will throw it off. Your buoyancy, health, and confidence will cut out that rottenness as we in Eng-

land cut out our 'rotten boroughs' and recognized debaucheries that were blacker than America ever knew."

For this faith he gives two forceful reasons. First, the strategic advantage which public opinion has in this country. As compared to other countries, he finds its peculiarity in this, that our public opinion "stands above the parties, being cooler and larger minded than they are; it awes party leaders and holds in check party organizations. No one openly ventures to resist it. It determines the direction and the character of national policy. It is the product of a greater number of minds than in any other country, and it is more indisputably sovereign. It is the central point of the whole American policy. To describe it, that is, to sketch the leading political ideas, habits and tendencies of the American people, and show how they express themselves in action, is the most difficult and also the most vital part of my task."

This is a preliminary word in his Introduction in explanation of the detailed study of public opinion in several later chapters.*

In noting the powers of the President, he says, "Nowhere is the rule of public opinion so complete as in America, nor so direct, that is to say, so independent of the ordinary machinery of government."†

The really great changes since Bryce's first edition strengthen every opinion he has expressed on this point. De Tocqueville finds the President almost a weakling in using public opinion. Ten years after de Tocqueville, the French Ambassador de Bacourt wrote his sister, "The State minds its own business so much that I have nothing to do." Mr. Bryce first writes:

"An American may, through a long life, never be reminded of the Federal Government except when he votes at Presidential and Congressional elections, lodges a complaint against the Post-

*Part IV, II Vol.
†"The American Commonwealth," Vol. I, p. 63.

Office, and opens his trunk for a Custom House officer on the pier at New York when he returns from a tour of Europe."

As he comes now to a wide-armed welcome as Ambassador, he finds

"The Federal power in some of the most ordinary minutiæ of daily life—when he buys a pound of meat, goes to the druggist for medicine, buys coffee at the corner grocery, or secures a railroad ticket."

He finds the immense hopefulness of public opinion here to be in the fact that its directive power is more and more consciously active in the entire body of the people.

President Woodrow Wilson at Columbia University says of this extraordinary growth that:

"In nothing has it grown more than in the development of the presidency. His cabinet becomes more and more dependent upon him; upon his single office, more and more the center of the vital forces of opinion and political initiative.

"The President alone is elected by the people as a whole, has no local constituency, speaks for no special interest. If he truly interpret the national thought and boldly enough insist upon it, he is irresistible."

Professor Münsterberg goes so far in agreement with Mr. Bryce as to say that "the parties with all their paraphernalia are merely the lower house of the nation, while Public Opinion is the upper house. He says again, "Most of all, it must be insisted that public opinion is all the time following up these excrescences on party life, and that public opinion presses forward year by year at an absolutely sure pace."

In no way has Mr. Bryce more helped us than in showing the folly of that long list of critics who gleefully traced our frailties to the *kind* of government we had chosen. I tried to keep a list of the specific degeneracies that writers connected with our *form* of government. We had set up as a Republic and *therefore* were becoming "godless," "irreverent," "mannerless," "silent," "monotonous," "supersensitive." We were "flighty" and "headstrong," "miserly in some directions and wasteful in others,"

all because we had cut loose from aristocracies. That five of our States repudiated their debts, or long threatened to do so, was an "inevitable result of democracy." Politika gives his reasons why our inordinate boasting follows from our type of government.* As he says the effect of democracy is "to make men turbulent citizens, abandoned Christians, inconstant husbands and treacherous friends." Capt. Marryat says, "Slander and detraction are the inseparable evils of a democracy."†

We are shown how inevitable it is that we should consume such enormous quantities of cheap liquor, "because we are a democracy." Without the influence of aristocracy, we cannot produce art or literature.

Of all this shallowness Mr. Bryce makes short work. "One of the most polished and aristocratic societies in Europe has for two centuries been that of Vienna: yet what society could have been intellectually duller or less productive?" He says these theorizers about democracy are like Daniel giving us a dream and his own interpretation of it.

"Few mistakes are more common than that of exaggerating the influence of forms of government. As there are historians and politicians who, when they come across a trait of national character for which no obvious explanation presents itself, set it down to 'race,' so there are writers and speakers who, too indolent to examine the whole facts of the case, or too ill-trained to feel the need of such examination, pounce upon the political institutions‡ of a country as the easiest way to account for its social and intellectual, perhaps even for its moral and religious peculiarities."**

"Let anyone study the portrait of the democratic man and democratic city which the first and greatest of all hostile critics of democracy has left us, and compare it with the very different descriptions of life and culture under a popular government in which

*Apercu, p. 155.

†Diary I, p. 17.

‡Professor Freeman writes: "It is absurd to infer that a democratic federal form of government has a necessary and special tendency to corruption, when it is certain that corruption has been and is just as rife under governments of other kinds." "Impressions of the United States," p. 123.

**"The American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 612.

European speculation has deported itself since de Tocqueville's time. He will find each theory plausible in the abstract, and each equally unlike the facts which contemporary America sets before us."

Mr. Bryce's second source of confidence is in the character of our education which works through this public opinion. More than twenty years ago he wrote of the new forms of education in the United States, "as powerfully affecting politics, the development not only of literary, scientific and historical studies, but in particular of a new school of publicists, who discuss constitutional and economic questions in a philosophic spirit; closer intellectual relationship with Europe, and particularly with England and Germany; increased interest of the best class of citizens in politics; improved literary quality of the newspapers and the periodicals." In 1905 he turns with still greater reliance to these educational hopes. His running comparison between our best and the best in Europe adds interest to his estimate.

"There has been within these last thirty-five years a development of the higher education in the United States perhaps without a parallel in the world.

"The interest taken in the constitutional topics and economic questions, indeed in everything that belongs to the sphere of political science, is as great as it is in Germany or France, and greater than in Britain.

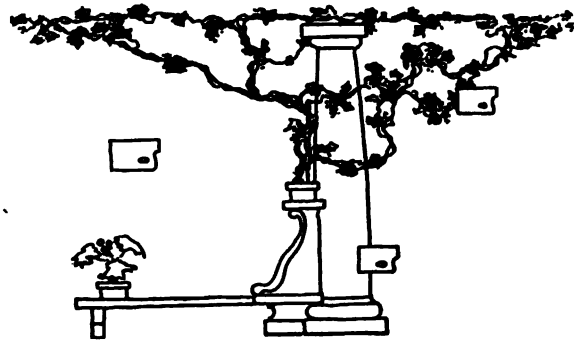
"America has now not less than fifteen or perhaps even twenty seats of learning fit to be ranked beside the universities of Germany, France, and England as respects the completeness of the instruction which they provide and the thoroughness at which they aim.

"Even more noticeable is the amplitude of the provision now made for the study of natural sciences, and of those arts in which science is applied to practical ends. In this respect the United States has gone ahead of Great Britain."*

*"America Revisited," *Outlook*, March, 1905.

These words too are reassuring: "The notion which has obtained currency in Europe that the people of the United States conscious that they have become a great World Power, are planning, and preparing to build up, a vast dominion over subject States or tribes seems ludicrous to any one who keeps his ears and eyes open in the country."

That the remaining shadows neither discourage nor seriously alarm him is the message for which we have most to thank this writer. That his hopes for us are based upon the strengthening and enriching of our education as it acts upon public opinion brings this cheer: a steadying and informing education is a remedy and a responsibility over which we have control. It is the distinction of Mr. Bryce to have shown better than any of our critics how direct a bearing this educated opinion has upon every destiny that is to constitute the enduring greatness of our common country.



The Story of American Painting*

V. The Development of Landscape and Marine Painting.

By Edwina Spencer

Author of "American Sculptors."

OUR review of the first century of painting in America, from John Smybert's arrival here in 1728 to the death of Gilbert Stuart in 1828, has shown us a cycle devoted entirely to portraiture. Serious interest in landscape for itself, aside from its use as a background for the human figure,—our present concern with the faithful portrayal of nature's varied aspects—had not yet developed in any country, here, or abroad; while in America the sole and insistent demand was for portraiture, from the time of our earliest limners down to the production of Trumbull's historical compositions,—and indeed the latter are valuable chiefly as portrait groups.

Yet landscape painting was not unfamiliar to our artists. We know that Smybert and the generations following him essayed it for their own pleasure, though probably none of their experiments have survived "the tooth of time." But they painted according to the European

*Miss Sepncer's series will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN in the months from September to May. The articles heretofore printed are: "Foreword," and "Painting in Colonies" (September); "The Period of the Revolution" (October); "The Years of Preliminary Growth" (November); "Formative Influences" (December).

standards of their day, and their landscapes were in the "grand manner"—artificial in conception and "made up" from imagination, instead of copied from actual scenery. It was, of course, inevitable that the lack of opportunity for study at home, and the necessity for seeking every artistic help and inspiration abroad, should make our early painting more or less an echo of contemporary England and Renaissance Italy. Aside from Stuart's work, and that done by Copley before he went to London, it was a retrospective art, leaning on the traditions and influences of the Old World. Painting had not yet accorded their rightful place to the manifold beauties of land and sea. The few landscapes produced among us roused no interest; the freshness and charm of our own natural scenery had made no artistic appeal.

Such was the barrenness of the landscape field when our first century of painting drew to a close. Only Thomas Doughty, a young leather manufacturer who gave up business for art in 1820, had begun to portray bits of woodland and river valley; but he was not destined to be the originator and inspirer of the new movement. That may be dated from 1828, when Thomas Cole, a struggling young artist in a New York garret, exhibited in a shop window some of his sketches of Catskill mountain scenery,—little canvases which were big with portent, for they heralded the dawn of a new day. So, curiously enough, the year which, with Stuart's death, so significantly marks the close of our first hundred years of portraiture, is equally significant in its prophecy. Landscape painting, in which our men were later to win such signal successes, began to find honor and appreciation from that date.

The almost instant popularity of these landscapes gave the first impulse toward an expression of something distinctly American in our art; and Thomas Cole's ardent, enthusiastic personality exerted an influence which was felt long after his too early death at forty-seven. He was born at Bolton-le-Moor, England, in 1801,—an only son, with

three sisters. The father was a lovable, kindly, industrious soul, who never seemed able to succeed financially; and when Thomas was a mere lad the family migrated to this country. Their vicissitudes were great; but the boy while helping his father in every way possible, played away his disappointments on his beloved flute, dreamed of art and music, and was increasingly ambitious for high achievement.

In 1820, a traveling limner passing through Steubenville, Ohio, where they lived, gave him an English book on art, illustrated with engravings, which made Cole's eager young soul burn to become a painter.* He longed, even then, to attempt landscapes; but it was imperative that he should earn money at once, and portraits alone afforded remuneration. After enduring all sorts of pain, privation and disappointment, as an itinerant portrait-painter, and spending a winter in Philadelphia where he lived on bread and water in an empty room and slept rolled up in a blanket, he returned to his family who were now established in New York, and set up his easel in his father's garret.†

This was in 1825. He had never given up his desire to paint landscapes, and while drawing at the Academy during his stay in Philadelphia, he also sketched constantly from nature. Now he began to give rein to his inclinations, and a merchant was persuaded to place a few little sketches in his window. A gentleman who bought one for ten dol-

*His greatest joy had always been to wander off by himself with his flute and his pencil; his childish play-time was given to drawing, and this first book on art which he had ever seen was a thrilling revelation. He told Dunlap, years after, that he kept it close beside him night and day; while "the names of Stuart and Sully came to his ears like the titles of great conquerors, and the great masters were hallowed above all earthly things."

†Cole never liked to dwell upon these experiences. He walked from town to town (sometimes a hundred miles apart) seeking employment as a limner; his green baize bag over his shoulder, in which were his few clothes, his home-made brushes and other painting materials, and his flute. The flute, like that of Goldsmith, and like Luther's sweet voice, often gained him food and lodging; thus he "played his way" over many a weary mile. He was paid for his portraits (!) in various articles—a saddle, a silver watch, a gold chain (which proved to be copper), a pair of shoes, etc., rarely in money.

lars learned that the young artist's dream was to paint the scenery along the Hudson River, and offered him the means of doing so.

As a result, three pictures were exhibited in another shop window, in 1828, this time for twenty-five dollars apiece. They were first noticed by Trumbull, who bought one on the spot, and went to tell Dunlap about them. John Durand (an engraver who afterwards helped to found our landscape art) happened in, and all three set out to find the new painter. They climbed to his garret, bought the other two pictures, and gave him such serious and intelligent praise as must have been exceedingly sweet to the sensitive, aspiring novice. Dunlap, always quick to appreciate and encourage the work of others, called attention to Cole in the journals of the day, and from this turning-point in his career "his fame spread like fire."

He made two long visits to Europe; but most of his twenty years of professional life were spent at his little home in the Catskills, where he died in 1848. Here his many friends among the artists, and his dear companion, William Cullen Bryant, came for long walks and talks among the hills they all loved, and from here his influence radiated. His lofty idealism was like that of Washington Allston; his enthusiasm for the advancement of our art like that of Hunt. A friend records that he was "full of tenderness and sweet humanities;" indeed the fineness and purity of his spirit, his honor and his courage, place Cole high on the long list of generous, honorable and courageous men* whom American art can claim.

During the latter part of his career, Cole became more and more absorbed in expressing, by means of landscape, great allegorical and religious ideas; painting various series

*A recent writer speaks of Cole's early entering upon "an era of uninterrupted prosperity," but this popularity of his brush did not bring him ease. His first trip to Europe was undertaken to gain means of support for his family and of paying debts which "it crushed his very soul to think of." He cared for his three sisters, and assumed very large debts left by his father; all his life he was "at home with difficulties."

of subjects, like "The Voyage of Life," four canvases showing Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age drifting on the Stream of Time. Equally famous was "The Course of Empire," depicting the rise, progress, decline and fall of a great nation, and the succeeding desolation. Such also was his last picture, "The Cross and the World." They were immensely popular at the time, and though such subjects now seem trite and uninteresting, some of these canvases are still impressive. They reveal a powerful imagination struggling with the old mistake of trying to make painting express ideas far more suited to literature than to art.

Cole's works of real importance are his American landscapes, which were a revelation to Americans, as well as to Europeans, of the charm of our native scenery. In the present era of landscape painting, it is difficult to realize the sudden furore which these canvases roused, and the ardent delight with which the early landscapists explored the continent for material. They were deeply sincere in their love for the beauties around them,—sharing the feeling which prompted Cole to write "neither the Alps nor the Apennines, nor even Etna itself, have dimmed in my eyes the beauty of our own Catskills." Bryant's sonnet,* written upon his friend's departure for Europe, voices the new spirit making itself felt.

Associated with Cole are the names of Doughty, Durand and Kensett, examples of whose work, (with Cole's "Roman Aqueduct"), were reproduced in THE CHAUTAU-

*"Thine eyes shall see the light of distant skies,
Yet, Cole! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand
A living image of our own bright land,
Such as on thy own glorious canvas lies.
Lone lakes—savannas where the bison roves—
Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn streams—
Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and screams—
Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves.
Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest—fair,
But different—everywhere the trace of men.
Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.
Gaze on them till the tears shall dim thy sight,
But keep that earlier, wilder image bright."

QUAN for November. Thomas Doughty, (1793-1856) has been mentioned as being the earliest in the field; he painted in London and Paris, as well as at home, and when the other men who had produced a few landscapes here gave it up from lack of encouragement, Doughty had the resolution to persevere. But his success varied greatly while his later life was full of misfortune, illness and despondency. His pictures, however, have real charm; little, unpretentious bits of hill-side, valley and river, they hold a place of their own in the memory.

The active "founders" of the movement were Cole and Asher Brown Durand. Cole was the inspirer and the pioneer; he blazed the way which Durand afterward followed. The latter was one of our finest engravers, devoting himself to that work until a half dozen years after he met Cole. He then essayed portrait and figure painting; and not until a short time before his friend's death did he give himself up to landscape. But, fortunately, just when Cole had turned from pure landscape to allegorical and religious subjects, Durand took up the simple, sincere portrayal of nature, and never swerved from it until he peacefully laid down his brush forever. Born in 1796, he lived to be ninety, —long enough to see a tremendous development in the field he had chosen.

John F. Kensett, the next to devote himself to landscape, followed Durand's simple, sincere way of looking at nature, and produced excellent pictures, whose skies have an especial luminous beauty. Kensett, born in 1818, was twenty-two years Durand's junior; and, with very few exceptions, the large number of men who now began to turn to landscape painting were all born at least a quarter of a century later than Doughty, Durand and Cole. They were the men of "the fifties," beginning their professional lives during the mid-century—direct successors of the pioneers, and struggling with problems of a new departure, yet carrying on the movement, with increasing force, until a more skilful technique and a broader knowledge began to make

its advent with the young men of "the seventies." Many of them kept active pace with the advance made by the next generation.

Most of these artists of the fifties who painted chiefly the scenery of New York and New England, have been grouped with Cole and Durand as the Hudson River, or White Mountain, school.* Others, full of enthusiasm for new scenes, went with our first explorers to the Rocky Mountains and the Yellowstone, filling very large canvases with western views. The best painter among the latter was Thomas Moran, who has produced so many pictures of the Yellowstone and the Yosemite; he continued to enlarge his skill and widen his scope with the years, so that he belongs properly to a later time, and his fine etchings will be noticed in a succeeding article. The immense landscapes of Albert Bierstadt, with their panoramic presentation of mountains, water-falls, lakes, rivers, and prairies made a tremendous impression on the public of his day; his most frequent subjects were scenes in the Rocky Mountains, but he turned out an astounding number of works throughout a long life.

An important and unique place belongs to Frederic Edwin Church,* (1826-1900) who as a boy was taken into Cole's Catskill home, and may be called his only pupil. From the beginning Church devoted himself to expressing the grandest and most imposing aspects of nature; for years he ransacked the globe in search of natural marvels to copy. From icebergs to volcanoes, he ran the gamut of tremend-

*The frequent allusion in historical or critical writing to this or that "school" of art in this sense means a group of artists, in any country or time, who have adopted the same ideas and methods and are trying to express the same ideals. Occasionally, as in speaking of "the school of Raphael," it indicates the followers or imitators of one man; but it is equally used for the tendencies of artists of a certain country or locality, as the French or Dutch schools of a given period, the Florentine school, the early school of Fontainebleau.

†F. E. Church, the landscapist, is different in identity from F. S. (Frederick Stuart) Church, the figure painter, with whose dainty, fanciful conceptions of graceful maidens playing with jolly beasts and birds most of us are familiar.

Cannon Rock, by Winslow Homer. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

The Gulf Stream, by Winslow Homer. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

On the Coast of New Jersey, by William T. Richards. In the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Young Holstein Bull, by Carleton Wiggins. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Broad Silent Valley, by Alexander H. Wyant. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York.

Spring Woods, by Henry Ranger. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Spring, by H. Bolton Jones. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

The Delaware Valley, by George Inness. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Peace and Plenty, by George Inness. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Sheepfold, by Horatio Walker. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Moonlight, by Dwight W. Tryon. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

View on the Seine ("The Harp of the Winds"), by Homer D. Martin. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Gloucester Harbor, by William Morris Hunt. From an etching by Parrish (after the original painting) in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Venetian Scene, by Burr H. Nicholls.

ous subjects. His tropical forests of South America, his remarkable views of the Andes, his scenes in Greece and the Egean islands, in Mexico, and other countries are amazingly well handled; and his was for years the most satisfactory portrayal of the falls of Niagara—(see illustration in November CHAUTAUQUAN). Church's industry and activity were beyond belief,—indeed his health was seriously affected by the hardships of travel and of long-continued work in the tropics.

In contrast to the work of Church, both in spirit and treatment, are the landscapes of a little group of men who painted small canvases presenting the simplest and most familiar aspects of the American countryside. They are full of refinement and charm,—sincere, loving, leisurely transcripts of nature,—the work of Worthington Whittredge, John Bunyan Bristol, David Johnson, and various others. The most notable name of this group is that of Alexander H. Wyant, (1836-1892,) one of our truest and most poetic landscapists; and I greatly regret the limitations of space which prevent giving a detailed account of these painters, who represent perhaps the best in the early school.

Such important names, too, as Hubbard, Hill, Cropsey, Mignot, the two Hart brothers, (William and James,) John W. Casilear, Samuel Colman, Jervis McEntee, Sandford R. Gifford and Swain Gifford, must not be omitted. But the story of American landscape painting demands a volume in itself, and it is possible to give here only the simplest outline of its origin and development, dwelling upon none but the few men whose influence was especially prominent in forming or directing its progress.

Sufficient emphasis rarely is placed upon the importance to our art of the work accomplished by Cole, Durand, and their immediate successors. The name Hudson River school, (or White Mountain school), represents neither a group of fine technicians, nor men rich in feeling for color or design. Much that they painted was crude and hesitating;

Indian Encampment, by Ralph Albert Blakelock. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

in the path they were following they had no artistic traditions or precedent to follow, and the benefits of wider scientific knowledge and subtler insight belong to a later time. But they were all animated by an intense patriotism, (such as made Cole record that he would have given his left hand to be able to identify himself more closely with this country by saying he was born here,)* and their unfeigned enthusiasm for their native scenery never flagged. They climbed the mountains and roamed the valleys of the east; they endured all the hardships of western exploration

*Dunlap tells us that Cole's family, on both sides, lived in America before going to England,—one of his grandfathers near Baltimore.

with the first expeditions to the Rockies and the Yosemite. The Hudson, the White Mountains and the woods of New England, the Delaware, the tropical scenes of the Carolinas and Georgia, all were copied with rejoicing, even to the least detail.

They were proud of being the first artists to reveal the country's wealth of natural beauty, and of being the first exponents of work which was purely American in inspiration and portrayal.* A serene delight in the charm and glory of nature, an earnestness and an unfailing dignity, ran through all their work like threads of gold. This formed their bond of unity; it was largely what made them a power in their own day, and what helped them lay the substantial foundation for the future development of landscape painting in America,—as well as for its future appreciation. They aroused the interest in landscape which has ever since been characteristic of our collectors and art lovers; they bequeathed to succeeding landscapists a national spirit which still survives, in spite of changes in technique and artistic standards.

During the mid-century, when most of these early men visited Europe, the highest artistic authority was centered in Düsseldorf. For serious training, it commanded the allegiance that was later transferred to Paris, and its standards influenced our art for years. A result of this German teaching was careful and accurate drawing, produced by its rigid drilling; yet the methods tended to crush all originality and spontaneity. A fondness for romantic subjects, with a good deal of false sentiment, was characteristic of the school; but more unfortunate was its tendency toward weak, forced and unnatural coloring. To Düsseldorf

*The poet Bryant has been mentioned as an intimate friend of Cole; he sympathized deeply with the artist's passionate love for American scenery, and his poems show the result of their long woodland rambles. Later, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier and Lowell added their tributes to the beauties of their native land; but they were mere lads when Cole became known in 1828. A question which might be discussed with profit is, "To what extent did these early painters of American landscape interest and stimulate the poets?"

we owe many of those smooth, shiny, dark-brown landscapes, with every leaf and grass-blade clearly outlined, and those monotonous marines, in which a dingy sky bends to meet a still dingier India-rubber ocean, that haunt some of our older homes and galleries.

The revelation of nature's real brilliancy, the study of light and color in landscape, the whole artistic world owes to France,—and to the much maligned painters of the "impressionist" school, whose effects did not begin until 1860. But before that influence reached us, the way was paved for its reception by the return from France of William Morris Hunt, bringing with him the ideas and methods of the French school of Fontainebleau and Barbison.*

When Hunt came back to America in 1855, he found the methods of Düsseldorf in vogue, and began at once his crusade against one of the chief faults of the style,—minute finish of every detail, to the neglect of the broad, essential truths of form and color. He had learned from his study in Paris, and from his friends among the great Frenchmen of Fontainebleau, the necessity for a simpler, more direct method; he looked at a figure or landscape as formed by masses of light and shade; he painted them as they appear at the ordinary distance,—when intervening space prevents the eye from detecting every irregularity in the bark of a tree or the outline of each leaf.

One of Hunt's oft-repeated exhortations to his pupils was "Dare to do it in the simplest way!" He contended for that truth and simplicity of portrayal which roused the early Parisian ridicule of Millet as "too poor to give his peasants folds in their garments!" The breadth of execution which does not distract the mind with detail any more than nature herself does, but presents what it has to convey with force and vitality, was Hunt's aim.

As a teacher he was wonderful, and there his widest

*For a brief account of Hunt's life, with reproductions of some of his works and several portraits of him, see the article on "Formative Influences" in the December CHAUTAUQUAN.

helpfulness lay. One of his students says "Certainly there never was an instructor more electrifying, more encouraging, more capable of conveying his meaning in the simplest and most direct manner." His talks on art to his classes, (which were garnered by a pupil into a small book,) exerted a tremendous influence. Earnestness and sincerity were the only passports needed to his friendship and generous sympathy. He was extraordinarily magnetic; a man of great force and of intense enthusiasm, "the brightest among the wits, the most serious among the thinkers and workers." He roused and stimulated those with whom he came in contact; and the effect of his life and character upon artistic conditions, is incalculable during the barren years when he held aloft so bravely the torch of inspiration.*

For two decades and a half, Hunt threw all the strength of his remarkable personality into the advancement of American Art. He painted many portraits (because they were so insistently demanded rather than from choice), and two fine mural decorations,—which, with his unique charcoal drawings, will be noticed in succeeding articles. Landscape, however, interested him intensely; from his student days until his death, he devoted much time to it, painting from New England to Florida, and studying every phase of the varying seasons. His "Falls of Niagara," painted the year before he died, is a canvas full of grandeur. The culmination of all his landscape work, however, is the "Gloucester Harbor,"—that brilliant bit of sky and water, fairly bathed in bright air and sunshine. Struggling against the old dull tones, striving to achieve what no one yet had accomplished here, a reflection on canvas of the real vigor and glow of nature itself, Hunt exclaimed when the "Gloucester Harbor" was finished, "At last, I have painted a picture with light in it!"

*F. P. Vinton, the painter, writes, "He made one feel that life contains great possibilities; that art is a divine thing; that the ambition of a painter ought to be, not to gain position or the applause of critics and society, but to be true to his best and highest aspirations, regardless of praise or censure."

Although our art had been actively influenced by England, Italy and Germany, it was not until a year or two before Hunt's return to America that French ideas and methods began to be known to our painters. Between 1850 and 1860, a few dealers commenced to import French landscapes, which made an instant impression; and in 1866 the Allston Club of Boston (of which Hunt was president) raised five thousand dollars to purchase "The Quarry,"* by Courbet, which is now in the Museum of Fine Arts.

Soon after, American art students, who were yearly increasing in number, began flocking to Paris. There and at Munich they received the most advanced instruction that Europe had to offer; and these enthusiastic youngsters of the "seventies" had the benefit of much that was denied their equally enthusiastic precursors of the "fifties." Since then progress had been made along many lines; and while the earlier men were more or less mature when they went over—with their ideas and technique already formed—these students began to learn from the very beginning, and built up a solid basis of craftsmanship to underlie their future efforts.

Before 1880 many of them were back in America, hard at work painting and teaching,—spreading the knowledge they had gained. Meantime, in two important ways, the ground had been prepared for them, and for the rapid advance which followed. Hunt's greatest service to our art was the impulse he gave to our artistic sympathies, enlarging our outlook, deepening our appreciation, raising our standards. He helped to make a welcome for such of our

*In 1866, when "The Quarry" was purchased here, Courbet, who afterward achieved an important place in French art, had received very little appreciation in his own country. What this sale to a club of American artists meant to him is shown by an allusion to it one of Armand Gauthier's writings. Gauthier was with the artist on the evening when the money for the picture arrived; and Courbet exclaimed, "What care I for the Salon, what care I for honors, when the art students of a new country, and a great country, *know* and *appreciate* and *buy* my works?" Climbing upon the omnibus to go home (with the money pinned in his vest) he declared that day to be the proudest of his whole life.

own men as Elihu Vedder and John La Farge. Our early appreciation of Millet* was due to him; and the instant recognition of Courbet's work by the artists of Boston was partly a result of his influence. The facts regarding American encouragement of Millet and Courbet are known to few. But now-a-days, when we hear so much talk of our "sudden" artistic development, and our lack of art appreciation, it is well to realize that from the days of West, Copley, Stuart, Trumbull, and good old Dunlap with his frank, sympathetic volume of art annals, there always have been cultivated, intelligent Americans alert to enjoy and encourage the best in the art of every land.

In addition to Hunt's efforts, there came, three years before his death, the great stimulus of the Centennial Exhibition. Its display of foreign and native art had an electrifying effect,—helping the artists to study, compare, and criticise, but doing even more good by revealing to the public at large what our painters and sculptors had already achieved, and what a worthy thing American art bade fair to become. Aided by the remarkable growth and prosperity of the nation, a rapid advance set in. The Art Students' League which was organized in New York in 1875 was incorporated in 1878; and during the same year the Society of American Artists came into being. Following these there has since arisen the net-work of art schools, art clubs, private and public galleries which spreads from coast to coast.

During the past thirty years landscape painting has become one of our most important and typical forms of artistic expression; and our painters rank with the very best that the contemporary art of the world can offer. The old topographical completeness of detail has given way to unity and harmony of effect; the theories of the so-called "impressionists" have been assimilated and adapted to our needs in solving the modern problems of light and color; while the intellectual and emotional content of the work is pecu-

*See November CHAUTAUQUAN.

liarly interesting. The contemporary men and their achievements will be discussed separately in next month's issue.

All that has been said of landscape proper, applies equally to marine painting,—which developed along the same lines, and is difficult to treat separately because so many of our landscapists have also portrayed the ocean with excellent success. In the early days, marine painting attracted few devotees. Probably the first man to make a life-long study of the sea was a New England Quaker, William Bradford (1830-1892), who gave much of his time to Arctic scenes,—accompanying several expeditions toward the north pole, and painting icebergs in Labrador. William T. Richards (1833-1905), who began his best work somewhat late in his career, has left us many exquisitely harmonious canvases, of quiet beaches and rolling surf.

Men of the same generation were Edward Moran (1829-1901, a brother of Thomas Moran), and Maurice Frederick Hendrik de Haas. Moran lived and painted much on the Grand Menan, at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and late in life executed a series of scenes from our naval history. De Haas, born in Rotterdam in 1832, came to New York from Holland in 1858, and for the succeeding thirty-seven years until his death, was identified with American marine painting. Arthur Quartley (1839-1886) had only four or five years of professional life, yet achieved such poetic and powerful work as to give him high rank. J. C. Nicoll and Alfred Thompson Bricher are still among us, producing excellent pictures.

Of somewhat later men, Alexander Harrison, a native of Philadelphia, but long established in Paris, has won many European honors; while other well-known names are those of Gedney Bunce, F. K. M. Rehn, Henry B. Snell, and Frederick W. Kost, each of whom is typical in his individual way. Carlton T. Chapman has added to his other marines the depiction of naval warfare,—having painted various exploits of our navy, from the days of Paul Jones to those of Admiral Dewey, with careful study of historical

detail. The fine marines of Maynard, Dodge, Bicknell, Butler, Carlsen and Twachtman, deserve special mention; and the remarkably strong development, during recent years of Charles H. Woodbury rejoices all lovers of old ocean. Woodbury is a Boston man, who devotes himself to studying the effects of light and color upon turbulent or quiet water,—painting the simplest bits of jutting rock or breaking wave with a force and daring that is irresistible. He lives a great deal on the water, in comradeship with storm and calm, learning every phase of his subjects.

The most powerful and original of our marine painters is Winslow Homer,—a much older man than Woodbury, and a craftsman of unusual technical strength combined with imaginative genius. His earlier work was chiefly figure painting, and his career will be reviewed next month in that connection. But of late he has given himself entirely to a rugged, forceful portrayal of "the ancient sea, murmuring the ancient spell;" and there is a grandeur in his canvases, a majesty and power, that make them both unique and precious.

The development of landscape and marine painting in America has been vigorous and consistent, owning a past and present of which we may well be proud.

PAINTINGS.

For the work of the Hudson River School, the collection of the New York Historical Society is especially fine; also the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. To a lesser degree these men are represented in the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford, the Metropolitan Museum, the Pennsylvania Academy, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Chicago Art Institute, and the Albright Gallery at Buffalo. The Lenox Library, New York, and other libraries and associations founded some years ago in different parts of the country contain certain examples; while many remain in private hands.

Cole's "Course of Empire" is in the New York Historical Society; with other examples of his Italian and American subjects. Three typical American views, and his "Mount Etna" are in the Wadsworth Athenæum. His "Angels Appearing to the Shepherds" in Boston is poor. His "Tornado" is in the Corcoran Gallery.

Doughty and Durand are to be studied in the places above mentioned. The latter's largest picture, "A Mountain Forest," is in the Corcoran, and "The Beeches" by him is in the Walters Collection, Baltimore.

Kensett's "White Mountains" belongs to the Century Club,

New York; and nineteen of his canvases are in the Metropolitan Museum.

Church's "Niagara" is in the Corcoran; his "Niagara from the American Side," is in the Museum of Fine Arts, Edinburgh, Scotland. His famous "Cotopaxi" is in the Lenox Library; he has two in the Walters Collection; and "The Icebergs" is owned by Sir E. Watkins, in London, England.

Hunt's landscapes and the work of the marine painters will be listed next month with contemporary work.

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The only life of Cole is by his pastor, Louis L. Noble, who calls his book, "The Voyage of Life and other pictures of Thomas Cole" (New York, 1853). It is largely a compilation from Cole's diary and letters.

In "Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous," by Sarah K. Bolton (New York and Boston, 1885), is a notice of Cole.

In Bryant's "Orations and Addresses," published in 1873 (pages 1-40), may be found his funeral oration upon Cole, delivered May 4, 1848, before the National Academy of Design.

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SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS UPON THE REQUIRED READING WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE BACK OF THIS MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for March.)

Some Great American Scientists*

VI. Thomas Alva Edison

By George Iles

Author of "Inventors at Work."

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, great as an inventor, is remarkable simply as a man. His massive head, square jaw, and virile stride are those of a born conqueror, let him have chosen what path he might. At the base of his victories stands a physical vigor that laughs at fatigue, that finds him at sixty a boy in lightness of heart, in love of fun. He hopes for at least thirty years more of hard work; his father lived to be ninety-four, and his grand-father to one hundred and three. Two of the best strains in the world meet in his blood. His father, of Dutch stock, was born in Digby, Nova Scotia; his mother, Nancy Elliot, a native of Ohio, was of Scottish descent. At Milan, Ohio, on February 11, 1847, their famous son was born. His father was so poor that the boy went to school for only two months. But his mother, who had been a school teacher, taught him all she knew; and her lessons were the best he ever learned, for they put him in the way to instruct himself. For all the narrowness of his early circumstances, Edison has acquired an informal education both wide and thorough. He knows supremely well how to think, how to work, how to express himself with clearness and precision.

When he was seven years old his parents removed to Port Huron, Michigan, where five years afterward he began to earn his bread as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad. One day at Mount Clements, a station on the line,

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*The first article of this series, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September; the second, "John James Audubon," by Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, in October; the third, "Simon Newcomb," by Prof. Malcolm McNeill, in November; the fourth, "Louis Agassiz," by David Starr Jordan, in December; the fifth, "Samuel Pierpont Langley," by William F. Magie, in January.

an act of bravery proved the turning point in his career. He saw the station master's child playing on the track, while a train rapidly approached. In a flash, at the risk of his life, and not a moment too soon, Edison plucked the child to safety. Its father, Mr. J. U. Mackenzie, as a mark of gratitude, taught Edison telegraphy, and thus introduced him to the world of electric art in which he has become illustrious. As an aid in learning how to work a key, Edison built a telegraph instrument with his own hands in a Detroit gunshop. It was rough and clumsy, but it served, and that was all he wanted. Thus early did he manifest that skill of hand without which there can be no inventor. And as he put together key and lever, a spring and a rudely wound electro-magnet, he came to understand how a telegraph instrument does its work. He discovered what a "circuit" is, what "polarities" mean; he gained a first hand acquaintance with batteries, much more troublesome then than now. Principles, as well as patterns, then and there began to impress that extraordinary intelligence.

His resourcefulness, too, was soon displayed. One morning, in April, an ice jam snapped the cable between the shores of Port Huron and Sarnia, divided by the St. Clair River, here a mile or more in width. Telegraphy was suspended, and the railroad people were at their wit's end. But Edison was far from being at the end of his wit. He jumped aboard a locomotive, manipulated its whistle with the long and short signals of the Morse alphabet, and in two minutes, by attracting the attention of the Sarnia operator, messages were exchanged across the ice-floes. Edison is wont to recall this as his first feat in wireless telegraphy.

We find him next at Stratford, Ontario, a night operator on the Grand Trunk Line. To keep tab on him the local agent required "six" to be ticked off on his instrument every half hour. Edison deemed this attendance quite needless; accordingly he notched a wheel so that every thirty minutes it set off the six dots demanded. That wheel

was afterward developed into the "call" of the district telegraph systems. In those days, more commonly than now, telegraph operators were a roving tribe, and, in the course of a wide pilgrimage, Edison at seventeen was working a key at Indianapolis. Here he devised his automatic repeater, which takes an electric pulse as it arrives faint and feeble at the end of a long journey, and makes it touch off a strong local current which wings the message for a second lengthy flight.

Taking to the road once again, Edison in 1868 found himself in Boston. He had now become so expert that, when he wrote his smallest hand, he could receive fifty-four words a minute. It was during this stay in Boston that he invented his electrical vote-recorder, on which, at twenty-one, he secured his first patent. This apparatus recorded and summed ayes and noes exactly and at once. Yet it was declined, with thanks, by the Legislature of Massachusetts. Its inventor, bitterly disappointed, believed that this "No" was voted because his mechanism threatened to put and end to filibustering, a process in which legislators then, and afterward, have found advantage. Ever since, in aught but experiments undertaken solely for inquiry's sake, Edison has always ascertained that there is a market for an invention before he seeks to give it substance and form.

At this period of his career, the committal of two or more messages at a time to a wire was enlisting the skill of many ingenious men. "Why shouldn't I try, too?" asked Edison. At the end of many toilsome experiments he came to two distinct plans for sending two telegrams simultaneously over a wire. Then, uniting both methods, he created his quadruplex system, enabling four operators to work one wire at once. This apparatus was installed by the Western Union Company, and forthwith began saving no less than $600,000 a year. Devices much less important, and incomparably more simple, excited Edison's passion for improvement, for thorough reconstruction. He examined a

round of telegraphic printers, found them all imperfect in design and liable to derangement under stress. This, especially in stock-exchange service, was a serious matter. He designed a new automatic printer, so effective that it is at work today, little changed after thirty years' good service.

With capital earned by his patents, Edison, in 1873, established at Newark a factory for the manufacture of his inventions, for experiments of a new breadth and boldness. Thus, at twenty-six, to what he could build with his own hands was joined what could be made by the hands of other skillful men, under his direction. From that day to this, Edison's method has been that of a general in the field. First he conceives an idea for a new device or process, and thoroughly informs himself as to its feasibility. He then engages the mechanics and engineers, the physicists, chemists, or mathematicians required to aid him in attack. From stage to stage of experiment, he and his staff are in conference. With no regard to cost or trouble he moves steadily to victory, or comes to clear proof that an attempted battle is not worth winning.

Among the successes thus achieved is the phonograph, which Edison considers his chief creation. It came as the logical result of his automatic recorder of telegrams. He says:

"In 1877 I had worked out satisfactorily an instrument which would not only record telegrams by indenting a strip of paper with dots and dashes of the Morse code, but would also repeat a message any number of times at any rate of speed required. I was then experimenting with the telephone also, and my mind was filled with theories of sound vibrations and their transmission by diaphragms. Naturally enough, the idea occurred to me: If the indentations on paper could be made to give forth the click of the instrument, why should not the vibrations of a diaphragm be recorded and similarly reproduced? I rigged up an instrument hastily, and pulled a strip of paper through it, at the same time shouting, 'Hallo.' Then the paper was pulled through again, my friend, Batchelor, and I listening breathlessly. We heard a distinct sound, which a strong imagination might have translated into the original 'Hallo.'"

Long before that memorable day Scott, and other inventors, had coated glass or metal plates with lampblack, and there obliged sound-waves to trace their paths. Edison adopted yielding paper, and there bade these waves dig a channel, instead of merely marking a superficial line. That channel became a means of repeating every sound-wave that had been said or sung into the paper. Of course, at first this echo was muffled and uncertain. Results were much better when tinfoil took the place of paper. Today, at the end of many improvements, the impressed cylinder is of wax: in a length of six inches it receives 1,200 words from a sapphire point vibrating from a mica diaphragm. Every syllable and tone is reproduced with marvelous verity and fulness as another sapphire, tipped as a ball, runs along the waxen channel, vibrating a thin, corrugated diaphragm of copper. In its present form this instrument is in wide and growing use for business correspondence. A merchant, a banker, speaks into its tube at his convenience. A clerk, at a second and reproducing machine, afterward listens to the record and typewrites it for the post-office. In education the phonograph is just as valuable. It utters words, in English or other tongues, for the behoof of students; it repeats, as often as desired, a lesson in engineering or other science. Could scholars but agree on a standard pronunciation of the English language, the phonograph stands ready to give them a means of unvarying reference for future years.

Next to the phonograph in Edison's honor roll comes his incandescent lamp. This invention most severely tested his courage and endurance, his unmatched suggestiveness of mind. In October, 1879, after repeated failures, he produced a lamp that lasted longer than a single day, assuring him that success lay within his grasp. From comparing threads of many kinds he felt certain that a vegetable fiber, duly treated, would be the best light-giver. He accordingly despatched William Moore to China and Japan in quest of every promising variety of bamboo. From these he chose a

filament uniform in quality and fairly durable. Art followed nature. Further investigation showed that cellulose squirted through a tiny orifice, and suitably treated, was preferable to bamboo. That his lamp might become popular, many accessories were required. Edison provided an electrical generator, and a three-wire mode of transmission which greatly reduced the amount of needed copper. He adopted and improved new methods of exhausting his bulbs, of introducing their platinum wires, of sealing and testing each lamp for service. He mapped electric lighting as a whole, and supplied every detailed need with unfailing originality. Today his lamp is undergoing eclipse because tungsten glows more brightly and cheaply than carbon. But in the history of illumination Edison has written a noble chapter. Those who now go beyond him do so because he broke ground for them and made straight their paths.

As far back as 1883 Edison began applying electricity to transportation. His first locomotive is perhaps the most uncouth model that ever left his shops; and yet it ran at a lively speed around his experimental track. The field was entered by other inventors and Edison, drawn away by tasks that promised better rewards, is not among the men who have created electric railroading. But for years past he has worked at a storage battery to propel road vehicles cheaply and well, with the minimum of weight. Never has he faced a tougher problem. We enter his laboratory at Orange: there is a zinc rod, let us say, dissolving in an acid solution, and yielding an electric current. Nearby is a plating tank, where a second zinc rod is being deposited from a solution, by virtue of just such a current as that flowing from the first rod. It would seem easy for such a man as Edison, to contrive a cell which should first dissolve a metal and give forth a current; then redeposit that metal as a like current enters its solution. But the two processes, simple though they appear, are intricate in the extreme; they do not match one another at all. We can readily freeze water, and

as readily thaw the resulting ice in a direct reversal. Chemical energy, however, does not move in straight lines of this kind, but in labyrinths to be threaded only in one direction. To offer a homely comparison: a very little heat will fry an egg, but what Arctic cold could unfry that egg and restore its complex albumens to their first estate? Last October when I called on Mr. Edison I found him busy in experiments on his new storage cells. He had been using cobalt and nickel-iron, immersed in an alkaline liquid. Cobalt had risen to a prohibitory price, so he was testing a substitute, excellent in promise. He said:

"These new cells will weigh fifty-three pounds for each horse-power developed one hour; so that a battery of 530 pounds will afford two horse-power for five hours, or any equivalent desired. Just when nobody uses an electric truck or runabout, say betwixt midnight and six in the morning, power-houses have nothing to do and are glad to re-charge vehicle batteries at low prices. Thus a user all day virtually draws upon a central station as cheaply as if he were connected with it by a trolley wire. I expect my new batteries to run as long as 30,000 hours before they need be thrown away."

Edison's career has not been a series of unbroken triumphs. Many a model, a child of hope and promise, has he at last had to fling on the scrapheap. In one notable case he has turned a failure to a handsome profit. Close to his laboratory is his factory for phonographs. This huge building, floored, walled and roofed in concrete, is as much a unit as if it were a single brick without seam or chink. It stands a monument to a victory born of defeat. Near Edison's home in New Jersey are vast deposits of iron. These are so abundant that though thin in metal he decided, about ten years ago, to begin their reduction. He straightway invented pulverizers of new effectiveness. Their streams of dust were let fall close to powerful magnets; these deflected the iron particles just enough to bring them into a chute of their own. But Edison had not reckoned with the rich ores of the Mesaba range, easily excavated from surface deposits at a few cents a ton. Did he, in

despair, cast his pulverizers into the melting pot? No. He bade them grind cement in so fine a powder that it produces a concrete of unsurpassed strength. He shows, in a large model, a well designed villa which may be cheaply duplicated a thousand times from metal patterns. Its concrete may be readily poured and finished within but twelve hours.

This man is much more than a great inventor. As far as mortal can, he keeps abreast with the swift strides of science, physical and chemical, botanical and medical. Two years ago, when I paid him my respects, he pointed to a group of radio-active minerals placed on photographic paper.

"This radium is giving old-fashioned ideas a knock, isn't it? Here is an element that changes its identity, shatters each of its atoms into a thousand fragments, and stays two degrees warmer than its surroundings all the time. Talk about coming to the limits of knowledge! Why, we are scarcely on the threshold; we've just begun to suspect a few things, that's all!"

Last October, when I told him that I had just seen beautiful photographs in natural colors in the new Lumiere plates, he said: "I want a dozen of those plates for experiment as soon as Lumiere can send them. I wonder how red will come out of them, red has always given most trouble in color photography."

A totally different field of labor has his keenest interest and sympathy. There is probably no one in America, outside of the medical profession, who more closely follows the work of Dr. Wright, Dr. Ross, and other great physicians, in banishing with vaccines and antitoxins malaria and typhoid, consumption and cancer. And how does he find time for all this reading of books, technical papers, "proceedings" so repellent to ordinary men? For such leisure as he enjoys he has to thank his deafness. He is so cheery and lovable, so fascinating a talker, that were his hearing normal his friends would never for a moment let him sink into his reading chair. But debarred from all society but that of his family, denied the theater, the concert room, and the lecture hall, he reads as if he were a student working for an examination.

The True Story of a Bohemian Pioneer

By Emily Greene Balch

I was a little girl when we came to America. My father had been a poor man in Bohemia, and one day a neighbor, a well-to-do farmer, came to him and said that he wanted to go to America but that he knew no German (which he regarded as indispensable for the journey) and that if my father, who could speak German, would come with him and help him he would pay his expenses. So it was arranged that way. We got as far as Manitowoc, on the Wisconsin shores of Lake Michigan, where there was a large Bohemian settlement and there our farmer decided that he could shift for himself and left us. We sat there on the dock by the lakeside, my father, my mother, my little brother and myself without one cent among us.

"Well, we got along somehow. I went to school and learned to read, progressing as far as the Fourth Reader, and father saved a little money. At that time Nebraska, which was not admitted as a state till later, in 1867, was attracting settlers and my father decided to migrate from Wisconsin to Nebraska territory.

"We started in the autumn of 1866 with a little party of Bohemian families. I was eight years old then and my brother several years younger. My father had eight hundred dollars to make a start with and it seemed a great deal to us, but no other of the families had so little.

"We got as far as Saint Joseph on the Missouri River, just south of the Nebraska line, and there my father was persuaded by a blacksmith with whom he had made friends to stay over the winter. This was very good advice and if any of the party had been more experienced they would not have started till spring in the first place.

"So we stayed at Saint Joe where the traces of the

war were still to be seen—remnants of the fortifications, and chain and other debris on the bank where they had been shot from across the river. But the other families went on into Nebraska that fall and got themselves established in a provisional way. But that was all they could do; it was too late to start any farming and the men, all except one cripple, came back and wintered at Saint Joe, where they could get employment, leaving their families on the prairies in the sod houses with the one crippled man.

"Also, by the blacksmith's advice, my father bought a pair of oxen, *good ones,* which proved to be an excellent investment and far more serviceable than the old army horses that the others bought. The horses were cheap, but they turned out to be quite useless; they always balked and finally, when we got to our destination, they ran away. Father also bought my brother a good little Indian pony.

"When spring came we started out again and traveled some weeks. The women and children slept in the wagon and the men under it. Going up hill father would fasten the pony on ahead of the oxen to help them up.

"When we got to the Blue River father said: 'According to the map my land should be across there, as I figure it out,' and he was right. We looked about for our neighbors but we could see nothing. Then we heard a cock crow, but still we could see no house, for we were not used to sod houses. At last we found a bridge of felled tree trunks leading across the river to our neighbor's home.

"In those days men either built their houses of sods piled up on the flat prairie or else made dug-outs in the bank of the river. At first we lived in an old dug-out already made, later we made quite a nice one for ourselves. It was tall enough to stand up straight in and the earth sides were whitewashed, but for some time we had no door, having nothing to make one of. Once, that first summer, my father had gone to break some land for a neighbor twelve miles away and had taken my brother with him so that my mother

and I were left alone and there came up a fearful storm. That was while we still had no door. In these days when you were driving across the prairie in the dark, you had to be careful not to break through into people's dug-outs. Heavy rains made trouble. Water would leak in and sometimes rats and snakes would come through. As soon as they could the settlers would get into houses made of logs plastered with mud.

"Our oxen proved of the greatest advantage to us when it came to 'breaking prairie.' Horses were not strong enough for that work. Father not only used the oxen himself, but loaned them for nothing to the neighbors. In those days all were the best of friends. It was all for one and one for all. Father also made money with his oxen, 'breaking prairie' for American farmers. When new emigrants came out father would go to Nebraska City, sixty-four miles away, to fetch them with his oxen. It took him four days. He had trained them to run and they went fast. So in more ways than one our oxen helped us to get a start. Later father also broke steers himself for use and this was very profitable.

"At first there were many kinds of hardships. The climate was much worse then than it is now. In winter big blizzards would come and last a week, now we never have them more than a day and night at a time. In summer there were hot winds such as we have not had now for years and terrible droughts. In those days there were no trees except along the banks of the rivers. As the country has got settled up and trees planted all about and especially as the prairie has been ploughed up and cultivated and fields of alfalfa sown it has made a great difference. The hot winds are said to start in the prairie country; it just breeds them.

"One winter, I think that it was the first year, father went to Beatrice, about twenty miles away, with the yoke of oxen and the wagon and nine bushels of wheat. We had

had one big fall of snow before he started but soon after another big storm came and he was kept away a week. He had been afraid of what was coming but the neighbors laughed at him. Mother was almost wild when he did not come back. The snow was so deep that where the creek ordinarily was now there was a hill of snow. She went to a neighbor and wanted him to go and look for father, but he had no boots that he could go in. Mother had barely come back to the house to get him a pair when father got home with just the oxen and what he called a 'smick.' He brought nothing with him, but he was glad enough to get back at all. The oxen had refused to face the storm (they never will) and had turned around and broken everything. So he had come home as he was, leaving the things in care of a man that he knew who lived near the place where it happened, which was twelve miles off. Mother decided to go back with him to fetch what he had left, leaving me at home alone. Another storm came up and they could not get back for four days. I was only nine years old. After a time I had eaten up all the bread and burned all the wood. I had sense enough to make my way to the river and follow up on the ice to a neighbor's. A woman came back with me and chopped wood for me. Then father and mother got home. They had been only twelve miles off and had expected to return right away, but it had been impossible.

"In the spring when all that snow came off at once and rain came besides it made a flood. The land was under water for miles. Everybody had to move out, up on to a hill. The mills could not grind and there was not enough to eat. We used flour mixed with shorts. We gave away almost everything. Mr. H., a well-to-do neighbor, came and borrowed a little corn meal.

"That summer we had nothing. The pony ran away and was gone seven weeks. The oxen were used to his leading and would not plough without him. Father went

to hunt for him and when he returned he was so worn and changed that we did not know him. We got the pony back, but he was ruined and we sold him for twenty-five dollars. We had no money and nothing to eat. We did have plenty of clothes; we had brought those with us. Many, who had not, used sacking. One time we had nothing but corn meal, not even salt, and we could not swallow it. Mr. V. came once and spent a week with us. He had brought all sorts of things with him and he laughed at us. He had raisins and prunes and so forth. Next year he was in the same straits that we were. He had spent all his money and no more came in.

"Now-a-days settlers have a very different experience. It is not at all so hard. They can earn money and buy things and there are railroad facilities. In those days work was often paid for with an order on the store. In 1868 the Northwestern Railroad came to Omaha and other lines soon came to nearby points, but at first there was nothing of the sort. Once father carried a bushel of corn for his chickens ten miles on his back.

"Even worse than the blizzards and floods were the plagues of locusts which came later. We had then in '69 or '70, but at that time they were not so bad here and did not do so much damage as when they came again. In '74 they were much worse and in '75 they hatched here. They have never been so bad since. We heard a sound and it grew dark and we thought that a storm was coming. The sun was hidden. We thought that it was the end of the world. Then they began to come down. In one hour they had eaten everything, even the tobacco. They bent down little trees with their weight. They were so thick on the ground that when we took a step they were over our ankles and our feet made holes, like footprints in the snow. The river was covered with them so that in some places we could not see the water. They would eat the paint off a house and chew up lace curtains. Sometimes they were so thick

on the rails that they stopped the trains. The masses of them in the river made a terrible smell afterwards, but it did not seem to cause any sickness.

"In those days Indians used often come through. They were Omahas and Pawness and they used to visit one another annually, by turns. Sometimes there would be five hundred in a party. They went in single file, five or ten paces apart, at a sort of a little trot. It was the government's orders that, to avoid trouble, they were not to go in a bunch. They would gather, however, to camp. They would be two or three days going through. Some traveled on foot but the squaws were mostly on ponies with crossed sticks trailing behind, with the children and goods loaded on the middle. The sticks were young trees and they were fastened with the brush of their tops dragging, which made them springy and elastic. The Indians then were superior to those that we see now-a-days. They looked livelier and were better dressed.

"Often, when you least expected it, you would suddenly find a big Indian standing beside you. Shivers went right through a person. They had a regular snaky walk. They would come up and ask for a little flour or want to swap something, but they never bothered. They were all right if they were treated right. Some people treated them mean and would not give them anything so of course they suffered. If an Indian got mad or excited he did not care what he did. If we gave one a chicken we just pointed it out in the bunch and he shot it with an arrow. Once my brother wanted a pretty whip that one of them had and gave him a dog and a pair of shoes for it. (A dog the Indians would kill at once and eat.) The Indian said my brother could have the whip, but that first he wanted to carry it with him on his visit and that he would leave it on his return. My brother did not feel that he could make any objection, but he did not expect to see the whip again. On the return, however, the Indian brought it.

"I grew up a very strong girl. I did all sorts of work, even to breaking prairie, which is hard work for a man. Once I was ploughing with the girl that my brother married. I was managing the oxen while she held the plough. After a time she said that it was too hard work, she could not hold the plough into the soil. So we changed work, but she was not used to the oxen and said *gee* when she should have said *haw* and they broke and ran. After that she held the plough. Another time she wanted to ride the mare. I told her that she did not know how, but she insisted and was thrown and a good deal hurt.

"Two separate times I was bitten by a rattlesnake. There was no doctor and we did what we could. It was a week before I could put my foot to the ground.

"I do not know why my father never taught me to read Bohemian. In the evenings he used to read aloud to us in Bohemian and I knew my English reader almost by heart. But it was not till after my marriage that I taught myself to read Bohemian. It was not difficult, as I could speak it and the spelling is perfectly regular when once you understand the system. After my marriage I was delicate for a time. I suffered from my early overwork and exposure. I had leisure and read much in English and Bohemian.

This, as nearly as I can repeat it, is the story told me by a pleasant-voiced, middle-aged woman in the soft twilight of a recent Fourth of July. Out on the lawn her son was setting off fireworks to amuse an adopted grandchild. Indoors her husband, also a Bohemian, the well-to-do owner of grist mills on the near-by river which had figured in her story, was reading his paper. Everything spoke of peace and plenty. I thought of the attractive, well-built town, with its churches, country court, "opera house" and pretty Bohemian cemetery and wondered what it must feel like to have seen such changes and to have been oneself so active an instrument in bringing about the development from prairie wilderness to tamed and civilized settlement.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent.

WHEN the old pastor came he at once captured the heart of the new. He won at once. The writer of these lines sees him now as he saw him then—fifty-five years ago. He was a Saxon with fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes and a voice, ah that voice! He that once heard it could ever forget its depth and strength and sweetness and a certain quality of authority in it that made one remember Him of whom it was said, "And he spake with authority." Henry Hurd was a thinker. He had read widely. And he had spent some time with Dr. Jackson of Glen Haven Water Cure where he had been initiated into a school of thought the entire creed of which he did not accept but certain emphases of which exerted a great influence over him: The relation of the material to the spiritual, the harmony between them, the religion of physical health, the symbolism of nature, the revelation of spiritual verities in all material things, reality of law in spiritual life—law like the laws of matter in the realm material, God's ways in the spirit of man, like his ways in the body and in the wide fields of the physical universe. God is immanent; not yonder only, but yonder and here; and His ways are uniform and trustworthy, as are His ways in the outer and physical world. And to Hurd the words "God is love" meant all that the words could mean of divine care and sympathy and patience and unremitting, unfailing affection. God is a mother with all that mother can mean. God is a Father-Mother and a Mother-Father. No figure of human speech can adequately convey to the human soul all that God is of sympathy and compassion. And with all this, God is absolutely holy. As holy he regards sin with infinite loathing and the sinner with unmeasured and im-

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

measurable compassion. And the problem of problems is how to allure the free and responsible souls of men to the choice; in lowly spheres of life we often find men and women of rare ability or possessing a noble and exalted type of character which entitles them to a high place in our esteem as we seek actual illustrations of either genius or virtue. Sometimes the two are in charming fashion blended.

As we devote the Vesper readings of the current season to biographical illustration of great moral and spiritual qualities of character it may be profitable to go back of the libraries and to take from the field of real and every day life at least one name unknown to fame.

In the early life of the writer of these lines there appeared in a country neighborhood in New Jersey a fair faced, tall, graceful, and attractive personality who came to the neighborhood on a visit. He had in former years been a pastor of the little church of which the writer of these lines was at that time in charge. The name of Henry Hurd was on everybody's tongue. Nearly every day some parishioner or some citizen not connected with the church would speak of Henry Hurd. In the official board it was not unusual to quote the habit or opinion or policy of Mr. Hurd. Sometimes it was "Brother Hurd," but usually they spoke of "Henry Hurd." The pastor for the time being of that little country church was bound to hear of his predecessor—his way of doing things, something he had said in the pulpit or in his private conversations. The reputation of this remarkable man made the successor eager to become personally acquainted with him. It was easy to start a correspondence, to extend an invitation and to secure a visit from the man who had stolen the hearts of these earnest country folks. He loved the true, the beautiful and the good. Without lowering the sense of obligation and the peril of persistent resistance Hurd put such emphasis upon both the divine love and the divine holiness that men

forgot personal peril in their longing for conformity to the divine ideal.

Henry Hurd was as insistent upon the care of the body and the observance of physical law as he was of spiritual conformities. He believed in *this* life. He would make earth heaven. He would make every home a type of heaven and so accustom the believer to habits of normal physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual life as to make this present world and this present individual life a real foretaste of the life everlasting.

Henry Hurd passed into the life invisible in the late fifties. His death was a translation. His was on the whole the most beautiful character I ever knew. And next to that of my own mother the most impressive and effective in its confirmation of my faith in the reality of a spiritual world in the very heart of which we are living every day and the richest results of which we lose through lack of a childish faith in the teachings of the Holy Scriptures.

Well will it be for us if we devote ourselves daily to the cultivation of the spiritual life, the life of reverent love for God and fellowship with him, the life of sympathetic love for men and earnest effort for their good.

Gifford Pinchot, Forester of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Professor Albert A. Michelson, Winner of the Nobel Prize for Physics and the Copley Medal.

Professor Albert A. Michelson

Two of the greatest honors that it is possible to confer upon a scientist were recently granted almost simultaneously to Professor Albert A. Michelson, Head of the Department of Physics in the University of Chicago. The first of these, the Copley medal of the Royal Society of England, given Professor Michelson for his study of light, is esteemed by scientists as the greatest prize in the scientific world. It has been granted to but one other American, Professor Simon Newcomb, the famous astronomer.

While Professor Michelson was upon the Atlantic on his way to London the Swedish Academy of Science announced that the Nobel prize for work in Physics had also been awarded Professor Michelson, who found it necessary to continue his journey from London to Christiania to receive this latest honor. The Nobel prize is a cash award of something over $37,000. President Roosevelt has received the only previous Nobel prize conferred on an American, the peace award for his work as mediator in the late Russo-Japanese war.

Professor Michelson is regarded by scientists as the foremost investigator in the problem of light. In his study of this branch of physical science Professor Michelson has invented a number of marvellous scientific instruments which are of great value in measuring and recording light waves. By means of his inventions Professor Michelson was enabled to measure exactly the wave length of light, a discovery which is of the utmost value in the science of physics. Other of his work of almost equal importance has been the analysis of lines in the metallic spectra.

Professor Michelson was born in Strelno, Germany, in 1852, and early came to the United States. He was educated in San Francisco and at the United States Naval Academy. He later studied in various foreign universities. He resigned from the navy in 1881, and has held chairs of

physics in Case Scientific School, Clark University, and since 1892, the University of Chicago. He is a member of many scientific societies and has received many honorary degrees and other academic distinctions.

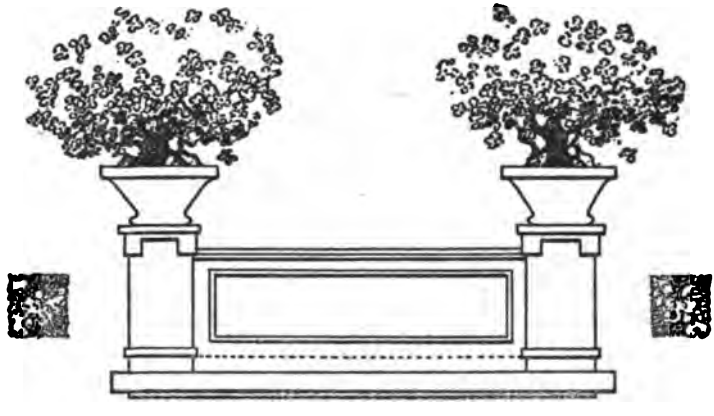
Gifford Pinchot

THE severity of the impending timber famine which seriously threatens the United States as a result of a century of misuse of our immense forests will be mitigated by the work of one man, Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the Forest Service of the United States. Mr. Pinchot is the first man in this country to devote himself entirely to the scientific study of forestry. To this end he has investigated the forestry methods of various European countries and has established for our government a forestry department which seeks to place the preservation of our timber resources on a scientific and common-sense basis.

The immense losses due annually to floods are traceable entirely to a shortsighted policy of stripping the watersheds of the forests which absorb the rains and regulate the water flow of rivers. Without these vast natural reservoirs the spring rains flow at once into the rivers and cause dangerous and costly floods such as that suffered by Pittsburg last spring. It becomes necessary, therefore, that the government devote itself to the protection of the forests which have not yet been destroyed and to the creation of others at vital points. Under the expert guidance of Mr. Pinchot backed by the power of President Roosevelt this policy has for some years been pursued despite the shortsighted and selfish opposition of various Senators and Congressmen. Many of the Western forests have become national reserves, thus conserving water supplies for irrigation purposes. In the East some replanting has been done, the first steps in a work which must require much greater attention in the near future.

The Forestry Service organized by Mr. Pinchot is yet in its infancy for Congress grants the needed money with a niggardly hand. But the work that has been done is along the right lines and credit for the immense saving to the nation effected with limited resources of men and money must be rightly accorded the present chief of the Forest Service.

The father of Gifford Pinchot, James W. Pinchot, is keenly interested in his son's work and has endowed a School of Forestry at Yale University. Graduates from this school enter the Government service in many instances, thus increasing the small body of adequately trained men whose work is already of vital importance to our national prosperity, both agricultural and commercial.



Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers from President James of the University of Illinois.

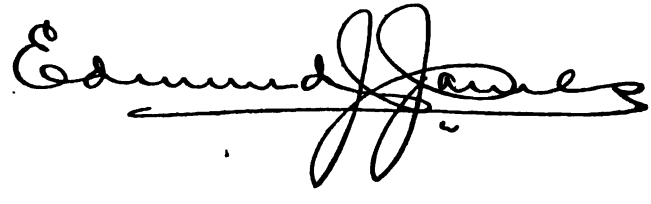
Professor George E. Vincent,
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

My dear Mr. President,

College and university men are coming, I believe, to appreciate the work of such organizations as the Chautauqua Institution, very much in proportion as they look into them carefully and make themselves acquainted in detail with the quality and extent of the work done. All generous and open-minded university men rejoice in every evidence that people who have not had the opportunity to attend the university are interested in what may be called the university point of view and the university way of looking at and considering vital questions in which our society is or ought to be interested.

I have followed the work of Chautauqua ever since it began, and have been greatly impressed with the work it has done. I congratulate you upon what has been accomplished and upon the outlook for the future.

Faithfully yours,



The Purloined Letter

By Edgar Allan Poe.

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the two-fold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend, C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book closet, *au troisième*, No. 33, Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Roget. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had seen sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G.'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "Odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "Oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh, no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is very simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves: but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonesense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little too plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! whoever heard of such an idea?"

"A little too self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha-ha! ha! ha!-ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused, "oh Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long steady and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I confided it to anyone."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing out of the robber's possession;—that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—"

"The thief," said G., "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister

D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses, for some fifteen minutes, upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage who stood at her elbow. The Minister decamped, leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the Prefect, "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the Prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in the possession of the Minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G.; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the Minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parsian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the Minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a greater secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the latter may be in possession of the Minister, as it unquestionably is, he

may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at Court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability to the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the Minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings, as a matter of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G., "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room; devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I suppose you know that to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the long fine needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of the table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces all articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two house adjoining?" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the grounds about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate measurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!" And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal

and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said:

"Well, but G., what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say," asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a very liberal reward—I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I will say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual cheque for fifty thousand francs to anyone who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really think, G., you have not exerted yourself to the utmost in the matter. You might do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How?—in what way?"

"Why—puff,—puff—you might—puff, puff—employ counsel in the matter, eh?—puff, puff, puff. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But once upon a time a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would you have directed him to take?'

"'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why take advice, to be sure.'"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to anyone who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a cheque-book, "you may as well fill me up a cheque for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a cheque for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocketbook; then,

unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the cheque.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G. detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed—but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or two shallow for the matter in hand; and many a school boy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. The game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and holding up his closed hand, asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies, 'Odd' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon his first trial, and his amount of skill is just sufficient to have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;' he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess 'even'—he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,'—what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and upon inquiring of the boy by what

means he effected the thorough identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good or how wicked is anyone, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucault, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent, depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value depends upon this," replied Dupin. "And the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of his identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their own ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which they would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of the mass: but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of practice, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? what is all this boring and probing and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of the application of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see that he has taken it for granted that all men proceed to conceal a letter,—not exactly in a gimlet hole bored in a chair leg—but, at least, in some out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see also that such *recherchés* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherche* manner,—is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the political eyes, when the reward is of magnitude,—the qualities in question have never been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary,

however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the Minister is a fool, because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect feels; and he is merely guilty of a *non distrobutio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really a poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The Minister, I believe, has written learnedly on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet and mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician, he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the* reason *par excellence*."

"*'Il y a à parièr,'*" replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, "*'que toute idée publique, toute convention recu, est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.'* The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy of a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the orginators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then 'analysis' conveys 'algebra' about as much as, in Latin, 'ambitus' implies 'ambition,' 'religio' religion, or 'homines honesti,' a set of honorable men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value, of that reason which is cultivated in any especial form other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular, the reason educed by mathematical study. The mathematics are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning is merely logic applied to observation upon form and quantity. The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called pure algebra, are abstract or general truths. And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality with which it has been received. Mathematical axioms are not axioms of general truth. What is true of relation—of form and quantity—is often grossly false in regard to morals, for example. In this latter science it is very usually untrue that the aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemistry also, the axiom fails. In the consideration of motives it fails; for two motives, each of a given value, have not, necessarily, a value when united, equal to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous other mathematical truths which are only truths within the limits of relation. But the mathematician argues, from his finite truths through habit, as if they were of an absolutely general applicability—as the world indeed imagines them to be. Bryant, in his very learned 'Mythology,' mentions an analagous source of error, when he says that 'although the Pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually and make inference from them as existing reali-

ties.' With the algebraists, however, who are Pagans themselves, the 'Pagan fables' are believed, and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory, as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely hold it as a point of his faith that $x^2 + px$ was absolutely and unconditionally equal to q. Say one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment, if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where $x^2 + px$ is not altogether equal to q, and having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for, beyond doubt, he will endeavor to knock you down.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observations, "that if the Minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this cheque. I knew him, however, as both a mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to this capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier, too, and as a bold intriguant. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary political modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded as only ruses, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G., in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of political action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the Minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary nooks of concealment. He could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to simplicity, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so very self-evident."

"Yes," I said, "I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin, "abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor, or simile, may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiae*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent momentum is commen-

surate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again, have you ever noticed which of the street signs over the shop doors are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analagous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the Minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been at hand, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself a pair of green spectacles, and called, one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of ennui. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly, some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a very long and deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pastboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantle-piece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a single letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two,

across the middle, as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, and had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher very conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the Minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there is was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the radicalness of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper, was so inconsistent with the true methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the Minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery, which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper I observed them to be more chafed than seemed necessary. They presented the broken appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed and re-sealed. I bade the Minister good morning and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrible mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile* (so far as regards externals,) which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cypher, very readily, by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been

without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards, I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile?* Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter, I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once, to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the facilis descensus Averni; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum,* an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How? Did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clew. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

"'Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est d'Atree, est digne de Thyeste.'

"They are to be found in 'Crébillon's Atrée.'"

OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE
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SOME SUGGESTIONS.

Miss Addams' "Newer Ideals of Peace" touches upon a vast number of things which have a direct bearing upon our common life but concerning which many of us are ill informed. Program committees may suggest certain lines of investigation to individuals or groups which will prove valuable. For instance, if there are arts and crafts shops in your town, make inquiries and the chances are that you will learn of various skilled handicraft workers of different nationalities who are furnishing the material for these shops. Near some of our large cities attempts are being made to utilize the talents of foreigners by establishing industrial villages on a small scale. See what you can find out about these.

The George Junior Republic in New York and the Allendale Farm in Illinois are striking examples of efforts to train boys to useful manhood. There are probably other similar projects being worked out. See if there is anything in your part of the country.

Talk with some of the best public school people that you know about the new theories of education alluded to by Miss Addams which are making "industrial construction and evolution a natural basis for all future acquisitions of

knowledge." Get some one to give the circle a short address upon this subject if possible. The Elementary School of the University of Chicago and the Teachers' College of New York City have had wide influence in promoting these methods of education.

1908'S CLASS POEM.

In accordance with Dr. Schmucker's suggestion in his letter to the Class last summer at Chautauqua the decision as to a class poem was referred to a committee. After careful consideration "Ulysses" has been selected as the most fitting of Tennyson's poems to express the spirit of 1908, especially as the Class Motto is taken from the closing line of the poem. Dr. Van Dyke says of this and certain other poems of Tennyson's that they embody not what is exceptional and rare, but that which is most deeply human and typical. Ulysses is more than the intellectual adventurer. He is the man strong in will who hopes to do "ere yet the end some work of noble note," possessed by an unconquerable optimism that even reaches out into the dim future, that hazy hopeless future of the far back classic times,

> "It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
> And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

Doubtless many members of the class who have good memories for verse will enjoy familiarizing themselves with "Ulysses" so thoroughly that next summer at Recognition Day exercises at the assemblies, they may be able to repeat it quite independently of the printed page. The poem will be given in full in the March Round Table.

A PUZZLING "MEMORANDA" QUESTION.

The ardor with which Chautauqua readers plunge into their self imposed duties is pleasantly illustrated by the zeal with which an occasional doubtful question on the yearly "Memoranda" is discussed. Question 24 on the Brief Memoranda seems to be open to some criticism as

it has been challenged by more than one reader. The question was intended to refer to the following countries: England, Ireland, Italy, Germany, and Austro-Hungary. This fable seems to teach that clearness of expression is an essential quality of one who would fill the role of pedagogue.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM CHINA.

A second representative from the China Inland Mission reports for the Class 1908. It has not been given to many members of the class to go through such stormy experiences as have fallen to these Chautauquans on the other side of the world. The best wishes and sympathies of their classmates will be with them. The letter is dated China Inland Mission, Kiukiang, October 17, 1907.

"I am very much interested in the reading of the Chautauquans. My work has been principally itinerating until the spring of this year when I was called away to help in the Famine District so my reading had to be done in dirty Chinese inns after the day's work. On wet days pleasant reading often takes your mind off your unpleasant surroundings, as well as being very instructive. When at home I generally give a part of the day, say a little time after dinner, to the readings.

"I should have been glad to send you a few photographs of our district but unfortunately they are at my station in Kanchow and about a fortnight ago a riot took place in that city and our house and all our property was destroyed, so my photographs and books are all gone. We feel the loss of books. I am very sorry to have lost the back numbers of CHAUTAUQUANS and books of the first three years. I am sending you a photo or two of the relief work in the famine district in Kiangsu where I was working for three months this spring.

"My wife and I are waiting here until the unrest is over in Kanchow. Then we hope to return.

"With kind regards, I am

Yours sincerely,

WALTER S. TYLER."

AN ERROR.

A misprint in question No. 7 of the "Brief Memoranda" should be noted. The date referred to should read 1906 instead of 1896.

W. E. Tyler, O. Burgess, R. A. McCulloch and Relief Party of Chinese Officials and Gentry.

The Surroundings of a Chautauqua Reader in the Bermudas.

A Bermuda Chautauquan's daily View.

Filling in Swamps. Mission House in Background.

One of the Homes frequently visited by the Poet Tom Moore when in the Admiral's Office in Bermuda.

Miss Reid with Chinese Helpers weighing Flour from America.

John Burroughs as photographed by one of the "Outlook" Circle.

Members of the "Outlook" Circle of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., at "Slab Sides."

Dutch Reformed Church at Witzieshock, Orange River Colony, South Africa. One of the Centers of C. L. S. C. Influence.

ACTIVITIES OF '96.

The members of the Class of '96 held in very high esteem their genial and devoted president, Mr. John A. Seaton, who died suddenly the year before the class celebrated its decennial. A number of "The Progressives" are interested in securing their tablet for the Hall of Philosophy and they feel that the speedy securing of the funds will be a mark of respect to Mr. Seaton's memory since he always succeeded in inspiring the Class with enthusiasm for all its undertakings. Letters are to be sent out to a large number of members of the class but as there may be some unavoidable omissions, those who see this paragraph need wait for no further encouragement but can drop a line to the treasurer, Miss Emily E. Birchard, 28 Penrose Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. The tablets cost one hundred dollars and it is understood that the class already sees its way clear to fully one-third of the amount so that many gifts, large and small, will insure the placing of 1896's tablet next summer.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR MARCH.

FIRST WEEK: FEBRUARY 25—MARCH 3.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter 12: "Our Monopoly of Wit."

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter II: "Militarism in City Government."

SECOND WEEK: MARCH 3-10.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter 13: "Our Greatest Critic."

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter III: "Failure to Utilize Immigrants."

THIRD WEEK: MARCH 10-17.

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter IV: "Militarism and Industrial Legislation."

FOURTH WEEK: MARCH 17-24.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "American Painting."

In the Required Book: "Newer Ideals of Peace." Chapter V: "Group Morality in the Labor Movement."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Discussion of Chapter II in "Newer Ideals of Peace."
2. Reading: "The New Ellis Island" by A. H. Gleason. *Charities*, 19:910. October, 1907 (see also article by Robert Watchorn, the Commissioner of Ellis Island in *The Outlook*, 84:608-10, November 10, 1906, and *Outlook*, December 28, 1907.)
3. Review with careful analysis of "Our Monopoly of Wit" in "As Others See Us."
4. Roll Call: A typical bit of humor from each of the following Americans with a brief analysis of what constitutes the humor. Is it of the sort that could be appreciated in another country: Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, B. P. Shillaber, Bret Harte, Lowell, Holmes, Howells, Saxe, Peter Dunne, and E. W. Townsend.
5. Paper: The Humor of "Alice in Wonderland." Have we any American "Classic" to compare with it?
6. Oral Reports: The Humor of Sydney Smith, Thomas Hood, and Charles Lamb.
7. Selection from "The Mission of Humor" by Samuel McChord Crothers in his volume entitled "The Gentle Reader."

SECOND WEEK.

1. Oral Reports: Chicago's Juvenile Court Building. (See *Charities*, 17:542-6, December 22, '06, and any other available articles.) Probation Work and the Settlement. (See *Charities*, 18:298-300, June 8, 1907, and other articles.) The Doukhobors. (See references to their experiences in Canada in magazine articles several years ago.)
2. Roll Call: Reports on different nationalities in this country with special reference to their artistic possibilities. Assign one nationality to each member. Many magazine articles are likely to be found which will throw light on the subject. (See suggestions in Round Table regarding arts and crafts shops.)
3. Reading: Selection from Kipling's "McAndrews' Hymn." (See volume "The Seven Seas.") If Morris Rosenfeld's "Poems of the Sweat Shop" can be secured one or two of these might be read. They are most pathetic but show the conditions which can produce such writing.
4. Brief address by some elementary school principal on the new industrial methods developed in many of our advanced schools.
5. Discussion, apropos of pages 86-91 in Miss Addams' book, of the question "In what respects do you think the state could enlarge its activities to the manifest good of the community?" Let every member enumerate as many such activities as possible. How far could these be developed in your own town? The discussion will probably bring out some interesting objections. Two scribes should be appointed—one to note suggestions and the other objections.

THIRD WEEK.

1. Brief Papers: On Mr. Bryce and his Work; a Sketch of His Career; and Character Study.

2. Brief Book Reviews: Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire;" his "American Commonwealth."
3. Review of article in "As Others See Us"—"Our Greatest Critic."
4. Roll Call: Quotations from addresses by Mr. Bryce. (A great number of magazine articles have appeared upon Mr. Bryce and his work. The *Review of Reviews* for February, 1907, contains an article of some length with portrait.)
5. Review of Chapter IV in "Newer Ideals of Peace."
6. Reading: From article on Edison in this magazine or from article by Miss Balch entitled "A Bohemian Pioneer in Nebraska."

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll Call: Brief reports on various forms of "welfare work" in modern industry. (Under the head of welfare work many magazine references may be found.)
2. Review of article on John Burns in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for January, 1907.
3. Paper: John Mitchell. (See *The Outlook*, 82:657-62, March 24, '06, and other magazine references.)
4. Debate: Resolved that the Labor Union Movement Should be Discouraged. (Under the head of "Trade Unions" in the Cumulative Index to Periodicals many magazine references will be found, which will help in developing arguments.)
5. Discussion of Article on American Painting with such supplementary pictures as may be available.

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

CHAPTER XII: "OUR MONOPOLY OF WIT."

1. What was Captain Hall's estimate of American humor? 2. How was the American at the Oxford dinner compelled to revise his view of English humor? 3. What was Marryat's idea of the nature of American humor? 4. What phrase used by Miss Martineau seems to give the key to the situation? 5. What distinction has been drawn between English and Yankee humor? 6. What were some of the early forms in which American humor expressed itself? 7. What can be said of England's great humorists? 8. In what respects is the extravagance of our humor a defect? 9. What instances are given of the French attitude toward Mr. Dooley and Mark Twain? 10. Illustrate the fact that most Americans are not capable of judging foreign wit and humor. 11. How does the author of "The Land of Contrasts" compare English and American humor? 12. What quality and what value does Professor Münsterberg attach to our humor? 13. What criticisms does Mr. Bryce offer?

CHAPTER XIII: "OUR GREATEST CRITIC."

1. What incidents relating to Mr. Bryce and to Phillips Brooks show their large-minded attitude toward life? 2. How is this same quality illustrated in the case of Sir Charles Lyell? 3. Give instances of critics whose attitude of good will gave them a juster view of their fellow men. 4. Why has Mr. Bryce been peculiarly competent to write such a book as the "American Commonwealth?" 5. What services has this famous book rendered

both to Americans and to foreigners? 6. What strictures does Mr. Bryce make upon us? 7. What is the net judgment of Mr. Bryce in this book? 8. What does our author feel is Bryce's one critical weakness and why? 9. What are some of our greatest evils which have come to the front in recent years? 10. What does Bryce consider is the peculiarity of American public opinion? 11. How does he find that the directive power of the people has been much increased in later years? 12. How does he answer the criticism upon our democratic form of government? 13. In what respects does the character of our education give him confidence?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. What works of Sydney Smith have made him famous as a humorist? 2. What claims to distinction have Jerrold and Monckton Milnes? 3. Who was Tartarin? 4. Of what book is Mr. Bryce the author? 5. What connection had he with Mr. Gladstone? 6. Under what circumstances did he visit South Africa? 7. Who is Dr. Albert Shaw?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "THE STORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING."

1. What was the condition of landscape painting here in 1828? 2. Who was Thomas Cole? 3. What were the two kinds of Landscapes he painted, and which kind was the more important? 4. What were the characteristics of our early landscape painters? 5. Who brought on a reaction against the teaching of Düsseldorf? 6. Describe the personality of William Morris Hunt. 7. What did he do for American Art? 8. When did the methods and ideas of the modern French painters become known here? 9. Who were the men of the "fifties" and the men of the "seventies?" 10. What did the Centennial Exhibition do for our art? 11. What advance has been made in our landscape painting, and what is the present status of our landscapists? 12. Who were some of our early painters of the sea? 13. What is some of the marine painting being done at present?

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. The attempt of Charles X. to reintroduce an autocracy. 2. A talented Frenchwoman famous for her letters to her married daughter which are of great historical interest as well as literary charm. 1625-96. 3. A French philanthropist. He founded on his estate a model school for the education of poor soldiers' children. Visited the United States 1795-97. 4. John Bull and his Island, Daughters of John Bull. Jonathan and His Continent. 5. A Society endowed by a French philanthropist, Count Chambrun, to collect and distribute free, records and papers connected with the subject of social economics to give assistance to persons wishing to raise the condition of the working classes.

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

At Pendragon's request, delegates had brought to the Round Table such supplementary books and magazine articles as had proved especially timely and pertinent inquiries with frequent use of note books showed the eagerness with which they were gathering ideas from each other's experience.

"Let me call your particular attention," said Pendragon, "to this most important book by Dr. E. A. Steiner, 'On the Trail of the Immigrant.' The pictures it presents are such as to give us not only confidence in the Americans of the future, but despair also, at the cruelty and greed displayed in our country toward the ignorant stranger. The wide distribution of foreigners is strikingly illustrated by letters from our Circles, scarcely one of which comes from a locality, whether hamlet or city, where new Americans are not to be found. There is, however, one novel exception in Windsor, Illinois, a little community of one thousand people with no foreign and no negro element in the population. You'll be interested to note that though they are thus deprived of the opportunity to help work out one of our country's most weighty problems, they propose to get into sympathy with their neighbors by inviting one of the Chicago settlement workers to give them a talk on industrial conditions in that city."

"Our little town of Coudersport, Pennsylvania," commented a delegate, "is saved from being in the same situation as Windsor by our Italian contingent who work in the tannery. As I teach the tannery school, I can realize the steady, though very slow influence of school ideals upon the homes. We have twenty-five members in the Circle—Coudersport has for many years been a Chautauqua town."

"The Italian has found us out also," remarked a public school principal from Clyde, New York. "We have about eight hundred of them. A good deal of farm produce is shipped from this region and we have some manufacturing. 'Races and Immigrants' has stimulated a studious spirit among our twenty-five members. We use the questions in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and have certain members ready also to speak on specific topics assigned them. I am myself very enthusiastic over the Chautauqua reading and put a great deal of time on it with profit and pleasure to myself."

The delegate from Freeport, New York, explained the comparatively small number of immigrants in that town by its purely suburban character, not far from New York, near the ocean, and much of a summer resort, as well as a winter residence community. "We have a fine Circle," she said, "and have studied Mr. Commons' book with great care, though we haven't as yet done much in looking up our foreign population. You may be interested to know that 'trout flies' and other bait are manufactured here, more 'flies' than in any other place in the world. Some two hundred girls are engaged in this work."

"Here is quite the opposite condition," returned Pendragon as he looked through some recent letters. In Moosup, Connecticut, where the Circle is just a year old, named 'Bestor,' by the way, for their Class President, they report that the town is a manufacturing one and composed mostly of foreigners. They have a great chance to gather statistics and incidents that would be very profitable. News from the Circle at San Antonio, Texas, indicates a very wide-awake set of men and women, who have been clearing up their ideas on the 'referendum' and studying the immigrant. This excellent newspaper report shows that they are keeping the work of the Circle before the community.

"You'll be interested in these foreign photographs," continued Pendragon. "Three of them as you will note are from China and the accompanying letter from our fellow Chautauquan has the plucky ring characteristic of the missionary who goes into his work for better or for worse. This view of a plain wooden church has just come from the Orange River Colony in South Africa, Witzieshock, which is one of the pivotal points of the Dutch Chautauqua Reading Circle in that country." "I see," he continued, "that one of our delegates, Miss Cox, has some photographs to add to the collection."

"Strictly speaking," said Miss Cox, "I suppose I am a foreigner since I come from Bermuda, but as I've spent a summer at Chautauqua you ought not to find it difficult to assimilate me when I come again as I hope to in 1909. I have read the course thus far amid the lovely surroundings shown in these photographs. Our home overlooks the Atlantic and this is the first view that greets me every morning. Since I finished the reading for my English Year I have found some very interesting reading forming a kind of link between that and the American Year—Dickens' 'American Notes' and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's 'Reminiscences.' At the end of the English Year I could read Birrell's 'Obiter Dicta,' with added zest and I followed it up with Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus.' I am well started now on the American Year. It is delightful and I mean to see what I can find in our library about your early artist Feke who died in Bermuda. I was also much interested in the sketch of Bishop Berkeley's life. I think it very enterprising of the colored people here to name their best hall of learning 'The Berkeley Institute.' I enjoyed Professor Schmucker on Audubon and note with interest that he leads 1908 through the Golden Gate. I trust 1909 too may reflect credit upon its Alma Mater."

"May I add two more photographs to the collection?" The speaker was a member of the Outlook Circle of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

"They are not foreign," he said. "I took them myself last summer. You will all recognize one of them at least, Mr. John Burroughs at Slab Sides. The other shows a little group of our members who paid him a visit last summer on Memorial Day. A member of our circle, Miss Arnold, is a personal friend of Mr. Burroughs and through her we enjoyed this privilege. I suggest that you ask our delegate, Miss Ethel Lewis, to tell you of the second trip of the Outlook Circle to Slab Sides on election day and of the subsequent visit of Mr. Burroughs to Mt. Vernon." The members of the Round Table promptly seconded Mr. LePage's suggestion and Miss Lewis acquiesced, humorously warning the audience that her tale might prove as long as one of Scheherazade's:

"There were twenty-three of us," she said, "and of course we should not have ventured to invade Mr. Burroughs' retreat but for the friendly introduction of one of our members. It was election day and the men of our company having left their votes behind them ere they started, our Chautauqua convictions of duty were satisfied and we abandoned ourselves with glee to the charms of the journey up the banks of the Hudson. At Hyde Park, Mr. Julian Burroughs met us with a yacht and our lovely river never seemed more enchanting than it did then. A path straight up through the woods brought us to the famous naturalist's picturesque cabin and Mr. Burroughs himself met us at the door. He cheerfully answered all our curious questions about the house and his share in the great chimney, the front door and many other details. Then as we gathered about the wood fire he told us stories of his days in the woods with President Roosevelt which made us quite eager to see his new book, 'Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt.' At our host's suggestion we disposed ourselves in the many comfortable corners available, while we had our picnic luncheon, Rover, the dog, expressing his approval of us and our viands with becoming frankness. After visiting Mr. Burroughs' famous celery garden we scrambled up under his direction to Julian Rock where we had a superb view, our guide who quietly assured us that he was 'seventy years young,' naturally proving to be the best climber of us all. Back to Slab Sides and then to Mr. Burroughs' village home for a glimpse of his study, and the first chapter of this pleasant experience was over.

"We couldn't hope to give him in return a fraction of the pleasure that we had enjoyed in our Slab Sides visit, but we did our best two weeks later to make him feel the heartiness of our welcome. We invited the Edelweiss and Williamsbridge Circles and as the most fitting subject that we could think of arranged a

program on Walt Whitman. Mr. Burroughs could not come at the beginning of the meeting so we had two preliminary papers upon the poet which put us in a Whitmanesque mood, and when our guest arrived we gave him the Chautauqua salute and installed him in a big arm chair near the fire place. Then he talked in his informal and alluring fashion which fascinated us all. He told of his life-long friendship with Mr. Whitman, of the poet's habits and his friends, of his hours of generous, heroic service in the hospitals during the war at which time he contracted the disease which ultimately caused his death. You can imagine that we are all prepared to look upon Whitman's life and work from a new point of view after Mr. Burroughs' introduction." The delegate lingered a moment as the applause subsided. "Perhaps you'll give me a few minutes more," she continued, "to show you some of the everyday workings of our circle, for we have capital times and the immigration question has proved a tremendously live subject. One of our members, a teacher, gave us a remarkably interesting paper on 'What our Public Schools are doing for Our Foreign Born Children." The paper was based on her own experience in one primary grade in one school in one small city, but it was typical and very enlightening to us. Then we had an account of Mr. Watchorn's work on Ellis Island and at that same meeting an able address by Mr. Benjamin C. Marsh of the Committee on Congestion of Population in New York City on 'Some Methods of Assimilating Immigrants.' He assured us that the smaller communities had a chance to serve their country in no slight degree by helping to devise methods for coming into more helpful relations with our immigrants. Then I must tell you briefly of our debate in December on 'Resolved, That it would be an advantage to the United States for Congress to amend the immigration laws, with a provision for the exclusion of illiterates of sixteen years or over.' Two members were appointed to debate on each side and a large number of arguments were brought forward. This is not the place to repeat them but if any of you have debated this subject you'll realize what a good one it is. The judges decided in favor of the negative, though oddly enough an informal vote taken on the merits of the question itself was in favor of the amendment of the law."

"The Outlook Circle is to be congratulated," said Pendragon in closing "upon its use of its opportunities to connect literature and life. Few of our circles can have the privilege of friendly intercourse with distinguished authors, but there are many ways of applying our reading in daily life. Use your town as a laboratory."

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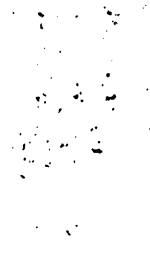

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